93

In this Number { At the Green Dragon
Meeting of the "Apostles"
The Love Philtre

Volume XV
Number 6

June, 1894

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Current Literature

A Magazine of Contemporary Record



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A YOUNG LAWYER'S STRATAGEM.

The following story is told of Timothy Coffin, who was for a long time judge of the New Bedford district: When a very young man he was retained in a case of sufficient importance to bring out almost every resident of the town; so that the little New Bedford Court House was packed when court was opened that morning. Coffin had been secured as counsel by the defendant. Although it was his first attempt in open court, he had made little or no preparation, thinking that he could get through somehow or other when the time came. Thus, when the counsel for the defendant came into court that morning he was greatly surprised, and no less agitated, to see the big crowd and realize the wide public interest in the trial at hand. He said that he had looked upon the case too lightly. The prosecution was strong, and he had made not even a slight preparation. To lose the case meant the loss of a hoped-for reputation. Could he afford to commit this blunder by displaying his ignorance of the case? How could he get out of it? These were a few of the questions that are known to have flashed through the young lawyer's head, for afterward he himself told of the awful perplexity of the hour. Being a shrewd inventor, he devised a plan. As soon as the court had been called to order and the crier had said his little say, he arose and asked for a postponement of the trial, on the ground that he had just received a telegram announcing the sudden and fatal illness of his mother, who resided at Nantucket.

Scarcely had the words of this appeal proceeded from the lips of young Coffin, when an elderly woman quietly arose in the balcony of the court room and gave utterance to these words: "Timothy, Timothy, how many times have I chastised thee for lying?"

Timothy recognized the sound of that voice only too well. It was that of his mother. This being Timothy's first public case, the old lady had secretly come up to New Bedford to see how well her son would do. Her presence was, of course, totally unknown to him. The further developments need not be recorded here. Suffice it to say that Timothy Coffin in after years made sure that his excuses would not be thrown back at him by any member of his own family.—Boston Herald.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM NEW BOOKS



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The first of the foregoing illustrations is from "The Birthday of Madame Cigale"; the two lower ones from Oscar Wilde's "Salome." Further account of Beardsley, the artist of the "Yellow Book," will be found in the text



THE COMBAT WITH DRAGONS ON SATURN



A BATTLE ROYAL ON JUPITER



THE FLIGHT OF THE AIR-SHIP FROM THE EARTH

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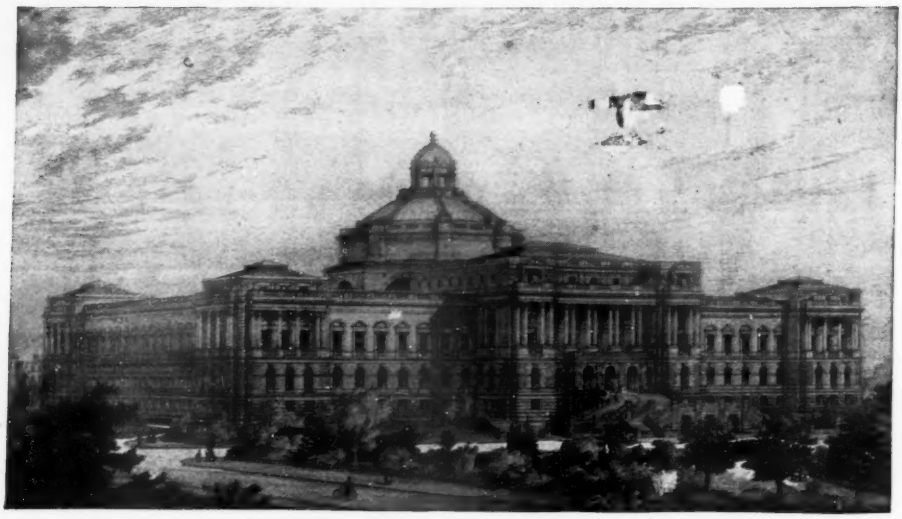
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From "The Life of J. G. Holland." (Scribners.)



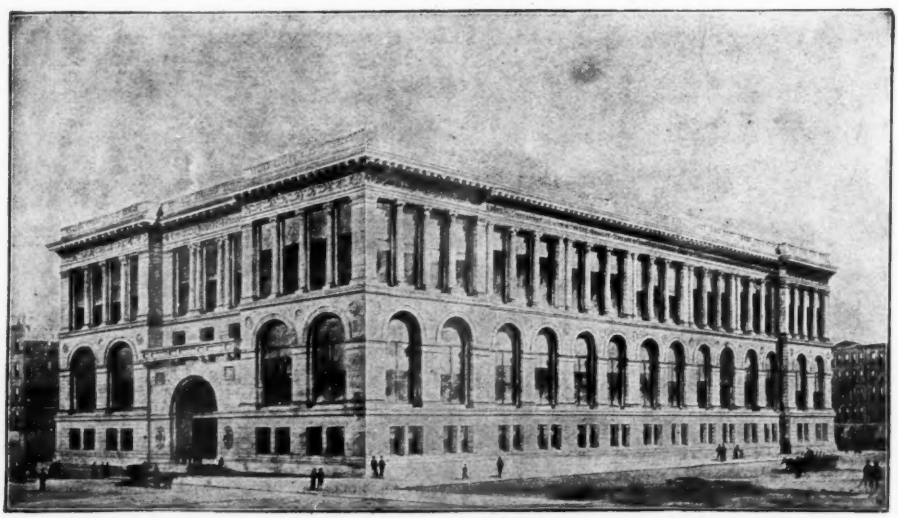
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WILLIAM F. POOLE, AUTHOR OF POOLE'S INDEX



THE CHICAGO PUBLIC LIBRARY (STILL UNFINISHED)

(This page of illustrations is from "The Public Libraries of America," published by Roberts Brothers.)

Current Literature

A Magazine of Contemporary Record

VOL. XV., No. 6 *"I have gathered me a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own."—Montaigne.* JUNE, 1894

A Poor Man's Luxury

Coxey's appeal for good roads, as one of the two reforms which he sought to bring about by his tramp to Washington, probably earned him what sincere friends he may have made in his much-discussed pilgrimage. At certain points he was met by delegations of wheelme.., notably on his arrival at Washington, where many of them preceded the industrial army as an escort upon its entry into the city. In this thing he represented an agitation which has assumed enormous proportions in the United States in the last ten years. The call for good roads has become almost universal; has occupied the attention of legislators in every agricultural State and has really accomplished wonders in improving the country districts generally. There have been two very strong factors in favor of road improvement—the farmer and the cycle-rider. The farmer has found a personal advantage in the betterment of the main highways of the State, while the latter has discovered a cheap mode of locomotion for pleasure and health, which is very greatly enhanced by hard and level roadbeds. The American League of Wheelmen alone includes some 36,000 members, while there are more than 600 well-recognized clubs devoted to cycling, these clubs counting a membership in many instances running into the hundreds. Those that use the wheel are therefore no inconsiderable number, and all of them are lobbyists or agitators, as the case may require, whenever the subject of road improvement is mentioned. Cycling is still in its infancy but has taken a very firm hold of the young men and women of the day. This is due more than anything else to one or two improvements which have recently been made in the cycle. First of all there is the return to the low body, with two wheels of equal size, which was first popular in the velocipede of thirty years ago. The dangers of the large, high wheel were found to be very great, and it was also found that no higher speed could be attained than with the two wheels of equal size. Under its new form the velocipede was called the "safety" bicycle, and as such it was at first used abroad chiefly in racing. Then it grew into popular favor and found its way to America. The ease with which it could be propelled made it possible for the wheelmen to travel upon our uneven roads, but it was not until some fortunate individual hit upon the lucky notion of using an inflated rubber tire that wheeling became the rage. This made riding on the roughest road a possibility and a pleasure. It added enormously to the speed of the machine, revolutionized, when applied to a sulky, the speed also of the trotting horse, and created a craze for cycling which has spread into the remotest parts of the country. To-day we see the President of Columbia college riding his iron wheel through Central Park, and the highways and byways of all suburban places the scenes of pleasant outings. The rest alone which this recreation is giving to overworked humanity is not the least of the benefits it has conferred, while the cause of good road building has been given an impetus which, if left to the farmer alone, might not have advanced as far as it has in another one hundred years.

At Commencement Time

About this time, as the old-fashioned almanacs used to say, several thousands of young Yankees receive diplomas from institutions of learning throughout the country, and clamber up a little higher among the branches of the tree of knowledge of good and evil which is the tree of human life. Times and circumstances have changed much since Horace Greeley made his famous remark about "horned cattle." Evolution has produced college graduates who do not expect either to reorganize the religions of the world or to get into office in New York without becoming members of Tammany Hall. Also, there are girl-graduates now,—just as sweet as they used to be, and as fair-haired—who never expect or desire to dwell in Castle Adamant. Neither do these maidens put on the show of superiority, seeming to say: "We could remain Set Apart, if it were not for our generous dispositions, hich make us wish to sacrifice the intellectual life for the sake of the commonplace male human." Thank Heaven! the days are beginning, when women gra uate much as they get out of bed —because the time for biding in the college-chambers is past,—and with no more fuss about it either. It is a token of the coming of the day when women shall no longer make a profession of merely being a woman; when they shall wear all womanliness as lightly as a flower, and shall be emancipated from the only tyrant they have to-day—Woman. The young men and women who graduate now, are to be congratulated upon having been born in due time. It is a fine thing to be alive in this end of the century, with a fair prospect of staying out half the years of the next one. Most of these young men and women have got certain shrewd ideas of the world—its work and its play and its function as a boarding-school, to which each boy-pupil must bring, not alone a razor, like the boys at Dotheboys Hall, but a pair of spectacles as well, and where each girl-pupil needs to come equipped with a housewife and knitting-needles. Nothing is more untrue than the favorite old saying which comes with each graduation-time, that the college graduate is an especial kind of fool. Each of them knows pretty clearly the difference between life in college and life out of it; and if he has some things still to learn by experience, at least the learner will not come without good preparatory schooling. There is more of hope and comfort and delight to any sensible person in the sight of all these young people, footing it briskly and blithely along the highway, than in long processions of elderly

doubters, riding by on their comfortable cushions and shaking the head of distrust as they go. They are the very seeds of American triumph and greatness, and they are sprouting already.

The Nude and the Naked

The art of a nation or time has a vital interest, because it reflects in a language which all can understand the tendencies of the day. We may ponder, therefore, with profit upon the periodic discussion which enlivens the daily newspapers upon the propriety or impropriety of painting the nude figure for public exhibition. Attention has recently been drawn to the subject by the discovery that one of the diminutive figurines upon the medals awarded at the World's Fair had been designed by Mr. St. Gaudens without the raiment necessary to meet the standard of official taste. We must not forget that there are differences and distinctions involved in the question which are not always thoroughly apprehended in the discussion of so delicate a subject. To those who know the work of St. Gaudens there could be no question of the thorough purity and innocence of anything fashioned by his hand. This does not mean, though, that the nude in art is always appropriate and elevated. There are times when the nude becomes the naked, when the high spirit that animates the flesh is gone and nothing but the grossness of unadorned and demoralized nature is given in its stead. This was recently the case at the exhibition of the Society of American Artists in New York, where an array of nakedness was displayed which deserved the severest condemnation. If the highest art is to represent only what the eye sees, then there was merit perhaps in the variety of creatures whose questionable charms were thrust before the public, but there is such a thing as too literal a translation of nature; times when the statistics of the morgue or the dissecting table are too gross and revolting for general display.

Literary Anarchy

Apparently writers of fiction, like painters, have been carried beyond the pale of decorum recently, for the press is full of critical protests against a tendency which has been likened to literary anarchy. There has cropped up a decided movement abroad, grown strong of late, which is struggling to break the images of our hitherto conventional life, and the time seems to have come when there is more or less of pertinence in Bret Harte's immortal query, "Is civilization played out?" Attention has been called to the fact that the hero of recent fiction has evolved into a sort of anatomical specimen, which the modern author dissects with all the precision and minuteness of a clinical object lesson, while the difficult moral questions involved in such books as Dodo, The Superfluous Woman, A Yellow Aster and others of a long list of recent works, are discussed by the author with a frankness and a realism which have not before been thought to be allowable. There must be something in our life to account for the popularity of these new problems. Is it a feverish excitement that will be merely temporary, a craving for a new thing, or must we reckon upon a complete emancipation of the English-speaking public from the narrow lines of propriety which have heretofore held sway? The privilege of reading novels has been one heretofore accorded to the young of both sexes, at least in America; but it is impossible to imagine some of the questions involved in the latest volumes of fiction as proper ones for the entertainment of the unsophisticated, or the debate of those whose fortune it is to be unconscious of evil.

Love Letters by Proxy

James Payn has unearthed from a New England journal an advertisement which makes the following startling announcement: "Love-letters written. Graceful, elegant, poetical; right to the point. Two dollars each. Box 212." We have already introduced to our readers the "automatic proposer" for the special use of bashful young men, whereby on the increased beating of the lover's pulse a little electric bell would announce his intentions to the demure maiden of his choice, and we are happy to add to the device this "Box 212," as it is here called, which is evidently a device meant, like the "automatic proposer," for those unfortunates whose courage fails them at the proper time. By dropping two dollars, surely a modest fee, in the Box (212) there comes forth a love-letter, but not a prosy, every-day affair. It is graceful, whereas the lover may be a gawk; it is elegant, while he may be a manifest clout; and it is, above all, poetical. There are those, Shakespeare tells us, that achieve greatness, others have it thrust upon them, but the poet is born a poet, and if the lover is not one by nature, could anything be more sublime than to stuff a two-dollar bill into a box and thereby become one? This banishes one of the very bugbears of love-making, for it is a well-established fact that nine lovers out of ten fail to win the lady of their choice from a mere consciousness that their verses read like very poor prose.

An Educational Need

It is a wonder in view of the progress Americans have made in the production of artistic wares, that greater attention is not given in public and private schools to those elements of instruction which make an individual more appreciative of beautiful surroundings. Our private schools should particularly teach a knowledge of art in its rudimentary phases. The perfect man is he who is sound in body and mind, and whose mental equipment is such that he is never at a loss for something to do which interests him. This is lost sight of almost wholly by American educators, who train young men with one ultimate object only, namely, an ability to pass preparatory examinations for a college. At college, again, certain requirements in the dead languages, in philosophy, logic and so on are obligatory, but, beyond this, the student is left to his own devices, generally overtaxes his strength in fierce athletic competitions, and emerges a half-baked man at best. In the older countries of Europe instruction in the private schools recognizes the necessity of teaching and encouraging those things which keep the hands busy. They invariably teach drawing, music, botany, entomology, gymnastics, dancing and even horsemanship. Some of these are mere luxuries, but all of them are serviceable. Training of the eye and hand is to-day confined to a few industrial and art schools. It should be a requirement in every private school, and of public schools as well. In the humblest paths of life, men are benefitted by familiarity with the elemental arts of design, and if as a nation we are to keep pace with the advances in taste which have recently been noted, instruction in the simpler forms of art at least will soon be a necessary part of every man's education.

AT THE GREEN DRAGON: TELLING JOAN THE STORY

By Beatrice Harraden

From In Varying Moods. By Beatrice Harraden. Putnam's Sons. Hieronymus Howard, a writer of history, on his way to join some friends in Wales, stops one night at The Green Dragon, an English country-inn. Wounded in an encounter with drunken gypsies he is compelled to stay longer than he intended, and to relieve the tedium of his stay he secures the help of Joan Hammond, a farmer's daughter, as his amanuensis. Joan is a bright, thinking girl, chafing under the commonplace of her every-day life and with longing for wider fields. David Ellis, a kindly, simple, unselfish soul, is in love with her and has been secretly accumulating a little library for her, and has asked the historian's advice as to the books to buy for her, and requested him to call and see the library.

Hieronymus would talk to Joan in those weeks, taking her always into a new world of interest. Then she was in an enchanted kingdom, and he was the magician with the magic wand.

It was a world in which agriculture and dairy-farming and all the other wearinesses of her every-day life had no part. Some people might think it was but a poor enchanted realm which he conjured up for her pleasure. But enchantment, like every other emotion, is but relative after all. Some little fragment of intellectuality had long been Joan's idea of enchantment. And now it had come to her in a way altogether unexpected, and in a measure beyond all her calculations. It had come to her, bringing with it something else.

She seemed in a dream during that time: yes, she was slipping farther and farther away from her own people, and farther away from the exciseman. She had never been very near to him, but lately the distance had become doubled. When she chanced to meet him, her manner was more than ordinarily cold. If he had chosen to plead for himself, he might well have asked what he had done to her that he should deserve to be treated with such bare unfriendliness.

One day he met her. She was riding the great white horse, and David rode along beside her. She chatted with him now and again, but there were long pauses of silence between them.

"Father has made up his mind to sell old Nance," she said, suddenly, as she stroked the old mare's head. "This is my last ride on her."

"I am sorry," said David, kindly. "She's an old friend, isn't she?"

"I suppose it is ridiculous to care so much," Joan said; "but you know we've had her such a time. And I used to hang round her neck and she would lift me up and swing me."

"I remember," said David, eagerly. "I've often watched you. I was always afraid you would have a bad fall."

"You ran up and caught me once," Joan said. "And I was so angry; for it wasn't likely that old Nance would have let me fall."

"But how could I be sure that the little arms were strong enough to cling firmly to old Nance's neck?" David said. "So I couldn't help being anxious."

"Do you remember when I was lost in that mist," Joan said, "and you came and found me, and carried me home? I was so angry with you then that you would not let me walk."

"You have often been angry with me," David said, quietly, resting his hand on his horse's head.

Joan made no answer. She just shrugged her shoulders in a way that spoke more than words.

There they were, these two, riding side by side, and yet they were miles apart from each other.

David knew it, and grieved. He knew that Joan's indifference was growing apace, and that it had taken to itself alarming proportions ever since the historian had been at the Green Dragon. He had constantly met Joan and Hieronymus together, and heard of them being together, and of course he knew that Joan wrote to the historian's dictation. He never spoke on the subject to any one. Once or twice Auntie Lloyd tried to begin, but he looked straight before him and appeared not to understand. Once or twice some other of the folk made mention of the good-fellowship which existed between Joan and the historian.

"Well, it's natural enough," he said, quietly. "Joan was always fond of books, and one feels glad she can talk about them with some one who is real clever."

But was he glad? Poor David! Time after time he looked at his little collection of books, handling the volumes just as tenderly as one handles one's memories, or one's hopes, or one's old affections. He had not added to the library since he had spoken to Hieronymus and asked his advice on the choice of suitable subjects. He had no heart to go on with a hobby which seemed to have no comfort in it.

To-night he sat in his little sitting-room smoking his pipe. He looked at his books as usual, and then locked them up in his oak chest. He sat thinking of Joan and Hieronymus. There was no bitterness in David's heart; there was only sorrow. He shared with others a strong admiration for Hieronymus, an admiration which the historian never failed to win, though it was often quite unconsciously given, and always quite unconsciously received. So there was only sorrow in David's heart, and no bitterness.

The clock was striking seven of the evening, when some one knocked at the door, and Hieronymus came into the room. He was in a particularly genial mood, and puffed his pipe in great contentment. He settled down by the fireside as though he had been there all his life, and chatted away so freely that David forgot his own melancholy in his pleasure at having such a bright companion. A bottle of whiskey was produced, and the cosiness was complete.

"Now for the books!" said Hieronymus. "I am quite anxious to see your collection. And look here: I have made a list of suitable books which any one would like to have. Now show me what you have already bought."

David's misery returned all in a rush, and he hesitated.

"I don't think I care about the books now," he said.

"What nonsense!" said Hieronymus. "You're not shy about showing them to me? I am sure you have bought some capital good ones."

"Oh, it wasn't that," said David, quietly, as he unlocked the oak chest, and took out the precious volumes and laid them on the table. In spite of himself, however, some of the old eagerness came over him, and he

stood by, waiting anxiously for the historian's approval. Hieronymus groaned over Mrs. Heman's poetry, and Locke's Human Understanding, and Defoe's History of the Plague, and Cowper, and Hannah More. He groaned inwardly, but outwardly he gave grunts of encouragement. He patted David on the shoulder when he found Selections from Browning, and he almost caressed him when he discovered Silas Marner.

Yes; David was proud of his treasures—each one of them represented to him a whole world of love and hope and consolation.

Hieronymus knew for whom the books were intended, and he was touched by the exciseman's quiet devotion and pride. He would not on any account have hurt David's feelings; he would have praised the books, however unsuitable they might have seemed to him.

"My dear fellow," he said, "you've done capitally by yourself. You've chosen some excellent books. Still, this list may help you to go on, and I should advise you to begin with Green's History of the English People."

David put the volumes back into the oak chest.

"I don't think I care about buying any more," he said, sadly. "It's no use."

"Why?" asked Hieronymus.

David looked at the historian's frank face, and felt the same confidence in him which all felt. He looked, and knew that his man was loyal and good.

"Well, it's just this," David said, quite simply. "I've loved her ever since she was a baby-child. She was my own little sweetheart then. I took care of her when she was a wee thing, and I wanted to look after her when she was a grown woman. It has just been the hope of my life to make Joan my wife."

He paused a moment, looking straight into the fire.

"I know she is different from others, and cleverer than any of us here, and all that. I know she is always longing to get away from Little Stretton. But I thought that perhaps we might be happy together, and that then she would not want to go. But I've never been quite sure. I've just watched and waited. I've loved her all her life. When she was a wee baby I carried her about, and knew how to stop her crying. She has always been kinder to me than to any one else. It was perhaps that which helped me to be patient. At least, I knew she did not care for any one else. It was just that she didn't seem to turn to any one."

He had moved away from Hieronymus, and stood knocking out the ashes from his pipe.

Hieronymus was silent.

"At least, I knew she did not care for any one else," continued David, "until you came. Now she cares for you." Hieronymus looked up quickly.

"Surely, surely, you must be mistaken," he said.

David shook his head.

"No," he answered, "I'm not mistaken. And I'm not the only one who has noticed it. Since you've been here, my little Joan has gone farther and farther away from me."

"I am sorry," said Hieronymus. He had taken his tobacco-pouch from his pocket, and was slowly filling his pipe.

"I have never meant to work a harm to her or you, or any one," the historian said, sadly. "If I had thought I was going to bring trouble to any one here, I should not have stayed on. But I've been very happy amongst you all, and you've all been good to me; and, as the days went on, I found myself becoming attached to this little village. The life was so simple and refreshing, and I was glad to have the rest and the change. Your little Joan and I have been much together, it is true. She has written to my dictation, and I found her so apt that, long after my hand became well again, I preferred to dictate rather than to write. Then we've walked together, and we've talked seriously and merrily, and sadly, too. We've just been comrades: nothing more. She seemed to me a little discontented, and I tried to interest her in things I happen to know, and so take her out of herself. If I had had any idea that I was doing more than that, I should have left off at once. I hope you don't doubt me."

"I believe every word you say," David said, warmly.

"I am grateful for that," Hieronymus said, and the two men grasped hands.

"Is there anything I could do to repair my thoughtlessness?" he said, "I will gladly do it. But it is difficult to know what to do and what to say. For perhaps, after all, you may be mistaken."

The exciseman shook his head.

"No," he said, "I am not mistaken. It has been getting worse ever since you came. There is nothing to say about it; it can't be helped. It's just that sort of thing which sometimes happens: no one is to blame, but the mischief is done, all the same. I don't know why I've told you about it. Perhaps I meant to, perhaps I didn't. It seemed to come out naturally enough when we were talking of the books."

He was looking mournfully at the list which Hieronymus had drawn out for him.

"I don't see that it's any use to me," he said. He was going to screw it up and throw into the fire, but the historian prevented him.

"Keep it," he said, kindly. "You may yet want it. If I were you, I should go on collecting a library. I should go on patiently, adding book after book, and with each book you buy, buy a little hope to. Who knows? Some day your little Joan may want you. But she will have to go out into the world first and fight her battles. She is one of those who *must* go out into the world and buy her experiences for herself. Those who hinder her, are only hurting her. Don't try to hinder her. Let her go. Some day when she is tired, she will be glad to lean on some one whom she can trust. But she must be tired first, and thus find out her necessity. And it is when we find out our necessity that our heart cries aloud. Then it is that those who love us will not fail us. They will be to us like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

David made no answer, but he smoothed out the crumpled piece of paper and put it carefully into his pocket-book, the one he always carried.

* * * * * *

Hieronymus was unhappy: the exciseman might or might not be mistaken, but the fact remained that some mischief had been done, inasmuch as David Ellis's feelings were wounded. Hieronymus felt that the best thing for him to do was to go, though he quite determined to wait until he saw the hill-ponies gathered together. There was no reason why he should hasten away as though he were ashamed of himself. He knew that not one word had been spoken to Joan which he now wished to recall. His position was a delicate one. He thought seriously over the matter, and won-

dered how he might devise a means of telling her a little about his own life, and thus showing her without seeming to show her that his whole heart was filled with the memories of the past.

The next morning after his conversation with David Ellis, he sat in the parlor of the Green Dragon, fondling the ever-faithful Gamboge. Joan Hammond looked up once or twice from her paper, wondering when the historian would begin work. He seemed to be taking a long time this morning to rouse himself to activity.

"I shall take Gamboge with me when I go," he said, at last. "I've bought her for half-a-crown. That is a paltry sum to give for such a precious creature."

"Are you thinking of going, then?" asked Joan, fearfully.

"Yes," he answered. "I must just wait to see those rascals, the hill-ponies, and then I must go back to the barbarous big world, into which you are so anxious to penetrate."

"Father has determined to sell Nance," she said, sadly, "so I can't saddle the white horse and be off."

"And you are sorry to lose your old friend?" he said, kindly.

"One has to give up everything," she answered.

"Not everything," Hieronymus said. "Not the nasty things, for instance, only the nice things!"

Joan laughed, and dipped her pen into the ink.

"The truth of it is, I'm not in the least inclined to work this morning," said Hieronymus.

Joan waited, the pen in her hand. He had said that so many times before, and yet he had always ended by doing some work after all.

"I believe that my stern task-mistress, my dear love who died so many years ago, I believe that even she would give me a holiday to-day," Hieronymus said. "And she always claimed so much work of me; she was never satisfied. I think she considered me to be a lazy fellow, who needed spurring on. She had great ambitions for me; she believed everything of me, and wished me to work out her ambitions, not for the sake of the fame and the name, but for the sake of the good it does us all to grapple with ourselves."

He had drawn from his pocket a small miniature of a sweet-looking woman. It was a spiritual face, with tender eyes: a face to linger in one's memory.

"When she first died," Hieronymus continued, as though to himself, "I could not have written a line without this dear face before me. It served to remind me that although I was unhappy and lonely, I must work if only to please her. That is what I had done when she was alive, and it seemed disloyal not to do so when she was dead. And it was the only comfort I had; but a strong comfort, filling full the heart. It is ten years now since she died; but I scarcely need the miniature; the dear face is always before me. Ten years ago, and I am still alive, and sometimes, often indeed, very happy. She would have wished me to be happy. She was always glad when I laughed heartily, or made some fun out of nothing. 'What a stupid boy you are!' she would say. But she laughed all the same. We were very happy together, she and I; we had loved each other a long time, in spite of many difficulties and troubles. But the troubles had cleared, and we were just going to make our little home together, when she died."

There was no tremor in his voice as he spoke.

"We enjoyed everything," he went on; "every bit of fun, every bit of beauty,—the mere fact of living and loving, the mere fact of the world being beautiful, the mere fact of there being so much to do and to strive after. I was not very ambitious for myself. At one time I *had* cared greatly; then the desire had left me. But when she first came into my life, she roused me from my lethargy; she loved me, and did not wish me to pause one moment in my life's work. The old ambitions had left me, but for her sake I revived them; she was my dear good angel, but always, as I told her, a stern taskgiver. Then, when she was gone, and I had not her dear presence to help me, I just felt I could not go on writing any more. Then I remembered how ambitious she was for me, and so I did not wait one moment. I took up my work at once, and have tried to earn a name and a fame for her sake."

He paused, and stirred the fire uneasily.

"It was very difficult at first," he continued; "everything was difficult. And even now, after ten years, it is not always easy. And I cared so little. That was the hardest part of all: to learn to care again. But the years pass, and we live through a tempest of grief and come out into a great calm. In the tempest we fancied we were alone; in the calm we know that we have not been alone: that the dear face has been looking at us lovingly, and the dear voice speaking to us through the worst hours of the storm, and the dear soul knitting itself closer and closer to our soul."

Joan bent over the paper.

"So the days have passed into weeks and months and years," he said, "and here am I, still looking to her for guidance, to her and no one else. Others may be able to give their hearts twice over, but I am not one of those. People talk of death effacing love! As though death and love could have any dealings the one with the other! They always were strangers; they always will be strangers. So year after year I mourn for her, in my own way happily, sorrowfully, and always tenderly; sometimes with laughter, and sometimes with tears. When I see all the beautiful green things of the world, and sing from very delight, I know she would be glad. When I make a good joke or turn a clever sentence, I know she would smile her praise. When I do my work well, I know she would be satisfied. And though I may fail in all I undertake, still there is the going on trying. Thus I am always a mourner, offering to her just that kind of remembrance which her dear, beautiful soul would cherish most."

He was handling the little miniature.

"May I see the face?" Joan asked, very gently.

He put the miniature in her hands. She looked at it, and then returned it to him, almost reverently.

"And now, little secretary," he said, in his old bright way, "I do believe I could do some work if I tried. It's only a question of will-power. Come, dip your pen in the ink, and write as quickly as you can." He dictated for nearly an hour, and then Joan slipped off quickly home. Up in her little bedroom it was all in vain that she chased the tears from her face. They came again, and they came again.

"He has seen that I love him," she sobbed. "And that was his dear, kind way of telling me that I was a foolish little child. Of course I was a foolish little child, but I couldn't help it! Indeed, I couldn't help it. And I must go on crying. No one need know."

So she went on crying, and no one knew.

CHOICE VERSE: FROM BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

A Ballade of Dawn.....Hugh McCulloch, Jr.....Scribner's

The wan East quivers, and a chilling breeze
  Comes trembling o'er the earth; the silence lies
Oppressively on all things, and the trees
  Don ever-changing shapes while night-time dies.
  From off the river feathery mists arise
And clothe the shivering earth in garments rare.
Changed things, that seem like uncouth monsters, glare
  Where late the moonlight cast a charmèd glow.
The stars grow faint, and fade into the air,
  And in the West the weary moon hangs low.

The night has been a night of nights; great seas,
  Of tremulous moonlight pouring from the skies
Enchanted all the earth and made surcease
  Of restlessness, and stilled each vague surmise.
  Its beauty charmed away earth's laboring sighs,
And brought nepenthe for its sharp despair.
Strange shadows hurried o'er the meadows, where
  The wavering mist now billows to and fro.
Alas! the night is gone that was so fair,
  And in the West the weary moon hangs low.

And with the night has fled the golden ease
  That filled my heart beneath the myriad eyes
Of midnight. Day is near, and beauty flees
  Before its naked squalor. Now the cries
  Of birds are heard, who know that in some wise
Another day must yield the wonted share
Of hard-earned food. And all the beasts prepare
  To fight for niggard gifts their lives bestow.
Day's murmurs stir them in their nightly lair,
  And in the West the weary moon hangs low.

Yet this is but a symbol; everywhere
Could man find peace, if his weak heart would dare
  To search; the very dawn, is joyful, though
Its breath seems chilled with day, and toil, and care,
  And in the West the weary moon hangs low.

In a Lull in the Splendors of Brahms..Hamlin Garland..Prairie Songs

In a lull in the splendors of Brahms,
When the passionate wail of the flute,
Struck dumb by the stroke of the drums,
Like the voice of a child sank mute:
In the second 'twixt thunder and thunder,
In the hush ere the wild music came
My soul flew far to the plain
Where the blue sky arched, and wide land under
Rolled a sea of grasses and growing grain.

I lay in the reeds of the prairie,
In the hush of the night, and I heard
The wandering wind, swift and wary,
Slipping by in the grass like a snake.
Faint clouds floated by in the air—
A lone wolf howled on a swell—
A bird in the grass seemed to tremble and wake,
And sent on the chime of the crickets afloat,
    A clear and most marvelous note
    That lay in the ear like a prayer.

The dim moon set!
    The wolf ceased his cry.
Overhead the far meteors streamed redly,
    And dropped down the dark
    Southern dome of the sky—
The chime of the hid cricket stopped
As if awed by strange sounds in the air—
And then, as I waited in trance of desire,
With throbbing shut eyes,
    The ear was aware
Of stir in the wide waste of grasses; a glare
Overshot the gray East with red fire—
With swelling vague clamor,
    Swift beat and shrill blare
Back to the hearing the deep music came,
As out of the darkness a vast army comes,
    Roaring like wind and wild flame
    To burst in the thunder of drums!

The Lilac.....Mary E. Wilkins.....St. Nicholas

The lilac stood close to Elizabeth's window,
  All purple with bloom while the little maid spun;
Her stint was a long one and she was a-weary,
  And moaned that she never could get it done.

But a wind stirred the lilac blossoms,
  And a wonderful sweetness came floating in,
And Elizabeth felt, though she could not have said it,
  That a friend had come to her to help her spin.

And after that she kept on at her spinning,
  Gay as a bird, for the world had begun
To seem such a pleasant, good place for working,
  That she was amazed when her stint was done.

And the pale-browed little New England maiden,
  Outside of her lessons had learned that day,
That the sweetness around us will sweeten labor,
  If we will but let it have its way.

The Last Chantey.....Rudyard Kipling.....Pall Mall Magazine

"And there was no more sea."

Thus said the Lord in the vault above the cherubim,
  Calling to the angels and the souls in their degree;
    "Lo! Earth has passed away
      On the smoke of judgment day. [the sea?"
  That our word may be established shall we gather up

Loud sang the souls of the jolly, jolly mariners:
"Plague upon the hurricanes that made us furl and flee!
    But the war is done between us,
    In the deep the Lord hath seen us— [the sea!"
  Our bones we'll leave the barracout, and God may sink

Then said the soul of Judas that betrayed him:
"Lord, hast thou forgotten thy covenant with me?
    How once a year I go
    To cool me on the floe,
  And ye take my day of mercy if ye take away the sea!"

Then said the soul of the angel of the Off-shore Wind: [flee)
  (He that bits the thunder when the bull-mouthed breakers
    "I have watch and ward to keep
      O'er thy wonders on the deep, [sea!"
  And ye take mine honor from me if ye take away the

Loud sang the souls of the jolly, jolly mariners:
"Nay, but we were angry, and a hasty folk are we!
    If we worked the ship together
    Till she foundered in foul weather, [the sea!"
  Are we babes that we should clamor for a vengeance on

Then said the souls of the slaves that men threw overboard:
"Kenneled in the picaroon a weary band were we;
    But thy arm was strong to save,
    And it touched us on the wave, [the sea."
  And we drowsed the long tides idle till thy trumpets tore

Then cried the soul of the stout Apostle Paul to God:
"Once we frapped a ship, and she labored woundily.
    There were fourteen-score of these,
    And they blessed thee on their knees, [the sea."
  When they learned thy grace and glory under Malta by

Loud sang the souls of the jolly, jolly mariners,
Plucking at their harps, and they plucked unhandily:—
"Our thumbs are rough and tarred,
And the tune is something hard— [sea?"
May we lift the Dipsea Chantey such as seamen use at

Then said the souls of the gentlemen adventurers—
Fettered wrist to bar all for red iniquity:
"Ho, we revel in our chains
O'er the sorrow that was Spain's; [the sea!"
Heave or sink it, leave or drink it, we were masters of

Up spake the soul of a gray Gothavn 'speckshioner—
(He that led the flinching in the fleets of fair Dundee)—
"Ho, the ringer and right whale,
And the fish were struck for sale, [the sea?"
Will ye whelm them all for wantonness that wallow in

Loud sang the souls of the jolly, jolly mariners,
Crying: "Under Heaven, here is neither land nor lea!
Must we sing for evermore
On the windless glassy floor? [sea!"
Take back your golden fiddles and we'll beat for open

Then stooped the Lord, and he called the good sea up to him,
And 'stablished his borders unto all eternity,
That such as have no pleasure
For to praise the Lord by measure
They may enter into galleons and serve him on the sea.

Sun, wind and cloud shall fail not from the face of it,
Stringing, ringing spendthrift nor the fulmar flying free,
And the ships shall go abroad
To the glory of the Lord [their sea!
Who heard the silly sailor men and gave them back

After Sunset .. Graham R. Tomson.... Scribner's Magazine

The black Downs tower to westward
A tomb for the buried sun,
The flats of the water-meadows
Are fading from green to dun.

Dark spreads the vast arena,
Swart on the yellow light,
And out of the gloom and the silence
A strange voice cries to the night.

Cries—and a strange voice answers,
Sudden, and hoarse, and slow,
Heavy with pain past telling,
The weight of a monstrous woe.

Still, as I wait and hearken,
I know not which they may be;
Voices of down and marshland,
Or the voice of my heart in me.

But I know that the cry they echo
Was old when the world was young,
The plaint of a nameless sorrow
Whose speech is an unknown tongue.

Vita Nuova.....William Watson.....Poems (Macmillan & Co.)

Long hath she slept, forgetful of delight;
At last, at last, the enchanted princess, Earth,
Claimed with a kiss by Spring the adventurer,
In slumber knows the destined lips, and thrilled
Through all the deeps of her unaging heart
With passionate necessity of joy,
Wakens, and yields her loveliness to love.

O ancient streams, O far-descended woods
Full of the fluttering of melodious souls;
O hills and valleys that adorn yourselves
In solemn jubilation: winds and clouds,
Ocean and land in stormy nuptials clasped,
And all exuberant creatures that acclaim
The Earth's divine renewal; lo! I, too,
With yours would mingle somewhat of glad song.
I, too, have come through wintry terrors—yea,
Through tempest and through cataclysm of soul
Have come, and am delivered. Me, the Spring,
Me also, dimly with new life hath touched,
And with regenerate hope, the salt of life;
And I would dedicate these thankful tears
To whatsoever Power beneficent,
Veiled though his countenance, undivulged his thought,
Hath led me from the haunted darkness forth
Into the gracious and vernal morn,
And suffers me to know my spirit a note
Of this great chorus, one with bird and stream
And voiceful mountain—nay, a string, how jarred
And all but broken! of that lyre of life
Whereon himself, the master harp-player,
Resolving all its mortal dissonance
To one immortal and most perfect strain,
Harps without pause, building with song the world.

Two Lessons..M. A. B. Evans..In Various Moods (G. P. Putnam's Sons)

"Slight nothing!" is the maxim of our youth,
And this, perhaps, is best, because our eyes
Not clearly can discern immortal truth
In life's first morning light. E'en the most wise
Might pass a precious jewel in disguise.
And as the tiny bird, that builds her nest
In early spring, gives care the very best
To first-laid straws, so, with most tender ruth,
We follow Nature's, not our own behest.

But, older grown, the point of view will change.
We have not all eternity, we find,
In which to live our earthly lives. A strange
New power impels us, and we leave behind
The child's repose, for strength of other kind,
Ability to pick and choose aright.
The man who shows the greatest power and might,
And in realm of thought has widest range,
Is he who learns the best just what to slight.

The King is Dying..James B. Kenyon...The Gate of Dreams (Moulton)

Fool, stand back, the king is dying,
Give him what little air remains;
See'st thou not how his pulse is flying?
Hear'st thou not how he gasps and strains
To catch one other stertorous breath?
God! how he labors! yes, this is death!

Blow up the fire—his feet are cold;
Ay, though a king, he cannot buy
One briefest moment with all his gold;
His hour has come, and he must die;
Withered and wrinkled, and old and gray,
The king fares out on the common way.

Light the tapers; he's almost gone;
Stir, thou fool, 'tis past the hour
To cower and cringe, and flatter and fawn—
The thing lying there is shorn of power;
Henceforth the lips of the king are dumb;
Bring up thy ghostly viaticum.

Absolve his soul; need enough, God wot!
Mumble and sprinkle and do thy shriving;
Yet, methinks, here and there shall be left a blot,
Hideously foul, despite thy striving;
Nor purfled quilts, nor pillows of lace,
Can relieve the guilt in that grim old face.

Soft! stand back—it is his last:
Get hence, thy priestly craft is o'er;
For him the pomp of the world is past—
The king that was, is king no more;
Let the bells be rung, let the mass be said,
And the king's heir know that the king is dead.

BEATRICE HARRADEN: THE AUTHOR AND HER WORK*

By Gilson Willets

Beatrice Harraden is looked upon by Americans just now as one of her own "ships that pass in the night." She is at present among us, and America speaks with her —but there shall be "only a look, a voice, then darkness again and silence."

Miss Harraden is an invalid and the object of her journey is rest and health. The steamer Berlin brought her here only a few days ago, but when you read this she will be speeding Westward on a "Vestibule, Limited," bound for California. Eight years she has wandered from one to another of Europe's health resorts; has tried Italy's Reviera, has sojourned at Petershof, the Alpine resort of her story, and now she comes to see what our own sunny, wholesome, gentle California can do for her health. Meanwhile, she is pausing en route, not in the great teeming city, no! no! she dislikes the city; but up there beyond the Bronx River, with dear friends in a dear old-fashioned country house off in one corner of Yonkers. And there, sitting in the white sunshine on the broad piazza, I found her.

She's a wee body, slight and frail like a lily. Her skin is like an Indian's, and she 's the eyes of a Creole. Those large eyes look out at you through glasses, and her hair is short, but don't think she's smart and prudish and inflexibly intellectual, because she isn't. Her manner is simply the outcome of her soul, herself; poetic, but practical; unconventional, but a woman, and young, not yet thirty.

A bundle of nerves exactly describes her. She talked rapidly, enthusiastically, always modestly, with the accent so charmingly characteristic of the well-bred Englishwoman. She told me about her early life, how she was London-born, began her education in Dresden, and finished it in 1883 with a degree of B. A., both in classics and mathematics, from the London University. She spoke feelingly of the bright sitting-room in her home at Hampstead, and how she cared nothing for society or social functions, but knew nearly all the literary people in London; how, encouraged by her father, himself a musician, she had learned to play the violoncello.

"I did not bring my 'cello with me," she said, making stronger the intellectual knit in her eyebrows, and looking a little sad. And I knew now why she could not play on that 'cello, for her friends had told me of her affliction. How, just as she stepped her foot upon the first round of the ladder of success in her literary work, she had lost the use of her right hand through entire failure of the ulnar nerve by over-strain in writing and 'cello playing. How she had carried her poor paralyzed arm for two years in a sling, during which time she was sent to Petershof, to which era in her life we owe the book which has made her name famous.

Then she talked about her literary career. "My first story," she said, cuddling off in one corner of the big chair in which she left room for three more of her own size, "Oh! I wrote miles and miles of stuff anonymously, for the newspapers, before I produced anything really successful. I submitted story after story to Mr. Blackwood, for I wanted to get into his magazine, but they were all failures. He persisted, however, that I should try, try again till I wrote something that he liked, and at last, I sent him The Umbrella Mender, which he liked, and sent me word to write more in the same vein. That was really my first published story. Then I met Mrs. Lynn Linton and Mrs. William Blackwood and they kindly elected themselves my literary advisers. So I went on writing for Blackwood's and other magazines, and all the stories are collected in my latest book called In Varying Moods. In the meanwhile, though, while I was at Petershof, among those invalids, I made the skeleton of a story which grew, as you know, into Ships that Pass in the Night.

"Was that book written in bed? In an invalid chair? No, indeed; I wrote it upon my return to London in Mrs. Kendall's drawing-room. My physician at home thought that nervous force was better out than in, so instead of condemning me to idleness he set me to work writing. But it was hard work—the actual writing I mean; for I am too nervous and irritable to dictate or to use the typewriter. But Mr. Kendall found me a big, fat pen and I managed to hold it. I wrote sometimes with the right hand, and sometimes with the left, and the last word was not written till six months after I wrote the first word. Even now I cannot write longer than twenty minutes at a time, and then often only about three lines. But I never erased or rewrote a word, never even read over the manuscript when it was finished, and have only barely glanced at the printed work." I then ventured the query as to how far the philosophy of disenchantment in the Ships represented the personal religion of its author.

"It isn't fair to hold an author responsible for what her characters say and do. One can write of murder without having committed murder. Frankly, my philosophy, my religion, is not nearly so unhappy as that which you think you've found in the book. No! mine is not the Doctrine of Despair—the misleading title under which a local curate in England preached against my book. We must expect disappointments and thwarted ambitions, I suppose, and happiness is to most of us a phantom, a ship that passes in the night; but we must hope for something, why not hope for what is not yet revealed. A great many people, I know, think I'm a lost soul, a heathen. Since I have been here I've received no end of letters from people who say they pray for me, and beseech me to turn back into the straight and narrow path. Let me show you some of those letters." And away, with her quick, nervous step she went, returning next moment with a box containing letters and photographs of every size and shape. She showed me a photograph of her mother, a very distinguished looking woman; of her sister, tall and commanding, and of her father, a true type of the noble-minded patriarch. "My father has always been my playmate," she said. "He has travelled everywhere with me, excepting to America, but he's coming over after me in the fall. No! He is not the original of the 'Bookseller' in the Ships any more than I am the original of 'Bernadine.' It has been said that I posed for myself, an error you may correct. I cannot be 'Bernadine,' for I lack all her good parts."

*From an interview by Gilson Willets in Once a Week.

GENERAL GOSSIP OF AUTHORS AND WRITERS

Hamlin Garland's Literary Methods

In a pleasant, gossipy article in the Pittsburgh Dispatch, Walter Blackburn Harte tells of a talk he had with Hamlin Garland as to his literary methods. "Well, you see," said Mr. Garland, "all my force, since I gave up teaching, goes into my creative work, but I never write under pressure. I work precisely as some painters do. I have unfinished pictures lying around my workshop. After breakfast, each morning, I go into my writing-room, and whichever picture chimes in with my mood, after a glance around, claims me for that morning. I work on it as long as I find great pleasure in it, and I stop the moment I am conscious of it becoming a grind. If I have any power left, I turn to something else; if not, I quit work and turn to recreation—reading, study, or a walk.

"I do all my writing on blocks of manuscript paper, and I have stacks of these lying around, as many as forty or fifty, in various stages of completion. I never write on any one thing, day after day, just with the purpose of getting it done. I believe thoroughly in moods, although I do not wait for any particular mood, for I am in the mood every morning for something. I take the mood as it serves. All my work interests me supremely, or I should not do it. In writing my stories, I conceive a thing in its wholeness, and details come by what may almost be termed unconscious cerebration. When I have the first rough draft written, I read to an expert typewriter, and fill in the details as I read. The sound of my own voice keeps me very close to colloquialisms, for I refer everything to my ear, and so avoid all stereotyped conversations. In my conception I am seldom at fault—I rarely alter that—but I go on adding and adding, mostly the subtler touches and suggestions, until I am satisfied."

"I have noticed, Mr. Garland, that you deal more with the happenings of everyday, the struggle for existence, the intimate life of husband and wife and mother and children, than with the love-making period of life, with which most novelists begin and end."

"That is a fashion in literature which must largely pass away. Courting is not a man's whole life by any means, and the love-making age is not usually the age of the deepest reflection and feeling. The drama of life does not usually begin in real downright earnest until after marriage, and for men whose whole lives is a long struggle for existence, the courtship period is a brief one, and soon, perhaps, a very insignificant memory. I try to give in my stories a picture for the larger issues and phases of life under certain conditions as I have known them. My aim is to truthfully represent the common working farmer—the renter and the hired man as well; to take the three men out of five rather than the one man out of ten. I aim to put in the proper proportions of dusty days, rainy days and cold days, the proper proportion of terrible toil and pleasuring."

The Method of Massenet

Jules Massenet, whose opera Thaïs has just been produced at the Paris Opéra, and whose one-act work, La Nivernaise, written for Mlle. Calvé, is to be seen at Covent Garden this season, is, says the London Sketch, like many composers and even more dramatists, a terrible coward on first nights. He habitually keeps away from the theatre when any work of his is to receive first public hearing, and passes the hours of waiting in either working out new ideas, chatting or thinking about the past, or conversing quietly with his wife in his comfortable home, while the verdict is being passed. Massenet, is, indeed, a composer of the domesticated sort. Not for him the freaks and follies of so many of the craft. His manner of life is simple and regular. On summer mornings he gets up at five, and in the winter months at six. Then he works until about noon, and, after a meal, goes out to pay calls or fulfill business engagements. The evening he loves to spend in peace and quietness in the bosom of his family. It is his daughter who has charge of some of the most cherished treasures in his little library—namely, a set of large folio volumes, containing, in strict chronological order, the manuscripts of all his operatic works. Mlle. Massenet has even to look after the binding and general condition of these "pièces à servir"; she thoroughly enjoys the task. Systematic and well-ordered is the method of workmanship of the composer of Le Cid and Le Roi de Lahore. Whenever a new libretto comes into his hands, he first studies it thoroughly, until the theme and the characters are well in his head. Then, after a period of incubation, sometimes extending over two years, he starts composing, still in his head, and his ideas come to him as freely in the street as at home. This goes on for another couple of years, without his touching either a pen or a piano, and then, when the score is completely finished—still in his head, I must reiterate—he has to betake himself to the laborious task of copying it out, so to speak, from memory. Six months is the time that this last stage in the composition of an opera occupies him.

Dr. Edward Eggleston at Home

For the past ten years, says F. E. Matthews, in the Buffalo Sunday News, Dr. Eggleston has done nearly all of his writing at his summer home on Lake George, although his winters have been spent in New York city. The scene of his labors borders on a quiet bay in the southeastern part of the lake, remote from the steamboats and other annoyances of summer travel. The friends of Dr. Eggleston hold a large tract of land in the immediate vicinity, so that intrusion is impossible. Indeed, the cottages within a radius of a mile number less than a dozen, and some of them are owned by old parishioners of his in Brooklyn before he became, as he styles himself, "a reformed clergyman." The home of Dr. Eggleston has been sometimes described as "The Owl's Nest." This name really belongs to one of the cottages close by. His own home seems to have no name. It is a cluster of buildings, the most prominent of which are the library and the dormitory, both of them built in solid double walls of rough stone quarried by nature on the spot. All of the domestic arrangements are in the dormitory, which is nearest the lake and on lower ground than the library, with which it is connected by a covered walk.

Of course the building of most interest is the library. This stands on a conspicuous knoll with a broad outlook to the south. The size and shape are very like those of the dormitory. It has the same huge central chimney,

but the broad expanse of the slated roof is not broken by windows. A more solid effect is thus given to the library. The southern half of the first story is devoted to the combined study and library of Dr. Eggleston. The main light comes from a large triple window at the south, while smaller windows in each of the three walls appear to find places, like so many port-holes, wherever they can among the well-lined book-shelves that reach to the very ceiling. The highly polished floor reflects the wood fire that blazes in the broad fireplace. Here is the sanctum of the talented author, and a sanctum it really is. Every forenoon this place is the private property of Dr. Eggleston. No one must enter it on any pretext, for this is the time given exclusively to literary work. Seated in a heavy, swivel arm-chair and at a plain desk of black walnut, the work of preparation or of actual writing goes on day by day until the world has something fresh from the active brain. But in the afternoon the busy man becomes the man of leisure. He is then glad to welcome all visitors to his workshop. The morbidly curious, however, have learned not to come. They can impart nothing, neither can they absorb or appreciate the vast fund of general information for which the host is noted. But congenial spirits, or those who have anything of value to say, can listen by the hour to the doctor's recital of his many strange adventures at home and abroad. He will talk equally well with the artist or the artisan, the professor or the plowman, and he will surprise and please each one by using the terms that are technical to his particular work.

Will Allen Dromgoole

The Detroit Free Press gives this interesting sketch of Will Allen Dromgoole, much of whose excellent work has appeared in The Arena. What is necessary to inspire genius? Everything and nothing. Will Allen Dromgoole, while clerk of the Tennessee Senate, was on one occasion feeling desolate and depressed. She left the desk at which she had been writing and walked to the window. Looking out she watched the snow falling upon the statue of Andrew Jackson, and saw a lone bird seek for shelter in the statue's arms. In that exquisite story, The Heart of Old Hickory, the governor of Tennessee is represented as watching the bird nestling in the heart of the statue, when the entrance of the newsboy recalls him to himself. Will Allen Dromgoole was born and brought up in the town of Murfreesboro, Tenn., a place also noted as being the home of the Murfrees. Every summer the Dromgoole family spent in the mountains of Tennessee, and here Will Allen, who was the youngest of a large family of girls, was her father's constant companion. Together they would explore the "everlasting hills," learning nature's secrets by heart, and becoming acquainted with the nature and habits of the mountaineers. No one was ever more imbued with the spirit of the mountains than this gifted daughter of Tennessee. She is one with its every mood. "If I am glad," she says, "I turn to the mountains; if I am sad, I find in them a solace." It is not strange, then, that she is able to give such graphic descriptions of life in the mountains, and to paint their natural beauties in language so glowing.

Will Allen Dromgoole, although extremely feminine in her personality, is an expert shot, handling her rifle with the ease and dexterity of the mountaineer. She is also a fearless horse-woman, and is filled through and through with the spirit of adventure. This was displayed in her search for the Malungeons, an interesting sketch of whom appeared in an eastern magazine.

"I was beset to find them," she says, "and the more my friends opposed this desire the stronger it grew. At last one day I could stand it no longer. My father had gone off for a day's fishing. This was an opportunity not to be missed. I wrote an explanatory note, and started on my dangerous quest." Succeeding in her search, she bought a costume of a native Malungeon, and lived among this people for a while, making a study of them in their every peculiarity. It is a fact worthy of comment that Will Allen Dromgoole makes a study of every phase of life she depicts. Be it coal lands, marble lands, or prisons, no sooner has she decided on a locality for her story than she visits the spot and studies it in its every detail, before undertaking to describe it. Before writing that powerful story, A Grain of Gold, she made a thorough investigation of the prison life and system. In speaking of "the scent of the wild-grape blooms" that still lingered in Jim Royal's nostrils as his tortured life came to a close, she says: "The wild grape has a strangely sweet odor as it comes across the woods to the stockade; its perfume lingered in my nostrils all the time I was writing A Grain of Gold." Perhaps to this faithful attention to minute details as well as to her genius may be attributed Miss Dromgoole's swift rise to fame. In her literary career she has experienced few of the disappointments sustained by most authors.

Will Allen Dromgoole was clerk of the Senate of Tennessee for eight years, and in all that time she was eagerly watching every phase of character and life that passed before her, and laying up materials for future use. To her sojourn in the Senate we are indebted for The Heart of Old Hickory, that matchless portrayal of the noble Governor of Tennessee, and the fine, loyal, ragged specimen of humanity, the crippled newsboy. Some years ago the Dromgoole family became much straitened in their circumstances, and were obliged to give up their summer home in the mountains. "This was a heavy trial to my father," says Will Allen, "so when I began to write stories I devoted my first earnings to buying it back from the friend who had purchased it of us. My father's delight on returning to the old home made me happy indeed." This mountain home is situated near the Elk River, one of the loveliest of streams. The house itself is painted yellow, and to it the boys of that region have given the name of "The Yellow-hammer's Nest." Miss Dromgoole is an instance of the large mind in a small body. She is four feet ten inches in height, and weighs eighty-seven pounds. She is a typical Southerner, being extremely warm-hearted and impulsive.

Max Müller, the Greatest Living Philologist

Undoubtedly the greatest oriental scholar living to-day, and among the greatest who ever lived, says the Chicago Lamp, is Dr. Max Müller, who at seventy years of age still busies himself with the work to which he has devoted his long and laborious life, opening to the world the treasure-house of ancient Brahmanical literature, translating from the ancient Sanscrit, the oldest of the sacred books of India, and preparing for publication those voluminous lectures, essays, and histories which, though profoundly learned, he knows how to make so delightful. He still nominally holds the chair of comparative philology of

Oxford university, though he resigned its actual duties in 1875, and has since then devoted himself with renewed vigor to ransacking dusty Eastern libraries that were formerly unpenetrable, and deciphering outlandish ancient manuscripts and inscriptions that were formerly unknown. The value of Professor Müller's life-work cannot be even approximately estimated by the ordinary man, and the enormous amount of labor it has involved is beyond calculation—almost beyond belief. Almost everybody knows something about him, but very few know much. He has grown so great that men have lost sight of his beginnings, and when, as quite frequently happens, the press announces that some new decoration or degree has been conferred upon him, or that he has been elected a fellow of some additional learned society, a knowledge of his past is always taken for granted, though there are not many who can pretend to have it.

It was recently said of Professor Müller that if he should pin upon his coat all the decorations and medals he has received he would stagger beneath their weight. Merely to enumerate not the names but the initials of his degrees and dignities as suffixes to his name in the English fashion would fill forty or fifty lines of an ordinary newspaper with a confusing mass of capital letters and send readers hunting through the back of the dictionary, where they would not find half of the abbreviations. Friedrich Max Müller is his full name. He was born at Dessau, Germany, December 6, 1823. His father was a famous poet, his grandfather an eminent diplomat and his great-grandfather the founder of an educational system. Max just escaped being a musical prodigy in childhood and took his degree at Leipsic in 1843, after which he applied himself to comparative philology, mastering Sanscrit, Hebrew, Arabic and Persian. He continued his studies at Berlin and Paris, and in 1847 went to England to bring out his famous editio princeps of the Rig-Veda, some parts of which are supposed to antedate the Christian era 2,400 years. Though he knew no English when he went to England, in three years' time he was professor of modern languages at Oxford and subsequently sub-librarian of the Bodleian. In 1868 the chair of comparative philology was founded for him, and he soon made it one of the most important in the university. He married an English woman and has continued to reside at Oxford, occupying the charming residence in Norham Gardens that was built for Professor Goldwin Smith and occupied by him until he left England for Canada.

Edwin L. Shuman's Steps into Journalism

Edwin L. Shuman, whose little helpful book, Steps into Journalism, has just been published, gained his own degree of Master of the Pen through sheer brutal, practical experience. This is the school in which he was trained, and while it is the only college of journalism worth mentioning, Mr. Shuman has long felt that a little simple and straightforward advice would have saved him many an hour of wasted effort. The book, which is his maiden effort as an author, is the joint product of this theory and a type-writing machine. His has been the usual unenviable career of the aspiring printer and newspaper man. Though a Pennsylvanian by birth, he has been a Chicagoian for the last fifteen years. Through the aid of an uncle, Andrew Shuman (Lieutenant-Governor of Illinois and for thirty-three years editor-in-chief of the Chicago Journal), he was enabled to earn part of his school and college expenses in the capacities, successively, of "devil," compositor, proof-reader, reporter and editor on the paper named. While attending Northwestern University, at Evanston, Ill., he founded a University printing-office in the gymnasium basement, and during his last two years of his course printed the college weekly magazine and superintended the other printing of the University. By the time he was graduated in 1887, the small enterprise, by dint of much all-night labor, had grown into a plant that was worthy of removal to the main square of the town. Here he started the Evanston Press (still published) and aspired to book publishing under the firm designation of "University Press Company," of which corporation he was President. Two years more of day-and-night slavery brought enough success to enable him to sell out for $4,000 and to take a year off in travel in California, Alaska, Mexico and South America, around to New York and back to Chicago. Since 1891 he has held various editorial positions on the Chicago Tribune and Journal, and is now an editorial writer on the latter paper. Though he has edited and published a number of small and unimportant books, and written occasional articles for Frank Leslie's and other story-papers, his work has been confined mostly to newspapers, and Steps into Journalism is his first venture as an author. He has in preparation a book on Alaska travel and adventure.

Andrew Lang, his Likes and Dislikes

Brander Matthews, writing in the Century, says: The equipment of a critic Mr. Lang has, and the insight, and also the sympathy, without which the two other needful qualities lose half their value. There are limits to his sympathy, and he tells us that he does "not care for Mr. Gibbon except in his autobiography, nor for the elegant plays of M. Racine, nor very much for Mr. William Wordsworth, though his genius is undeniable"; but the range of his knowledge and of his understanding seems to me wider than that of any other contemporary British critic. He is unfailing in affection for Homer, Herodotus, Theocritus and Lucian, for Virgil and Horace, for Rabelais, Molière, and Dumas, for Shakespeare, Fielding, Miss Austen and Thackeray, for Scott and Burns. He delights in the skittish writings of the lively lady who calls herself "Gyp," while for the psychologic subtleties of M. Paul Bourget he cares as little as does "Gyp" herself. He was prompt in praise of the author of King Solomon's Mines; in fact, Mr. Haggard's tales of battle, murder, and sudden death have found no warmer eulogist than the author of Ballades in Blue China. Mr. Lang is a romanticist to the bitter end. Broad as his sympathy is, it is not broad enough to comprehend realism. He is restive when realism is lauded. Unconsciously, no doubt, he resents it a little, and he does not quite understand it. Mr. Lang can enjoy Rabelais, and praise him for the qualities which make him great in spite of his willful foulness; but in M. Zola Mr. Lang sees little to commend. Quite the most perfunctory essay of Mr. Lang's that I ever read was one on the author of L'Assommoir, which did but scant justice to the puissant laborer who is toiling unceasingly on the massive edifice of the Rougon-Macquart series, as mightily planned and solid in structure as the medieval cathedral, and, like it, disfigured and defiled by needless and frequent indecencies.

Tolerant toward most literary developments, Mr. Lang is a little intolerant toward the analysts. Amiel delights

him not, nor Marie Bashkirtseff either; and it irks him to hear Ibsen praised or Tolstoï, though the pitiful figure of Anna Karénina lingers in his memory. And as for Mr. Howells, it is hard to say whether it is as novelist or critic that he irritates Mr. Lang more. Mr. Howells once spoke of the critical essaylets which issued monthly from the "Editor's Study," as "arrows shot into the air in the hope that they will come down somewhere and hurt somebody." Enough of them have hit Mr. Lang to make him look like St. Sebastian, if only he had not plucked them out swiftly, one by one, and sent them hurtling back across the Atlantic. Fortunately, the injuries were not fatal on either side of the water, and there was no poison on the tips of the weapons to rankle in the wounds. Sensitive as most British writers are to the darts of transatlantic criticism, it has seemed to me sometimes that Mr. Lang is even tenderer of skin than are most of his fellow-sufferers. The ocean that surges between Mr. Howells and Mr. Lang is unfordable, and there is no hope of a bridge. There is no common standing-ground anywhere for those who hold fiction to be primarily an amusement and those who believe that it ought to be chiefly a criticism of life, as Matthew Arnold said all literature should be. The romanticist considers fiction as an art, and as an art only; whilst the extreme realist looks on it almost as a branch of science.

Marcella and its Characters

The first list of "identifications" in connection with Marcella is given in the Woman's Signal:—"The Venturist Society, of course, is the Fabian; the Labor Clarion is the Labor Elector; Edward Hallin is Arnold Toynbee; while Mr. Champion, Mr. Morris, Mr. Keir Hardie, Mr. Walter Crane, and many other familiar figures move in very thin disguises through her pages. As to Marcella, opinions will differ as to who sat for the original of the portrait. She is a kind of cross between Miss Margaret Harkness—who for some time was the patron saint of the dockers, and guardian angel of the Labor Elector—and the Countess of Carlisle. We shall have plenty of guesses as to the originals of Raeburn, to whom Marcella was engaged, and whom she ultimately married."

John Jacob Astor as an Author

For another time in its history the famous Astor family has a representative in the field of literature, says the New York Tribune. William Waldorf Astor, now a resident of London, several years ago betook himself to the pen and ink and meditative fraternity, and has acquired prominence in the English capital by his acquisition and editorship of several publications there. His cousin, John Jacob Astor, has now entered the avenue of fame, which is paved with the intelligent ends of leaden type, and his banner bears the legend A Journey in Other Worlds: A Romance of the Future. John Jacob Astor, as a student at Harvard, devoted himself in a large part to scientific courses and to political economy. He was a student of strong intellectuality and he had the honor of appearing in the rank list every year. Mr. Astor, who is less than thirty years old, has proved himself emphatically a searcher after knowledge.

D. Appleton & Co. have just issued a book written by John Jacob Astor, and bearing the title mentioned, A Journey in Other Worlds: A Romance of the Future. The author, unlike the majority of his predecessors in romantic literature, dates the story so as to make it consistent with the advances which shall have been achieved in science and otherwise in the year 2000 A. D. The plan describes a journey by an original method to the planet Jupiter, where the conditions of the carboniferous age are believed to exist; and also to Saturn, where the travellers are supposed to meet with the spirits of the departed. If Mr. Astor's speculations are correct, the reader will realize the fond idea of his childhood's song pertaining to "a ring around a rosy," for of all the planets, as viewed through a telescope of great power, none is so roseate in hue and so completely compared with the reflection of its own loveliness as the planet Saturn. Some people have likened it to a golden buck as laid out at midnight on an uptown eating-house table; but this figure inclines to lowering the importance and dignity of the planet as a heavenly body. The romance contains many new and striking developments of the possibilities of science hereafter to be explored, but the volume is intensely interesting, both as a product of imagination and an illustration of the ingenious and original application of science. Mr. Astor, while at St. Paul's School, at Concord, N. H., contributed several articles of merit to academic periodicals, among them the production entitled Dreamland and Shadowland. His tastes are decidedly literary. He is bold in his conceptions. He undertakes in his book to develop the idea of a new force, which he styles "Apergy." This is intended to represent a power the opposite of gravitation. A flying-machine is introduced in the romance, by which things heretofore unseen are seen and their glories are unfolded to human vision. Many adventures and strange incidents are described, and the visions of the author have furnished admirable subjects for the illlustrator.

Mrs. Boyd's Army Reminiscences

Mrs. O. B. Boyd, the author of Cavalry Life in Tent and Field, which will be issued by J. Selwin Tait & Sons in a few days, has had an experience of "roughing it" on the plains as the wife of a cavalry officer, such as has probably not fallen to the lot of any other tenderly nurtured woman. No one to look at Mrs. Boyd would imagine she had endured the hardships and dangers of frontier life for a period of fifteen years, and that a score and more of years ago she was a wanderer in the wilds of Arizona, in hourly terror of Indians, and so destitute of every element of comfort that in moving with her husband to far outlying military stations she was compelled, for security and comfort, to have her infant child carried upwards of a thousand miles in a champagne basket. It is safe to say that mentally and physically, Mrs. Boyd has endured hardships which have not been surpassed in the experience of any American officer's wife; and yet, to-day, her eye is as bright, her step as elastic, and her laugh as silvery as that of any girl in her teens, who regards the world through rose-colored glasses "in maiden meditation fancy free."

Mrs. Boyd was urged to write her army experiences whenever she related them to other army ladies. They are decidedly unique and unlike any that have been printed heretofore. The book is a wonderful record of frontier life as seen through the eyes of a cavalry officer's wife. No more descriptive work has appeared in recent years, and apart from this the book has a value far beyond the mere skill of the narrative, as those who are acquainted with the melancholy history of the late Captain Boyd will readily understand.

MADAME CÉLESTIN'S DIVORCE: A LAWYER'S COURTSHIP*

By Kate Chopin

Madame Célestin always wore a neat and snugly-fitting calico wrapper when she went out in the morning to sweep her small gallery. Lawyer Paxton thought she looked very pretty in the gray one that was made with a graceful Watteau fold at the back, and with which she invariably wore a bow of pink ribbon at the throat. She was always sweeping her gallery when lawyer Paxton passed by in the morning on his way to his office.

Sometimes he stopped and leaned over the fence to say good-morning at his ease, to criticise or admire her rose-bushes, or, when he had time enough, to hear what she had to say. Madame Célestin usually had a good deal to say. She would gather up the train of her calico wrapper in one hand, and balancing the broom gracefully in the other, would go tripping to the fence.

Of course she had talked to him of her troubles. Every one knew Madame Célestin's troubles.

"Really, Madame," he told her once, in his deliberate, calculating lawyer tone, "it's more than human nature—woman's nature—should be called upon to endure. Here you are, working your fingers off"—she glanced down at two rosy finger-tips that showed through the rents in her baggy doe-skin gloves—"taking in sewing; giving music lessons; doing God knows what in the way of manual labor to support yourself and those two little ones"—Madame Célestin's pretty face beamed with satisfaction at this enumeration of her trials.

"You right, Judge. Not a picayune, not one, not one, have I lay my eyes on in the pas' fo' months that I can say Célestin give it to me or sen' it to me."

"The scoundrel!" muttered lawyer Paxton.

"An' *pourtant*," she resumed, "they say he's making money down 'round Alexandria w'en he wants to work. It's good six months since I see a sight of Célestin."

"That's it, that's what I say; he has practically deserted you; fails to support you. It wouldn't surprise me a bit to learn that he has ill-treated you."

"Well, you know, Judge," with an evasive cough, "a man that drinks—w'at can you expec'? An' if you would know the promises he has made me! Ah, if I had as many dolla' as I had promise from Célestin, I wouldn' have to work, 'je vous garantis.'"

"And in my opinion, madame, you would be a foolish women to endure it longer, when the divorce court is there to offer you redress."

"You spoke about that befo', Judge; I'm goin' think about that divo'ce. I believe you right."

Madame Célestin thought about the divorce and talked about it, too; and lawyer Paxton grew deeply interested.

"You know, about that divo'ce, Judge," Madame Célestin was waiting for him that morning. "I been talking to my family an' my frien's, an' it's me that tells you, they all plumb again' that divo'ce."

"Certainly, to be sure; that's to be expected, madame, in this community of Creoles. I warned you that you would meet with opposition and have to face it."

"Oh, don't fear, I'm going to face it! Maman says it's a disgrace like it's neva been in the family. But it's good for Maman to talk, her. W'at trouble she ever had? She says I mus' go by all means consult with Père Duchéron—it's my confessor, you undastan'—Well, I'll go, Judge, to please Maman. But all the confessor' in the worl' ent goin' to make me put up with that conduc' of Célestin any longa."

A day or two later, she was there waiting for him again. "You know, Judge, about that divo'ce."

"Yes, yes," responded the lawyer, well pleased to trace a new determination in her brown eyes and in the curves of her pretty mouth. "I suppose you saw Père Duchéron and had to brave it out with him, too."

"Oh, fo' that, a perfec' sermon, I assho' you. A talk of giving scandal an' bad example, that I thought would neva en'! He says, fo' him, he wash his hands; I mus' go see the bishop."

"You won't let the bishop dissuade you, I trust," stammered the lawyer, anxiously.

"You don't know me yet, Judge," laughed Madame Célestin with a turn of the head and a flirt of the broom which indicated that the interview was at an end.

"Well, Madame Célestin! And the bishop!" Lawyer Paxton was standing there holding to a couple of the shaky pickets. She had not seen him. "Oh, it's you, Judge?" and she hastened towards him.

"Yes, I saw Monseigneur," she began. The lawyer had already gathered from her expressive countenance that she had not wavered in her determination. "Ah, he's an eloquent man. I was fo'ced to cry, the way he talked to me about my troubles; how he undastan's them, an' feels for me. It would move even you, Judge, to hear how he talk' about that step I want to take; its danga, its temptation. How it is the duty of a Catholic to stan' everything till the las' extreme. An' that life of self-denial I would have to lead—he tole me all that."

"But he hasn't turned you from your resolve, I see."

"For that, no," she returned emphatically. "The bishop don't know what it is to be married to a man like Célestin, an' have to endu' that conduc' like I have to endu' it. The Pope himse'f can't make me stan' that any longer, if I got the right to sen' Célestin sailing."

A noticeable change had come over the lawyer Paxton. He discarded his work-day coat and began to wear his Sunday one to the office. He grew solicitous as to the shine of his boots, his collar, and the set of his tie. He brushed and trimmed his whiskers with a care that had not before been apparent.

His heart beat in a strangely irregular manner as he neared Madame Célestin's house one morning, and discovered her behind the rose bushes, as usual plying her broom. "Good morning, Madame Célestin."

"Ah, it's you, Judge? Good-morning."

He waited. She seemed to be doing the same. Then she ventured, with some hesitancy. "You know, Judge, about that divo'ce. I been thinking, I reckon you betta neva mine about that divo'ce." She was making deep rings in the palm of her gloved hand with the end of the broom-handle, and looking at them critically. Her face seemed to the lawyer to be unusually rosy; but maybe it was the reflection of the pink bow at the throat. "Yes, I reckon you need'n' mine. You see, Judge, Célestin came home las' night. An' he's promised me on his word an' honor he's going to turn ova a new leaf."

* From Bayou Folk. By Kate Chopin. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

CURRENT LITERARY THOUGHT AND OPINION

Fascination of the Unclean....Maurice Thompson.....Ethics of Literary Art

What makes a book popular? No number of favorable reviews can do it—no amount of advertising or puffing. The secret lies in touching the nerve of average taste. Every proposition submitted to mankind is at last solved by this average immanent criticism. Artists may rebel; but the democracy of human economy always prevails, and that picture, that poem, that story which appeals to and satisfies a common and steadfast human longing is the lasting and influential one Ethics then, as it regards art, must respect the average, and the ethical aim must be to lift the line of mean human aspiration. To have no privileged class and to admit no special pleading in favor of genius, by which strict moral responsibility may be avoided in art, are prerequisites of critical honesty. The average mind may be easily convinced of the justice of this democratic rule, and to this end should education tend. The higher we urge the mean level of immanent human criticism, the higher will rise the surface of human conduct. The conduct of art has no special exemption.

The chief office of art is to teach through fascination, not openly and dictatorially, but almost unawares. Its appeal is the charm of beauty, the lure of symmetry, the perfume of truth; or it is the imperious fascination of evil clothed in a counterfeit divinity. This is the old demarcation between good and evil. I repeat that neither genius nor art can successfully slink out of responsibility through a special side gate. To prevent this cowardice the old Greeks invented dialectics and discussed life vigorously in their schools. We may say that they were heathens; but what would they say of us with our Christian theories and our pagan practices? Nakedness, physical and spiritual, in art was a sincere reflex of Greek religion, Greek civilization. It was unconsciously projected. Not so with us; when we go naked it is done self-consciously, with the full understanding that nakedness is not decent. We do it in sheer defiance of immanent criticism.

Is there a man or woman in the world who believes that any person ever read a novel or a poem for the stark purpose of moral reform? Do you ever read a novel expecting thereby to wash away some stain from your character? Be honest and answer that in every quest pleasure is your goal. From the notion of heaven down to the wish for a tin-whistle, your aim is pleasure. You imagine you would enjoy heaven; you feel sure that a tin-whistle would delight you. If you buy Anna Karénina or Madame Bovary, it is for delectation and not for personal purification. Speaking of cant, what cant is worse than that of the artist who entertains you at the table of vice with the avowed purpose of sweetening your life?

It is that wonderful Joubert again who says, "Naturally, the soul repeats to itself all that is beautiful or all that seems so." The writer writes what he likes, the reader reads what is to his taste. Ah, taste! there is the foundation. Can you for a moment credit any man's statement that he reads for delectation and yet against his taste? Perhaps I am a Philistine; at all events I do not hesitate here flatly to charge insincerity. Who could possibly be more hopelessly insincere than the avowedly pure woman who tells you that she has fortified her virtue by reading Ibsen's picture of Hedda Gabler? Woman, you have taken Ibsen's arm and have gone with him into vile company and have been delighted with the novelty of it. The smack of hell is sweet to your lips, as it was to those of new-made Eve. It would be strictly true for such a woman to say, "Yes, I read these novels of impure passion, and there is a strain in my taste which enjoys these pictures of temptation and of evil pleasures. Secretly, I like to peep into debauchery; but then I hold on to my own rectitude." The word "rectitude" as here used means formal rectitude of life's exterior; the intrinsic muscles have responded to a coarse and beastly impulse.

In producing works of art having evil for their source of fascination, and in reading such works, we are taunting the most secret veins of immanent criticism. Civilization inevitably responds to these influences working at the farthest tips of its tenderest roots. Vitiate imagination and you destroy character. No pure woman ever wrote a fiction of illicit love; if she began pure, she ended soiled. Her soul followed her pen. Druggists and physicians have told me that a person who takes to opium-eating will lie, steal, or barter body and soul for a morsel of dried poppy-juice. Never in my life have I known a man or a woman given over to the pleasure of writing or of reading novels based on illicit love who did not habitually lie to avoid personal responsibility.

To the perfectly unbiased observer nothing is clearer than that forbidden fruit is always in demand, and will be as long as human perversity fortifies human animalism. If the author of Tess of the D'Urbervilles would say the truth, he would flatly confess that he wrote that brilliantly fascinating, filthy novel not to make poor young girls cling to virtue, not to prevent rich young men from being villains at heart, but to make a fiction that would appeal to human perversity and delectate human animalism. He reckoned safely: the book sold almost as fast as whiskey. It was named by the author "the story of a pure woman." This woman, after being easily led to shame once prior to marriage, fell again during wedlock, and then committed murder and was executed. This is no extreme case; I cite it as typical. Nearly all of the critics were loud in praise of this novel —thousands of good people read it. And to justify themselves, both critics and readers claimed for it a high moral influence. What I see wrong in this is that it claims for fiction a power and an exemption not possible to real life. How can association with immoral and debauching people and conditions in our reading differ from our association with them in life? If art is chiefly for delectation, is it not a species of debauchery to indulge in art which takes its fascination from forbidden sources? As I have said, human perversity demands the forbidden. A publisher told me that for a novel to gain the reputation of being written in the highest strain of art and yet on a subject not considered clean, was a sure guarantee of success; "and yet," said he, "popular sentiment is strong against such books." Here is the fascination of the unclean—the very fascination which it is the duty of all to avoid, and which it is the highest mission of Christian civilization to extinguish.

And yet Christian artists demand the right to make commerce of this same evil fascination, and in this demand they are upheld by Christian critics.

In a word, I conclude this part of my argument by propounding a question, Has the immanent meaning of Christian civilization yet showed itself in art? Or, negatively, Is not fine art, and especially literary fine art, still essentially heathen? Is not the most direct and vigorous appeal of current poetry and fiction made to the ancient, elemental, conscienceless substance of humanity? To me it appears that the commercial value of literary filth is really behind every argument in favor of the moral force assumed by authors and critics to be inherent in the dramatic presentation of illicit love. We must admit that novels and poems on this subject are immensely fascinating, and that in a cold commercial view they are good property. In the same view whiskey and gambling rooms are excellent investments. Gilded dives pay large dividends in the lawful currency. St. Peter's Church has fewer visitors than Monte Carlo. What do you make of this? Is it the true conception of art that the artist may live in honor by the same appeal which enriches the faro-dealer, the saloon-keeper, and the princess of the bagnio? Is the money earned by writing and selling Tess of the D'Urbervilles one whit cleaner than that earned by any other play upon the human weakness for unclean things?

Is it not clear why a feeling should prevail that to be robust art must show a great deal of vulgarity? The best athlete carries but little flesh, and I find that fine muscles and sound nerves go farther than fat. Grossness, indeed, is as far removed from true virility as one pole from the other. Mere audacity in handling things not considered by the spirit of our civilization touchable cannot win the badge of Homer or of Horace. Homer sang strictly within the spirit of his age and voiced its characteristic aspiration. Horace did no violence to the civilization that inspired him. Full, close, sympathetic touch with Christianity (not with dry dogma, creed, ritual, or sect, or denomination), close touch with Christianity, I say, can give the only true conception of the new art of our just dawning era.

Literary Women.....The Struggle for Success.....St. Louis Post-Dispatch

In a recent interview Walter Besant remarks: "I should strongly recommend the young writer to keep himself independent of literature—to follow some profession, to become a journalist, or to do anything in order to be independent. Because, to be dependent on literature, unless you are a very good man indeed, means a most wretched life." This is oft-reiterated advice, but for some occult reason it is always addressed to young men. We cannot recall an instance in which suggestions are thrown out to women ambitious to enter the stubborn field of literature, yet who know not how to grub for the life-supporting roots while cultivating the expensive orchid. Can it be that woman is not even yet taken seriously? Or that the world in spite of data persists in regarding the literary woman as a seeker after recreation? Or is it that the feminine attitude to advice is too well known? At all events it will be interesting and instructive to glance over the female ward in the Department of American Letters and note whether or not the ladies find their art remunerative, what motive emancipated them from the domestic millions.

Mrs. Burnett is said to have "taken in sewing" during her tender years, but long before she made her mark she had married and was independent of her pen. Constance Fenimore Woolson was never dependent upon hers. She spent her life travelling. Miss Murfree is the daughter of an eminent lawyer. Miss M. G. McClelland supports herself by her stories, but life in a small Southern town costs little more than life in China. Octave Thanet contributes frequently to the magazines, and must long since have ceased to accept "page rates"; nevertheless, her name is constantly signed to syndicate articles on household subjects. And yet she lives in the family residence in Davenport, Iowa, and would have been equally well fed and clothed had she been dull. Gertrude Atherton is independent of her pen. Miss Agnes Repplier and Miss Anne Wharton are the possessors of small patrimonies. Mary Wilkins supported herself literally for five years before the Harpers made her famous and partly so during the preceding five. She, too, inherited a home, and it must be remembered that $100 in a New England town goes farther than $1,000 in even a city of the second rate. Miss Jewett, Miss Phelps, Miss Cook, all had the old family homes, the old New England thrift and absence of opportunity to spend money. Maria Louisa Poole has done newspaper work for many years; it is only during the last three that she has found time to make a reputation as a novelist. Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart found herself ten years ago a widow in possession of a small boy, a small house and a small amount of money. She examined her talents, found the literary by no means wanting, concluded that her knowledge of Southern dialect and character was large and set to work to write stories. She contributed at first to the local papers, but shortly attracted the attention of the Harpers, and has been well paid ever since. Occasionally she occupies an editorial chair, and several times a year gives public readings, both of which add materially to her income.

Kate Douglas Wiggin has only recently resigned her kindergarten work, which remunerated her handsomely while she was experimenting with her orchids. She still draws an income from her kindergarten songs and tales, which are in general use, and makes about $1,000 a year from public readings. Mr. Burton Harrison is more than able to support his wife. Mme. Lanza, as maid or married woman, has never had acquaintance with the necessities. Mrs. Cruger is a woman of fashion, and the time is yet to come when literature will serve as the rock and prop of social extravagance. Amelia Barr, when confronted with poverty, wrote advertisements and did hack writing of all sorts before she attempted fiction. She finally found favor with the New York Ledger, and like many another who has turned over that unclassic soil, found many nuggets.

Amelie Rives Chanler had a comfortable home in her maiden days, and has now a husband whose income enables her to regard the mutability of public favor with a philosophic eye. Alice Wellington Rollins, during a temporary lapse in her husband's fortunes, opened the rooms of her handsome apartment to boarders, gave lectures, wrote for the newspapers and children's magazines, at the same time that she was attempting to make the world better with her novels. Eva Wilder McGlasson tumbled straight into the lap of the Harpers, and it goes without saying that she has pin money in abundance, but she, too, had a small income to keep the wolf at bay while toddling. The only difference is that then

she lived in Kentucky and now she lives in New York. Mrs. Deland is married. So is Mrs. Catherwood. Of the poets, Ina Coolbrith, Edith M. Thomas, Losette Reese, Helen Grey Cone, are all amply provided with parents or husbands. Margaret Sangster is editor of Harper's Bazar on a large salary.

These statistics have been given to prove several things: 1. That only in three or four instances do women support themselves exclusively by writing fiction. 2. That those who do, live in country towns. 3. That the majority of literary women are not dependent upon their pen for the actual necessaries of life. They have drifted into literary work naturally, their minds at ease about material cares. Those that did embrace the calling of letters as a means of adding to their income, almost invariably had some sort of competence to keep life in them until they had planted their feet. With man it is different. He, too, in the natural order of things, has a home and parents, but when the home is humble and the parents weary, he is told to "get out and hustle" at an early age. The sisters may stay at home as long as man pleases, but he is looked to to replenish, not deplete, the family stocking. Moreover, man is prone to marry, thus adding indefinitely to his pecuniary embarrassments. When woman marries she shifts the financial question into the brain of another and sits down to her desk, if she happens to be justified in having one. Two questions, therefore, arise: 1. How many of the above cited women would have taken to the pleasures of creative work had they suddenly found themselves sitting on a trunk in the middle of the highway? 2. How many gifted women may there be in the United States to-day whose poverty will never permit them to take the position in letters to which they are entitled? The writer knows of one, extraordinarily gifted, who is literally too poor to write.

Hence the problem: How is a woman who is conscious of literary talent, an ardent lover of the work, ambitious of fame, but environed with poverty, to support herself in such wise that she can shape and exhibit her gifts. Teaching hollows the skull and eats the core out of the nerves. Marriage, in nine cases out of ten, means less time and more toil. Shall she open a boarding-house? It requires genius of a peculiar order to take boarders and keep out of debt. Shall she open a shop, like Mrs. Field? Probably the literary woman does not live, unless it be Mrs. Cruger, who would not make a bad milliner; and, as literary women are apt to be hopelessly unpractical, they would, if seduced into trade, doubtless spend their nights unsnarling their accounts. As for sewing, it may have been fairly remunerative in Mrs. Burnett's girlhood, but in these days of sweating systems it would only assist the literary aspirant to starve. The Woman's Exchange is open to people who make cake and embroidery, and paint fans, but these accomplishments are jealously guarded by women who scorn the woman that writes. The professions are open to a few bright women of masculine order of mind, but the professions are monopolizing and exhausting. The copyist must learn typewriting, and typewriting induces a desire for subsequent and prolonged rest. So does telegraphy and the attendance upon the telephone.

Nine people out of every ten who read this article will simultaneously exclaim, "try the newspapers!" But to say nothing of the fact that the newspapers "turn down" a hundred women applicants where they have room or inclination to place one, the literary and the news faculties rarely are twinned. The contemplative, introspective mind loathes the hustle and bustle of journalistic life, and in nine cases out of ten will prove a failure. Moreover, the life is very exhausting. Woman has not the physical endurance of man, and when her long day's work in an office —or tearing about the streets on the trail of a story—is over, her one ambition is to go to bed and sleep, and sleep, and sleep. Even newspaper men have not the time or reserve strength to do justice to the higher gifts which many of them possess. Of course the training is admirable, but that is not the question. Unless the newspaper woman marries she is likely to remain "in training" until she falls by the wayside.

It is true that some of them sit at home and add to their incomes by writing specials, but they must either have an established reputation, like Octave Thanet, to make their contributions available, or they must have a special vein of gossip. Moreover, timely topics have not a habit of attaching themselves to the literary mind. Occasionally one hears of a woman in an editorial position, but editorial positions are not roaming about in search of occupants. As for public readings, one must have the literary reputation first, no matter how qualified. What, then, is to be done? One can think of no solution but for those who have no one but themselves to support to work at anything for a year or two, save all they can and then go to some obscure place in the country where they can live on a few dollars a week and give their talents a trial. One could live in such a way for a year on about $300, and the sacrifice of metropolitan distractions is more than compensated for by the delight of creative work and the visions of satisfied ambition.

The Value of Dialect.....Armstrong Wauchope.....North American Review

All art is fidelity to pure and idealized Nature. The true artist is her interpreter and confidante. She admits him alone to her studio and reveals there her most perfect creations. Thus he who aspires to write must, as it were, be in the secret with Nature; otherwise she repudiates his work. The divine fire of expression can be kindled only by a spark from her own altar. But her phases of beauty and grandeur, humor and tenderness, are myriad fold and ever changing, so that he who would preserve them must catch them flitting by exactly as he perceives them. It is the individual, not the mass, that attracts our closest attention and claims our sympathetic interest. We cannot, however, differentiate this individual from his manner of thought, nor the thought from the medium of expression. Thus, by Nature's own law the use of dialect is often a necessity. Story-writing is an attempt to preserve the life of a certain time and locality with all the concomitants of local coloring. The personal experience of the writer becomes thus all-important, as it should; he can testify with authority only of what he knows. Miss Murfree could not have delineated the old New England life, nor could Miss Wilkins have pictured for us the Tennessee mountaineers.

I seriously doubt if certain types of character can be adequately depicted without dialect. Mental traits are inseparably wedded to the linguistic medium. Take for illustration this description of the "rebel yell" by the old negro in Page's Meh Lady: "You'd a thought de wull wuz splittin' open, an' sometimes ef you'd listen right good you could heah 'em yellin', like folks in de

harves'-fiel' hollerin' after a ole hyah." If we attempt to paraphrase this into good English much of the peculiar sentiment is lost in the process. The subtle aroma, which is its charm, evaporates. In a recent letter to the writer Mr. Page makes this remark: "It has very often been suggested that I was writing up the darkie; but my real intention has always been to write up the South and its social life, using the darkie as a medium to tell the story, because he was a constituent part of that life." Some critics hold that it is more difficult to write a perfect dialect story than one in classic English. The art is higher, they say, being more complex. The vigorous, native vernacular has a delightful flavor, for it is in perfect harmony with the people's life. The language of the average unconventional man is quite satisfactory, especially in a book. As soon as he is made "to talk proper" he is spoiled. I think that we would hardly have formed the acquaintance of the old Virginia "uncle" or the Western "hoosier," or the pretty Creoles if they had been made to talk to us in Hawthornesque English! Ours is such a heterogeneous country, to be true to the life of all sections, our romancers must use a score or two of dialects. Dialects are but the pigments which are used in producing life-like pictures of the people. All stories are only so many separate sketches of the many-sided social structure of American life. A great national novel in this country is almost an impossibility. Such a work must portray with skillful hand and sympathetic touch the many types of American character; and these must not be labeled, but it should be possible to tell from what section each comes by his dialect. On this account it seems likely fiction of the future will continue to take the form of the short story or character sketch.

Delights of the Essay.....Tudor Jenks.....The Outlook

Is there not reason to believe that all mankind loves the essay? Before the appearance of Obiter Dicta the question might have been asked with hesitation. Since Augustine Birrell became the friend of the world of readers, one need not fear to ask whether any other form of composition could have won him so many hearts. The poet's work is treasured, the novelists are gratefully remembered, the historian and the scholar are admired, but the essayist becomes our own friend. Other writers show what they can do; the essayist shows us what he is. The essay, indeed, is autobiography disembodied of the entangling facts. We know Montaigne; but Shakespeare is behind the scenes. Charles Lamb is a dear friend; Coleridge, a man of whom we have heard. Charles Reade, seen through his novels, is a bowing acquaintance, but Readiana is a card of invitation to his house—we taste the very grapes of Naboth's vineyard. Enter the circle of auditors grouped about the story-teller. When the lovers are united and the paternal blessing is a memory, we may pronounce upon the plot, but what do we know of the story-teller? Until we have sought him out as he lights his "post pabulam" pipe, and have awaited his thawing, we cannot really approach the man. If he talks then, and opens his heart to us, he talks essays. He does not tell us what has happened to himself or to others; he tells us what he thinks—or else we never know him. The writer of fiction is the painted clown in the ring. Until he is at home and the paint is all dissolved away, we shall not know one clown from another. But it is to be remembered that in some cases the paint is indelible, and then there can be no essay—which brings us to a distinction.

The sermon is not the essay, though cut into lengths and labeled. Neither can essays be made from encyclopædia scraps at first or second hand. The essay rightly so called is the world viewed through the prism of individuality, and thrown into the spectrum that exhibits the dark and light lines of personality. The essayist is the man who can converse entertainingly though the auditor is imaginary. The ability is necessarily rare. Few are the writers of humanity so broad that they cannot only exploit their own ideas but at the same time note and follow every tendency of the hearers' minds. They must say what is expected in a manner that surprises and amuses while it satisfies. Edward Everett made a great oration, but Abraham Lincoln's words were the crystallization of the Nation's tears over the fallen at Gettysburg. Few would have thought as Everett thought; all felt as Lincoln felt. Everett put into his mind the thoughts he clothed in words; Lincoln put into words the thoughts that he found in his mind. In the same way, the writer composes his poems, novels, romances, stories, arguments; but in his essays—if he be an essayist—he only expresses his thoughts. To compositions we resort for pastime, relaxation, recreation; but to essays we go for human sympathy. Essays are the bedtime books. They contain inspiration, comfort, encouragement. They are the unassembled material for the prayer-book of humanity—not a litany, perhaps, but a liturgy. There is the dissertation upon Roast Pig. It is quite conceivable that the anxious housewife with a luscious porker to make presentable for a banquet might find elsewhere more definite useful knowledge. The student of sociology is not compelled to reckon with the information therein conveyed as to the manners and customs of the Celestial Kingdom. But for the ordinary citizen, who is willing that his mind should go unimproved, and that the Household Guide should monopolize its own field, there is in the Essay upon Roast Pig food of the sort that nourishes the human soul. How quickly we all respond to Charles Lamb's gentle admonition "Never mind Coleridge—that's only some of his fun." The strain is relaxed, the concert-pitch is lowered, and all is right with God's world. What is Hecuba to us or we to Hecuba? The dinner-bell rings, the curtain has fallen, and the footlights go out. That delightful essay of De Quincey's upon the knocking at the Gate—how clearly it sets forth the misunderstood nature of humor! As equity corrects the universality of law, so humor corrects the unreality of the ideal.

We are always stroking the dome of St. Paul's with an expectation of pleasing the Dean. If we wish really to amuse the turtle, it is necessary to persuade him out of his shell, or to get inside. Until two bodies can occupy the same space, the unobstructiveness of the Essay will soonest beget confidence and bring about the extrusion of the turtle's head. The surest way to put an end to all hopes of mutual understanding is to argue; and the next, to instruct or preach. There upon our shelves stand the books. Upon the lowest tier are the one-hundred-ton-guns—a masked battery, excellent for war, but otherwise to be let alone. Near, above them, are the dramatists and historians. If you would laugh or cry, if you would reflect and reason, call forth these imperious spirits—Frankensteins who will not down

until their very ghosts are laid in oblivion. Next come the novelists—sturdy mountebanks who go through their tumblings most bravely, but with a prodigious sweating. Surely they are very amusing and clever, but our bones ache as well as theirs. Why, then, here are minstrels and bards who will enchant the ears! Yes, no doubt. But they are in evening dress, and recite by rote; one must be formal, and admire; and admiration, too, is rather wearisome. Here now are some neighbors come in to talk with us. They wear their every-day clothes, and one does not even rise to receive them. They do not know what they are going to say; certainly they do not come to offer formalities either of congratulation or of condolence. Even should they be interrupted by the children's playing, there is no need of the imperative "Hush!" What they will talk about depends upon the weather, the creak of a chair, the flapping of an awning, the twitter of a bird, the cackle of a triumphant hen. But there will be no wearisome frivolity, no dull prosing, for these are our good neighbors the Essayists. Perhaps we shall rise to sublimity, perhaps poke fun at ourselves or the rector. We only know that no rule shall restrain us save by our own good will. We will not speak in blank verse, nor yet in doggerel rhyme. We will not need the dictionary nor yet the thesaurus. If we do not know the proper name, we shall call everything a thingamajig, and let it go among friends. Perhaps we may fall into confidences, for there is no stranger present to tell tales out of school. Must our school-days go on for ever?

In the essay the author may say what pleases himself, and if he is of kindred soul he may also please you. Only in the essay is he free from the weight of an ax to grind. It is addressed to one's self, and not to an audience. And yet essays are unsalable. The public does not want them. Anybody can write essays. Is it so? Why, then, do they never go out of print? Why are they perennials? To what purpose are the dates upon the Spectators? If the writers are not to give us essays, how are we to know them? Are they always to be upon the stage and in costume? The urban rattlety-bang, while attractive to the bucolic mind, is more and more repellent to the citizen free of the city. It may be that there is an audience with ears attuned to voices pitched below the key that competes with the pandemonium of Philistia. If only for variety's sake, is there not room for a quiet talk upon a lower key than has long ruled in the concert-hall of the magazines? If not, then let us all resort to stimulants, and, imbued with Dutch courage, resign ourselves to the lecture-room, the theatre, the concert-hall, the bear-garden. Bring on the fireworks, load up the pistols with blank cartridges for the Bowery melodrama, and "vogue la galère!" But, if you'll excuse me, I'll just take my Montaigne, my Lamb, my Helps, my Emerson, my Thoreau, my Lowell—any of them will do—my Birrell or Repplier, and, until the racket is over, I shall be in the woods, for I am a little fatigued. How is it with you?

The End of Scribbling .....The Writing Epidemic..... National Observer

You cannot, of course, complain reasonably of others if you commit the crime yourself, but the bare statistics of the thing are certainly a little frightening. One knew that the people who have written works and plays are a large majority of one's fellow countrymen and countrywomen, and one did not care. It is the statistics of publishing that terrify. For the statistician lately took his note-book and stood in the Strand questioning, until he had questioned a hundred persons, sixty women and forty men. Of this hundred—taken absolutely at random—but three had published nothing, and one of them was an epic poet, and the other two had devoted their lives to original research. Three had merely sent to the papers letters which were printed, letters on pathos, immortality and the disappearance of the Piccadilly goat. The rest were dramatic critics, or wrote paragraphs, or minor poetry, or reviews, or books on religion and the crinoline, or books of reminiscences, or novels, novels, novels. Many had done all these things, and the novelists were sixty-three. Some, to be sure, had more obviously useful avocations also; as actresses, cabmen, generals, bus-conductors, and call-boys. But ninety-seven out of a random hundred had published something. What is the lesson in all this, dear friends? What is this statistician's message? Of the advantage or disadvantage to the writers individually little need be said. Doubtless most of them take little money by their scribbling, but since philosophers, if they were kings, would take none at all, but far otherwise, they need not complain of that. If a few are well educated and choose to pursue a calling in which education is not wanted, they need not complain that the capital spent in their education brings no return. Moreover, they still have credit where they drink tea; for the world is slow to recognize change, and does not perceive that not to have written a book is the true distinction. The novelists, by the way, are the proudest; they assured the statistician that the imaginative faculty is, beyond all question, higher than the critical.

Nor is much to be said of literature. "Popular education" has turned out a mass of scribblers and scribblees—they must double the parts—and some portion of the old public that was not popularly educated, seeing a new mass of printed stuff easy and congenial to average taste, takes to it. Thus literature may lose a few worthless supporters; conceivably the old Duchess of Queensberry, the mortal Kitty, born again, might go to a Sunday paper for her poet and hap on a less respectable than Gay. But if average taste could kill literature, it had long since been dead. Or a writer who might have had some kinship with literature may, seeing scribblers, how some of them prosper, be led astray; conceivably some laborious wight in that random hundred who might have written a book that was a book, seeing the bravery with which the men of imaginative faculty gave in their distinguished names, may go, he too, and straightway make himself famous (as a man of imaginative faculty), by describing a drain or dancing round a battered platitude. Literature can spare him. Do not cry out on scribblers. "Numquamne responam?" may the meanest of them ask. He may reasonably expect to do as well as he has been done by. But its lesson, the statistician's message? Dear friends, it is this. The thing cannot really last. For when every man, woman and child in the country is either scribbling to live, or living to scribble, writing novels, reviewing novels, discussing one another in paragraphs, it must be that (time being finite) that they will only read about themselves and their friends. So that "the vain itch t' admire and be admired," will find no more satisfaction in writing than in speech, and the notoriety of print will then be narrowed and concentrated to that of private life.

"A YELLOW MELANCHOLY": THE NEW QUARTERLY

Of the new English quarterly, The Yellow Book, the original literary departure from the conventional magazine, and whose appearance is the literary sensation of the month, the London Speaker gives this review:

In an advertisement affixed to The Yellow Book we learn that Messrs. Elkin Mathews and John Lane, of the Bodley Head, Vigo Street, London, W., "produce books so delightfully that it must give an added pleasure to the hoarding of first editions." At the present moment the hoarder of first editions is being forced to draw and defend himself. Hitherto the poor man has imagined that his pursuit was as innocuous to others as it was agreeable to himself, and now, lo and behold! he is attacked, his little idols are being shattered by impious hands, and he himself is asked to give a reason for the faith that is in him. Let the lover of first editions take comfort. Foolish he may be—we ask him to admit it for the sake of argument—and vain he may be; but no collector that we ever heard of is foolish or vain enough to hoard, even if he should be mad enough to purchase, the first or any other edition of The Yellow Book. And on the day of literary judgment it shall be counted to him for righteousness if he can say to those who would sentence him, "Behold my shelves: no quarterly block of yellow ochre cumbers them with its farrago of aspiring affectation and preposterous incompetence."

Thus might the hoarder of first editions speak. His words would be strong, but we fancy that most of those who have dipped into The Yellow Book would hold that they were not without some justification. For what, after all, is this boomed and trumpeted quarterly publication; what cause is it intended to serve, what taste can it be supposed to gratify? We can picture Messrs. Mathews and Lane calling round them the band of Bodley Head disciples, and saying to one, "Write us something that shall have neither beginning, nor end, nor meaning;" and to another, "Saddle your Pegasus and cause him to strike rhymes from his clattering hoofs;" and to yet another, "Draw for us caricatures of nightmare visions;" and to all of them, "Be mystic, be weird, be precious, be advanced, be without value:" and we can picture, too, the yearning, emotional joy of this curious company of pilgrims on receiving their various commissions. But what we fail to understand is why Mr. Henry James, and Dr. Richard Garnett, and Mr. John Davidson, and Sir Frederick Leighton should have joined these strolling players and donned the yellow suit! Nor is it at all comprehensible why the bound result of all these efforts should have been flung in the face of the public.

We open The Yellow Book at random, and find ourselves brought face to face with Tree Worship, a poem in eighteen verses by Mr. Richard Le Gallienne. Here at last, we murmur to ourselves, we have discovered the religion of a literary man. Not the outworn dogmas of obsolete systems, not humanity, not work, not pleasure, but—trees. It appears that somewhere or other Mr. Le Gallienne has seen a tree "knotted and warted, slabbed and armored like the hide of tropic elephant." We have all met such trees, arboreal elephants, branched and leafy rhinoceroses, gnarled hippopotami, amidst a forest of minor zoological specimens. This tree, moreover, had a haughty crest, with which it called the morning friend —a polite salutation which we hope the morning duly returned. "Huge as a minster," says the poet, "half in heaven men saw thee stand, Thy rugged girth the waists of fifty Eastern girls." Now here we hint an omission. We have never seen an Eastern girl out of a pantomime, and we have not the slightest conception of what her waist may measure. This ought to have been clearly stated. But suppose we take it at twenty inches. An easy effort of arithmetic brings us to the knowledge that the tree which Mr. Le Gallienne worships measures 83 ft. 4 in. round! This tree existed before there was yet of Mr. Le Gallienne "so much as men may poise upon a needle's end." It will be confessed that few poets have taken more words to say "nothing."

Next enter Messrs. Aubrey Beardsley and Walter Sickert, disguised as artists. Mr. Beardsley stabs Mrs. Patrick Campbell basely in the back with a travesty, and Mr. Sickert, having hidden The Old Oxford Music Hall in a fog, cuts off the legs of A Lady Reading, and seats her like an adult female cherub on nothing. Still pursuing his career of villainy, the former produces A Night Piece, the principal character being a lady who has, naturally enough, mistaken her hat for an omnibus, and is about to drive in it past the Chelsea Barracks. The cleverness of Mr. Beardsley is monstrous—an epithet which also fits his artistic impudence and his affectation. Mr. Rothenstein and Mr. C. W. Furse have each contributed A Portrait of a Lady—inoffensive and not unmeritorious little bits of slap-dash. We would fain speak of the ferocious Crackanthrope and the more than masculine George Egerton. Both these masters of modernity are represented by prose pieces which resemble Mr. Sickert's Lady Reading in having absolutely no foundation to rest on. If to signify nothing in a flat-footed and disjointed fashion be a qualification for praise, let the critics prepare their largest honey-pots for Messrs. Crackanthorpe and Egerton. To these two Mr. Henry Harland must be added. The three of them seem, if the metaphor may be permitted, like men who should carve at a feather-pillow with knives in order to make of it a statue. We challenge any dispassionate critic to read the stories they have written and tell us what they are all about, where the interest comes in—gentle decadents, forgive the expression—and why in the world any one of them should have been written at all.

Nor must we leave out of this Chamber of Horrors the figure of Mr. Arthur Symons, the "high-toned" Don Juan of the pavement, who sings his Piccadilly amours with a zest that would be ludicrous if it were not loathsome. He has a suitable coadjutor in a Mr. Max Beerbohm, who writes on cosmetics, like a sentimental hairdresser's assistant, in a language which may be Dutch but certainly is not English. Worthy are they all of the artistic aid of Mr. Beardsley and the gentleman who contributes an obscene abomination—a picture-puzzle called The Reflected Faun.

Here we pause, overwhelmed by the feeling that, ere three months have come and gone, a second and possibly more terrible Yellow Book may be flaunted before our eyes and jaundice our amiable dispositions. But no: we cannot believe it. Messrs. Mathews and Lane have come it strong. Let them now be merciful.

IN A MINOR KEY: SORROW, SENTIMENT, TENDERNESS

A Parting.....Barton Grey.....Poems

"Good-by, then"—and he turned away,
No other word between them spoken;
You hardly would have guessed that day
How close a bond was broken.

The quick, short tremor of the hand
That clasped her own in that brief parting
Only her heart could understand,
Who saw the tear-drop starting.

Who felt a sudden surge of doubt
Come rushing back unbidden o'er her,
As, at the words, her life without
His presence loomed before her.

The others saw, the others heard
A calm, cool man, a gracious woman,
A quiet, brief farewell unstirred
By aught at all uncommon.

She knew a fatal die was cast;
She knew that two paths hence must sever;
That one familiar step had passed
Out of her life forever.

To all the rest it merely meant
A trivial parting, lightly spoken;
She read the bitter, mute intent,
She knew a heart was broken.

Worth the While.....Ella Wheeler Wilcox.....Poems

It is easy enough to be pleasant
While life flows by like a song,
But the man worth while is the one who will smile
When everything goes dead wrong.
For the test of the heart is trouble,
And it always comes with the years,
And the smile that is worth the praises of earth
Is the smile that shines through tears.

It is easy enough to be prudent
When nothing tempts you to stray,
When without or within no voice of sin
Is luring your soul away.
But it is only a negative virtue
Until it is tried by fire,
And the life that is worth the honor of earth
Is the one that resists desire.

By the cynic, the sad, the fallen,
Who hath no strength for the strife,
The world's highway is cumbered to-day;
They make up the items of life.
But the virtue that conquers passion,
And the sorrow that hides in a smile,
It is these that are worth the homage of earth,
For we find them but once in a while.

Beyond Words..George Ambrose Dennison..New Orleans Picayune

In vain—in vain—I cannot tell thee, sweet,
How more than life I love thee;
My tongue as well might number all the sands,
Or name the stars above me.

Not though I choose the choicest words e'er penned
In praise of Love's best treasure,
And coined one perfect, soul-entrancing phrase,
In Love's divinest measure.

But think how yonder pallid maid, the moon,
Is worshiped by the ocean,
Whose pulses through the ages rise and fall
In measureless devotion.

Think how that mighty lover evermore
His mighty voice raises
Throughout his vast dominions round the world,
To chant his lady's praises.

High as the moon above the ocean reigns,
So high thou art above me;
With passion far outreaching ocean's realms,
Eternally I love thee!

If I Could Choose....May Riley Smith....Sometime (Randolph)

I would not dare, though it were offered me,
To plan my lot for but a single day,
So sure am I that all my life would be
Marked with a blot in token of my sway.

But were it granted me this day to choose
One shining bead from the world's jewelled string,
Favor and fortune I would quick refuse
To grasp a richer and more costly thing.

With this brave talisman upon my breast,
I could be ruler of my rebel soul;
To own this gem is to command the rest:
It is the Kohinoor called Self-Control!

It is the sesame to broad estates,
To peaceful slopes and mountains blue and fair;
Calm-browed Content beyond its border waits,
And even Love sits in the sunshine there.

No sullen faces frown upon the street,
No grated windows, no grim prison walls;
No clanking chains are bound on convict's feet,
And on the ear no angry discord falls.

My life's swift river widens to the sea,
The careless babble of the brook is past;
A few late roses blossom still for me,
But spring is gone, and summer cannot last.

Had I begun with morning's rosy strength
To seek the flower that on life's summit grows,
I might have found my edelweiss at length,
And on the purple heights have gained repose.

But I have loitered, and the hour is late;
Worn are my feet and weary is my hand;
I can but push ajar the massive gate;
I can but look into the Beulah land.

But, friends, if my poor love could have its way,
And blossom into blessing on each soul,
This is the very prayer that I should pray:
"Grant to men's lives the power of self-control!"

Our Only Day.....Coates Kinney.....Yonkers Gazette

Were this our only day—
Did not our yesterdays and morrows give
To hope and memory their interplay—
How should we bear to live?

Not merely what we are,
But what we were and what we are to be
Make up our life—the near days each a star,
The far days nebulæ.

At once would love forget
Its keen pursuits and coy delays of bliss
And its delicious pangs of fond regret
Were there no day but this.

And who, to win a friend,
Would to the secrets of his heart invite
A fellowship that should begin and end
Between a night and night?

Who, too, would pause to prate
Of insult or remember slight or scorn;
Who would this night lie down to sleep with hate
Were there to be no morn?

Who would take heed to wrong,
To misery's complaint or pity's call,
The long wail of the weak against the strong,
If this one day were all?

And what were wealth with shame,
The vanity of office, pride of caste,
The winy sparkle of the bubble fame,
If this day were the last?

Aye, what were all days worth
Were there no looking backward or before—
If every human life that drops to earth
Were lost for evermore?

But each day is a link
Of days that pass and never pass away;
For memory and hope—to live, to think—
Each is our only day.

Hand In Hand.....Maurice Thompson.....The Independent

When spring was young and life was new,
Love was our only friend and guide;
Sweet were the bowers he led us through,
And sweet our going side by side.

Then summer came, golden flood,
And still we followed hand in hand;
Love was the music in our blood,
And love the glory of the land.

Rich autumn fell, and winter drove
The fruity ripeness from the air;
But wrapped in warm, soft robes of love,
What recked we if the world was bare?

So round again we come to spring,
Strong for another year's emprise;
The birds are whist to hear us sing,
The sun is dazzled by our eyes.

For, hand in hand, where'er we go,
Earth under foot and heaven above,
Love is the only life we know,
And every breath we breathe is love.

We Two.....Florence A. Jones .....Waverly Magazine

O little words that hold infinite bliss,
"We two," the keynote of my morning song,
That, rippling o'er my lips the whole day long,
At evening-time has nothing gained but this—
"We two—we two!"

Dear heart, I cannot understand why I,
So undeserving, should be blest above
All others in the rich gift of thy love,
But I am glad, and echo my heart's cry
"We two—we two."

Such little words, my own! But through all space
The echoes of their sound shall never cease,
But, through the time to be shall still increase,
Until we meet in Heaven, face to face,
We two—we two!

All Souls' Eve.....Dora Sigerson.....The Bookman

All Souls' Day is the day on which prayers are said for the souls of the faithful dead.

I cried all night to you,
I called till day was here;
Perhaps you could not come,
Or were too tired, dear.

Your chair I set by mine,
I made the dim hearth glow,
I whispered, "When he comes
I shall not let him go."

I closed the shutters tight,
I feared the dawn of day,
I stopped the busy clock
That timed your hours away.

Loud howled my neighbor's dog,
O glad was I to hear.
The dead are going by,
Now you will come, my dear,

To take the chair by mine—
Until the cock would crow—
O, if it be you came,
And could not let me know.

For once a shadow passed
Behind me in the room,
I thought your loving eyes
Would meet mine in the gloom.

And once I thought I heard
A footstep by my chair,
I raised my eager hands,
But no sweet ghost was there.

We were too wide apart—
You in your spirit land—
I knew not when you came,
I could not understand.

Your eyes perhaps met mine,
Reproached me through the gloom,
Alas, for me alone
The empty, empty room!

The dead were passing home,
The cock crew loud and clear,
Mavourneen, if you came,
I knew not you were here.

"When Finis Comes".....Songs of Adieu .....T. B. Mosher

Sweetheart, 'tis true stars rise and set,
And all fair seasons cease to be,
The sunlight fades from off the sea,
And wintry winds our rose leaves fret;
Yet past the reach of barren hours,
Across the years are shining yet,
Your face and eyes—can I forget
Their lovely light that shines on me?
Nay, sweet, these change not, these abide
Beyond the stress of Time and Tide,
Across the years in Youth's fair clime
Live all lost loves and all dead flowers,
The land of Memory knows no Time.

I Miss You, Dear.....Bruce Whitney.....Godey's Magazine

When morning's light first tints the gray of dawn,
And sleepless eyes tell day is here,
And all the world is stirring into life,
Then is the time I miss you, dear.

When noontime comes, and brings its hour of rest
From busy toil, so full of care and fear;
When man so needs the solace of a smile,
Then is the time I miss you, dear.

When twilight falls, and all the world is still,
When echoes come from far and near,
And sighing winds lull weary souls to rest,
Then is the time I miss you, dear.

Through every moment of the lagging day,
So long, without your words of cheer,
And when, at night, I kneel me down to prayer,
Then is the time I miss you, dear.

RANDOM READING: MINIATURE ESSAYS ON LIFE

Vanity of Great Men.....M. du Clos .....Home Journal

Vanity is a term of different significations, but as connected with pride, it is defined by Johnson "petty pride"; it is applicable to small objects and is manifested by an excessive desire to attract notice and applause. Pride is disagreeable and repulsive; vanity is ridiculous, but less offensive. Pride is reputed to be more common among men; vanity among women. Pride makes us esteem ourselves, while vanity makes us desirous of the esteem of others. Haughtiness is pride mingled with contempt of others: self-importance: disdain. Haughtiness, arrogance and pride all imply self-importance and are founded on the high opinion a person entertains of himself; disdain, on the low opinion entertained by others. Haughtiness is the effect or the exhibition of pride, and is applied especially to the manner and deportment; arrogance partakes both of haughtiness and disdain. A proud disposition often shows itself in haughty manners. Haughtiness is confidence and assuredness in one's self. To be vain is to be meanly proud, foolish, weak in understanding, absurd, destitute of reason. Furthermore, vanity is an inflation of the mind.

However, to write a history of vanity would be to write the history of our greatest men—a few examples of whose vanity I will give: Buffon's vanity was so very great that, when asked how many great men there were, he replied, "Five—Newton, Bacon, Leibnitz, Montesquieu and myself." He was always in full dress when at work, and when walking in his garden was accompanied by a valet carrying powder and curling-tongs. After the death of Gibbon his diary was found containing his private opinion and history of himself, in which he says, "I am the greatest historian that ever lived. No one can equal me in this direction, etc." Ruskin's letter to Alexander Mitchell, printed in Arrows of the Chace, 1881, is rather impressive: "What in the devil's name have you to do with either Mr. Disraeli or Mr. Gladstone? You are students at the university and have no more business with politics than you have with rat-catching. Had you ever read ten words of mine (with understanding) you would have known that I care no more (either) for Mr. Disraeli or Mr. Gladstone than for two old bagpipes with the drones going by steam, but that I hate all liberalism as I do Beelzebub, and that, with Carlyle, I stand, we two alone, now in England for God and the queen." Take an author—when he asks you for your criticism, he desires your praise. Possibly you remember the old bishop in Gil Blas who said to his nephew, "I'm getting old and my sermons are not what they used to be," to which the boy (very foolishly) frankly admitted that there had been a falling off, whereupon the old bishop flew into a rage, exclaiming, "You lie, you dog, you know I write as well as I ever did."

Among the French there is no lack of vanity. Who was more vain than Voltaire? In Victor Hugo's letter to Prince Bismarck he says: "The giant greets the giant; the foe, the foe; the friend, the friend. I hate thee furiously because thou hast humbled France. I love thee because I am greater than thou art. Thou wert silent when the bell in the tower of my fame struck my eightieth year. I speak when the stolen clock on thy writing-table unwillingly announces to thee that thou hast entered the seventies. I am eighty. Nay, I am eight and thou art seven, and mankind is the cipher behind each of us. Were we allied as one man, history would cease. Thou art the body, I am the soul; thou art the cloud, I am the lightning; thou art the might, I am the fame. Who is greater, victor or vanquished? Neither. The poet is greater than either, for he celebrates both. Great men are only what the poet makes them. Great men appear to be what they make themselves. Yet thou art great, for thou knowest not fear. Therefore, I, the poet, stretch forth a hand to thee, the great one. France sways, Germany shakes, Europe trembles, the world totters. We only are firm. I wink, thou winkest, and the grand fact, the eternal pacification of the nation is accomplished." Balzac's vanity is revealed constantly in his letters. He used to say "there are only three writers of the French language: Victor Hugo, Théophile Gautier and myself." Shakespeare was above all such weakness. Wordsworth never read any poetry but his own, and talked constantly to himself because he enjoyed talking to a man of sense. "Wordsworth," said Charles Lamb, "one day told me that he considered Shakespeare greatly over-rated. There is," said he, "an immensity of trick in all Shakespeare wrote and people are taken by it. Now, if I had a mind, I could write exactly like Shakespeare." Surely he could if he had the "mind" of Shakespeare.

Musicians and artists are also intense in their self-appreciation. Wagner used to take off his hat to his own image in the glass. Egotism may be termed as the first cousin to vanity, because they usually walk hand in hand. "Egotism," says Emerson, "is a kind of buckram that gives momentary strength and concentration to mien and seems to be much used in nature for fabrics in which local and spasmodic energy are required. But it spoils conversation." The egotism of Dickens is particularly prominent in his letters. He said, "I should not write at all if I were not the vainest man in the world," a truth which he did not believe himself. A critic says of him: "There is vanity in everything which he said, and did, or wrote all his life long, and it kept growing to the very end." What is the burden in Carlyle's letters, but "I," "I," "I"? Whittier, after loaning a volume of Plato to a neighboring farmer, asked when the book was returned: "Well, friend, how did thee like Plato?" "First rate," said the farmer; "I see he's got some of my ideas." Walt Whitman's conceit surpasses his belief. He is, without doubt, our chief egotist. Here is an example of his conceit:

Divine am I inside and out, and I make holy whatever I
touch or am touch'd from;
The scent of these armpits, aroma finer than prayer;
This head more than churches, Bibles, and all the creeds,
If I worship one thing more than another, it shall be
The spread of my own body or any part of it.

Is vanity a good or bad thing? Is it strength or weakness? Vanity is the source of the greatest weakness, and again of the greatest achievements. Vanity may be a weakness, but it is a consolation and also a blessing. Goethe says: "It is the pleasure one has in

himself, the desire to communicate this consciousness of his to others that makes a man agreeable; the feeling of his own grace that makes him graceful. Would to heaven all men were vain. That is, vain with clear perception, with moderation and in a proper sense. We should then in the cultivated world have happy times of it." Goethe delights continually in self-portraiture. Much of his poetry is egotistic. Margaret Fuller's Mountainous Me is always apparent in her writings. Lowell describes her as a woman "the whole of whose being 's a capital I." Thoreau's mother, on being told that Thoreau's style was like Emerson's, placidly replied, "Yes, Mr. Emerson does write like my son." However, as people are usually taken at their own estimate, self-appreciation should not be condemned.

Possibilities of the Present.....Live in To-day.....The Outlook

There is no illusion so insidious and persistent as that which introduces into the future some element of luck; which stores up for us in the future something which we have not secured for ourselves. We are always dreaming of having more time in the future and of doing things with a strong hand in consequence; to-day we have but fifteen minutes, and what can be made of such a fragment of time? Next year we shall have hours, and then we will read the new books, learn the language we need to possess, accomplish the larger tasks of which we dream. But the hours never come, and the achievements are made, if they are made at all, in these odds and ends of time that come to us by the way. The wise man is he who knows the value of to-day: he who can estimate to-day rightly may leave the future to take care of itself. For the value of the future depends entirely upon the value attached to to-day; there is no magic in the years to come; nothing can bloom in those fairer fields save that which is sown to-day. The great aim of Christianity is not to teach men the glory of the life to come, but the sacredness of the life that now is; not to make men imagine the beauty of heaven, but to make them realize the divinity of earth; not to unveil the splendor of the Almighty, enthroned among angels, but to reveal deity in the Man of Nazareth. He has mastered the secret of life who has learned the value of the present moment, who sees the beauty of present surroundings, and who recognizes the possibilities of sainthood in his neighbors. To make the most and the best out of to-day is to command the highest resources of the future. For there is no future outside of us; it lies within us, and we make it for ourselves. The heaven of the future, and the hell also, are in the germ in every human soul; and no man is appointed to one or the other, for each appoints himself. To value to-day, to honor this life, to glorify humanity, is to prepare for eternity, to seek the eternal life, and to worship God. The harvest of the future is but the golden ripening of to-day's sowing.

Delicacy, True and False.....William Mathews.....North American Review

The outcry which has been raised by some persons in Boston against the bas-relief on the façade of the new Public Library Building, as an offense against decency, tempts us to consider the question, What is true delicacy, and what is false? It seems that Mr. Kenyon Cox, of New York, has produced, at the request of the Trustees of the Library, a seal which St. Gaudens, the sculptor, has carved in stone, and which many men of taste regard as heraldic, distinctive, and beautiful. This seal is a shield which, bearing an open book and resting on a pedestal, is supported by two naked little boys, each holding a long torch. At their feet are two twisting dolphins, to signify the maritime importance of Boston. Over this is the motto, "Omnium lux civium." Is there anything indelicate in this, except to a "prurient prude"? If there is, what shall we say of the naked boys in Raphael's paintings and those of other old masters, and in the statuary of all the galleries of Europe? Why, again, is there no outcry against the scores of nude statues in the Boston Art Museum? What is true delicacy, and what is false? It is common to speak of our age as one of refinement. No doubt we are separated by a gulf of restraints and scruples from the coarseness of former centuries,—centuries when a lady of rank bantered Congreve across the pit of a theatre in phrases which shock us to-day; when a Duchess of Northumberland accepted the dedication of a novel fit to be read only by the creatures of a brothel; and when Young destroyed the notes of Lady Mary Wortley as too gross for print. But when persons to-day boast of their "refinement," what is it that they mean? Do they mean by the word true purity of mind reflected in the conduct, language, and manners, or do they mean only fastidiousness? It has been justly said that refinement, like modesty, consists in negatives. It is not self-conscious, coarse, or impure. This unconsciousness is a safeguard from contamination and suspicion; so that in no age is individual refinement impossible.

True refinement is slow to suspect evil. It interprets what it sees on the principles of charity. A man is not more refined than another because he suspects the loaf he eats, and assumes, therefore, that the kneader was a dirty fellow. On the contrary, refinement, being clean itself, thinks that others are clean also, until forcibly undeceived. The "father of poetry," barbarous as we deem the age in which he lived, has keenly discriminated between true and mock delicacy. When, in the Odyssey, the Princess Nausicaa and her maids are washing their garments in the river, and the naked, shipwrecked mariner appears as a suppliant before them, they act precisely as a high-bred princess and her half-bred maids would act to-day. The one, with real dignity, listens to his supplications and relieves his necessities, while the others run screaming away. Byron once said that the more delicate people become in words, the less so they are in acts; and Addison complained that, in his day, the more polish people got by social privilege, the more prone they were to language which "a clown would blush to hear." It is only the meretricious and wanton mind that is over-nice and squeamish in its choice of words, for the simple reason that it seeks the daintiest garment of language in which to veil its moral impurity. True delicacy, on the other hand, is never for a moment perplexed to find proper terms to express itself in, because it thinks no impropriety. For it to think, is to give utterance to its thoughts; and to feel, is to give expression to its emotions, with a guileless simplicity, unsuspicious of ill-natured misrepresentation, and fearless, because unconscious of the possibility of misconstruction.

There are some persons of exceeding refinement in their own estimation, whose delicacy, of which they make a great parade, is only a delicacy, and a false

one at that, in words. It is of that spurious kind which abhors plain noun substantives, and would hide its improper imaginings in studied circumlocutions. If a word has two meanings it is sensitively conscious of the worst one, and is shocked at its utterance as if the better meaning could not have been intended. It was a lady with this mock delicacy—the forerunner of those of a later day that are said to have "pantaletted" the legs (or rather, as they would have said, "the limbs") of their pianos, and to have woven aprons to cover the nakedness of marble Cupids and Psyches—who, after the publication of Johnson's dictionary, wrote to the author complaining of the naughty words he had put into it, and drew from him the cutting sarcasm, "So you have been looking for them, it seems!" When Boswell asked the doctor, as they were standing in front of a classic nude statue, "Do you not think this statue is indecent?" he bluntly replied: "No; but I think your remark is." When a man boasts of his refinement, he shows by that very act that he is not refined, but only fastidious. It was such persons that Swift satirized in one of his acutest epigrams, when he said that "nice persons are persons of nasty ideas." The Dardani, we are told, washed but thrice in their lives—when they were born, when they married, and when they died. Had they suddenly learned the necessity of frequent ablution, can one doubt that they would have been constantly talking of it? To a prurient mind the language must have many immodest words, for such are associated in great numbers to such a mind with its habitual train of thought. Such words will be avoided, while the things they denote will be thought of with pleasure. The daughter of Macklin, the famous English actor, died of a slight injury to her knee, which she allowed to grow mortal rather than permit any doctor to look at the suffering place, though she had won her success on the stage by appearing constantly in parts which compelled the most liberal display of form and limbs. "I know an actress," says the veteran actor, John Gilbert, "who won't say her lines, 'I've nearly run my legs off,' but must say, 'limbs.' Yet she will cover these same legs with nothing but thin silk tights and show them in broad publicity to hundreds of men every night."

It is curious to trace the history of certain words which were once in repute, but which increasing refinement, or rather fastidiousness, has banished from people's lips. The word "sweetheart" has gone wholly out of polite use, though we have no term to supply its place. Another word, once familiar enough, but now proscribed, and which De Quincey indicates by a Latin synonym, may be found in the following passages from Addison's Spectator: "'I have read over the whole sentence,' says I, 'but I look upon the parenthesis in the belly of it to be the most dangerous part.'" There are times when the word in question, which the "Opium-Eater" would replace by "stomach," is the only one adequate to the occasion. Some forty years ago Whittier wrote thus:

"A king lies dead, his wafer duly eaten,
His gold-bought masses given;
And Rome's great altar smokes with gums to sweeten
A name that stinks to heaven."

The verb in the last line offended the delicate nostrils of a Boston editor, and he proposed to emasculate the entire strength of the indignant verse by substituting "reeks" for its vulgar synonym, but it was said in reply that a thing may reek to heaven, and yet not stink to heaven, and that the latter was true of the King of Naples's name, which all the rose-water in flunkeydom could not sweeten. What right-minded person does not hold in far higher respect the outspoken honesty and truthfulness of the New England poet which prompted him to call things by their right names, than the fastidiousness which led the editor of an "expurgated edition of Shakespeare to substitute "stomach" for "belly" some ten times in Coriolanus (in the fable of the belly and the members). This editor must surely have been greatly shocked at Paul's indelicacy in speaking of "men whose god is their belly."

Englishmen are generally supposed to have less false delicacy than Americans; but a London journal accounts for the languishing state of sculpture in England by the prudery prevailing there, which stands like a phantom on the threshold of the sculptor's studio and scares away patronage. Proficiency in the plastic art cannot be obtained without indefatigable study of the human figure, and corresponding attention to the study of the nude; and that study is either avowedly or half unconsciously held in horror by multitudes of highly respectable people. Who has forgotten the famous protest of the bishops against the casts from the antique at the Crystal Palace? Far different was the sentiment of one of the acutest of British critics, William Hazlitt, who asserts that it is only when there is nothing but the naked figure that the display of it is offensive. "In proportion as the beauty or perfection of the imitation rises, the indecency vanishes." Northcote, the painter, in his conversations with Hazlitt, maintains the same opinion. Of Guido's Venus Attired by the Graces, he says: "None but the most vicious can find fault with it—the very beauty, elegance, and grace keep down instead of exciting improper ideas;" and again, of both this picture and the Andromeda chained to the rock, he says: "There is no possible offense to be taken at them; nothing to shock the most timid or innocent, because there was no particle of grossness in the painter's mind. I have seen pictures by others, muffled up to the chin, that had twenty times as much vice in them. The intention will always peep out; you do not communicate a disease if you are not infected with it yourself." Just and weighty words, in which are condensed the whole philosophy of the subject! The mere quality of thorough and absolute sincerity of artistic purpose diffuses a charm over a painter's or sculptor's work, and steeps it in an atmosphere of art, which is practically a safeguard against every corrupting influence. The man who finds his imagination debauched after looking at the masterpieces of Raphael or Angelo may be sure that the mischief was already done before he felt the necromancy of these great magicians of the pencil and the chisel.

Test of Character.....Sara A. Underwood.....Religio-Philosophical Journal

No human being is perfect in character or in life. To all come tests of character more or less strong, through temptations assailing the weakest points, or through stress of circumstances too strong for resistance. Even in the history of those whose surface lives and characters seem most nearly perfect so far as seeming goes, there may have been periods of hardest tests undergone, known only to the soul that suffered from them. Such crucial happenings always leave their mark

for good or evil on characters. Occasionally such tests seem to have a twofold mission in trying characters. One such case is now before the tribunal of public opinion in Oregon. Years ago a young man, scarcely more than a boy in years, finding himself penniless, and possessing facility with his pen, yielded to temptation and forged a check for a small amount wherewith to pay his board. He was arrested, indicted and tried. Apparently his sin had been one of weakness under strong temptation, and, appalled at its result, he made no defense and was sentenced to a year in the penitentiary. He left at the end of the year with a good record of his behavior during his term of punishment. On his release he began life at the foot of the ladder and worked his way up by honest effort until a short time since he was appointed to a position of high public trust—a position, however, in which honesty was above all to be demanded and he was obliged to give heavy bonds for the fulfillment of the trust, his bondsmen of course knowing nothing of his earlier temptation and fall. Just here came the second test resulting from the former sin. Some of his political opponents raked up the story of his past and sent the record with all the evidence to the headquarters from whence he got the coveted office. Hearing of this he at once went to his bondsmen, told them the truth as it actually occurred and, despite their assurances of perfect faith in the man he had made of himself to-day, sent forward promptly his resignation. However, he declares that he does not mean to let this revelation of the weakness of his youth break him down, but will go on to do the best he knows how, in whatever ways are open to him, showing that the second test finds him stronger in moral courage and honest principles than the first did, he having learned a lesson from past hard experience. So, even through our failings we may gather strength of purpose and will, and make each day new strength and fuller preparation for the testing moments of each to-morrow.

The test of character in this case is plain to all men's view; but, like tests, though they may never be publicly known, are frequently applied by unseen powers to all mankind. Every time that man or woman "halts between two opinions," every time good and evil are weighed in the balance, when the evil action seems most certainly to point toward what worldly wisdom thinks selfish good, then is the crucial test of character most surely applied, and that is the hour when strong fibre may be wrought in, or forever left out of the individual character under test, and so either strengthened or weakened according to the decision made. There is no soul so ignorant or so befogged as to have no clear conception of which of two ways is the right and just way, but when selfish desire, even under strong stress of circumstances, is allowed to supervene, then comes the test of character which makes or mars the soul under discipline, and as the conscious judging "me" decides, so diverges its future path in spiritual progress. These crucial moments often decide not only the whole future of the life of the individual, but through widening circles of influence and radiation the good or ill of many around him.

In most of her novels George Eliot, as well as many other writers, makes fine use of these moments of character testing. In Romola the degradation and downfall of Tito follows inevitably from his first selfish yielding to temptation—and one such terrible moment of temptation is sharply depicted in Daniel Deronda when Gwendolen in her detestation of, and desire for freedom from her husband, Grandcourt, wishes him dead, and when her wish comes to pass through an accident, feels herself a murderer through her murderous thought and undergoes the fearful remorse of an awakened soul. Sometimes these tests are works of days and weeks of inward discussion and turmoil. Sometimes they come with the swiftness of a blow and the soul must be alert to choose rightly. George Eliot says: "A moment is room wide enough for the outlash of a murderous thought, and the sharp backward stroke of repentance." In Hawthorne's Scarlet Letter, the Rev. Mr. Dimmesdale's long years of struggle of pride against his inmost conviction of the sinfulness of his conduct, culminating in confession in the most humiliating manner, is a startling example of long-continued test, at last triumphant in right action and consequent spiritual gain. Never was conceived a more dramatic rendering of a spiritual crisis than that last scene in which the minister appears with Hester and their child on the scaffold, sharing in penitence their shame, and exhibiting to his people the stigmata of the scarlet letter branded on his own breast by mysterious influences wrought upon by his long inward agony and sense of cowardly guilt. The moral lesson of that culminating scene is strong in showing that Hester's sad years of humiliation and bravely accepted penance, were easier borne than Dimmesdale's inward agony of remorse and shame over his secret sin, in face of the love and veneration accorded him.

A temptation yielded to in a moment of hard stress, or even of thoughtlessness and weakness, if afterward repented of, may become the means of growth in spiritual graces, teaching humility, and the necessity of strength and self-watchfulness. It is the underlying purpose of Mrs. Humphrey Ward's David Grieve to show how, through storm and stress, strong and truth-loving souls can be taught through their hated mistakes and wrongdoing, to grow toward the light and "rise on stepping-stones of their dead selves to higher things." But a temptation yielded to which, if unrepented of, and boldly continued, seems to offer worldly profit and glory, as in the case of Romola's Tito, and such as is shown in the story of The Silence of Dean Maitland, leads to moral degradation and darkening of spiritual light—downward steps are sure to be taken, and the whole moral fibre deteriorates. It is only the wrong unrepented of, which leads to darker depths. No matter how great the sin—when it is despised and hated by the sinner, then is upward progress possible. Nor should the soul become too steeped in humiliation to seek to regain its lost estate. "Often," says a thoughtful writer, "men and women mourn over past sins with which their present identity has no connection. A wise teacher of the truth was once sought by a despondent soul whose entire life had been shadowed by a wrong committed in early years. 'Would you do the same thing again?' said the divine, when the secret was divulged. 'Do it again!' cried the man, 'why, my existence is one sigh because of it.' 'Then,' said the pastor, 'you have outgrown the conditions that caused the wrongdoing, and are no longer any more responsible for it than you are for the sins of your neighbor. Look ahead, not back.'" But let us be on our guard to recognize and meet, according to our highest light, those events in life which come to us as tests of character.

CONTEMPORARY CELEBRITIES: HOME AND ABROAD

Steinitz and Lasker, the Chess Players

The match now in progress between William Steinitz, the champion of the world, and Emanuel Lasker, the renowned German expert, says Harper's Weekly, is the most extraordinary event in chess since, two decades ago, Anderssen and Morphy played their famous match in Paris. Here, as there, the older master wagers his fame and laurels, earned in a lifetime, against a rival almost a boy, whose career, while necessarily short, has been unusually brilliant. Here, as there, the younger player possesses a consummate knowledge of the theory, and is thoroughly familiar with the style, the strong and weak points of the opponent, who labors under the additional disadvantage of being out of play. Will the analogy end here, or will now, as then, the younger talent be triumphant? William Steinitz was born in Prague, Bohemia, in 1836. He studied mathematics, but failing health forced him to abandon his studies. In 1860 he went to Vienna, where he defeated such masters as Hamppe and Jenai. Two years later he was sent to London to represent the Vienna Chess Club at the international tournament, where he earned the title of "Austrian Morphy." He won sixth prize, but successively defeated, in set matches, every one of the players who preceded him, barring Louis Paulsen. In 1867 Steinitz defeated Anderssen in a match by the score of 8 to 6. In 1872 he won the tournament at Sydenham without losing a single game, and subsequently defeated his rival, Zukertort, by the overwhelming score of 7 to 1—2 draws. The following year he won the international tournament for the Emperor's prize at Vienna. Although he started in badly, he soon recovered, and created a record by winning sixteen straight games. Upon his return to London he took charge of the chess department in the Field. This marked a new era in chess journalism. Never before were games so fully and copiously annotated; never before were the fundamental principles of chess expounded and made clear to the reader. Steinitz broke with the old traditions, and created the "modern school." As an innovator, both in analysis and actual play, Steinitz has no equal. There is not a single opening wherein he has not originated moves, for one side or the other, and in most instances the novelties have supplanted the previous line of play. Since 1889 Steinitz has become a full-fledged American citizen, and owns property in New Jersey. His two matches in Havana with Tchigorin and his match in this city with Gunsberg are still fresh in every chess-player's memory. The final scores on these occasions were, with Tchigorin, 10 to 6 in '89, and 10 to 8 in '92; with Gunsberg, 6 to 4, and 9 drawn games, closely contested.

Emanuel Lasker was born twenty-five years ago at Berlinchen, a small town in Prussia. Like Steinitz, Lasker studied mathematics. Guided by his brother, Dr. B. Lasker, a strong player, and within the favorable surroundings of Berlin's chess circles, Emanuel developed into a fine player. In 1889 he won the chief tournament at Breslau, and therewith the master title, and in that very year he won second prize in the international tournament at Amsterdam, ahead of Gunsberg and Mason. He then visited England, but the leading British masters refused to recognize him as their peer, and he had to content himself with defeating Bird and Miniati. He returned home, tied for the two chief prizes in the masters' tournament at Berlin with his brother, and subsequently beat some of the strongest German players—Bardeleben, Von Scheve, Mieses—in set matches. In '92 he again went to London, where he played all comers at the German exhibition. His extraordinary success in single and simultaneous games gained him admittance to the national tournament of the British Chess Association, which Lasker won in great style. Now the English cracks could no longer afford to ignore Lasker's challenge. The quintangular tournament was arranged between him, Blackburne, Mason, Gunsberg and Bird. He won again. Blackburne then consented to play him a match. The result was, Lasker, 5; Blackburne, 0; drawn, 2. Before embarking for this country Lasker defeated Bird, winning 7 straight games. In America Lasker made a finer record in exhibition and simultaneous games than any other master. Out of some seventy games played on even terms in this country, Canada and Cuba, Lasker lost 5, drew 2, and won the remainder. His last success prior to his present engagement was his winning every one of the 13 games played by him against the best players in the international tournament of the Manhattan Chess Club.

Brown-Sequard and His Work

Dr. Brown-Séquard's death reminds me, says the Paris correspondent of the New York Tribune, that he was one of the many great old men whom it has been my good fortune to know. He died at the age of seventy-six in the house in the Rue François Premier where he resided for more than twenty years. Brown-Séquard knew what the most bitter poverty was. The friendship and sympathetic companionship, both in his student days and later, of the late César Daly enabled him to hold on to life. Daly was, like himself, semi-Irish, semi-French, brimming over with talent, enthusiasm for scientific truth, and above him in an ardent passion for human progress. His purse and his table were open to Brown-Séquard. The friendship that began somewhere in 1840 was continued to the death of César Daly, which took place last winter. Brown-Séquard belonged to Ireland, the United States and France. His father was a native of Galway, who, when young, entered the United States Navy; was in actions against the British between 1812 and 1814, and was sent before the peace was signed to intercept East Indiamen plying between the ports of India and Great Britain. He lay to in the Isle of Bourbon. When the peace was signed he went to Mauritius, and married there a Mme. Séquard, a young woman of French family. He was recalled soon after the marriage, and was, while returning to America, attacked by pirates within sight of her father's villa, which stood on a mountain over Port Louis. The pirates had the best of the fight, and Brown probably had to walk the plank, for he was never more heard of. Mauritius had been taken by the English from the French in 1812, and the former kept the island, which was then, like St. Helena and the Cape, the halting place for East Indiamen. The naval officer's widow let lodgings to British officers and persons who wanted

to break the long sea journey between England and Bombay or Madeira or Calcutta. It was in this way that her son came to speak English and French with equal fluency. The Séquards had been long established in the island. The Doctor's grandmother was a Malabar woman. He had the flaming black eyes of her race, which is an intellectual race, the clear apprehension and power of expression of the French race, its taste for clear-cut formula, and the warm impulse of the Irish. The eyes were magnificent, and as eloquent as his tongue. He made the hearts of those he addressed burn within them. A more magnetic man never lived. Science was his god.

Brown-Séquard was the founder of the vivisectionist school. He and Claude Bernard were associated in early life in finding in living creatures the solution of physiological problems. The sufferings of a four-footed animal were a matter of utter indifference to Brown-Séquard, though he was a kind-hearted man. He survived three wives, two of whom were rich. Their fortunes rendered him independent of his practice as a doctor and enabled him to devote himself to his professional duties at the College of France, and to search after scientific truth for its own sake. The last of the three wives was a Miss Dakin, an English woman. She was a widow when she married him. He overworked her as his secretary, and took no account of the painful impressions on a delicate person like her of his experiments on frogs, guinea-pigs, dogs and other animals, which she recorded while they were being made. He was too much absorbed in them to think of her. As she was proud of the name and fame he won, she did not complain, but worked faithfully without a protest.

Brown-Séquard was of transparent truthfulness. The simplicity and candor of childhood remained to him through his maturity and old age. It cost him no effort to admit in the face of the world that he was wrong when he awoke to the conviction that he had gone astray. Thus, somewhere in the fifties, he thought he made a discovery in regard to the cellular tissue of the brain. His theory was taken up by the scientific world here and passed unchallenged for twenty-three years. He then found out that it was erroneous and lost no time in declaring it to be so at a meeting of the Academy of Medicine. The great doctors who had followed him were aghast—and furious. From that day to the hour of his death they and those others who were under their influence combined to hold him down. He was not aware of this and was unable to understand why they should be angry with him. The notion that he had inflicted a mortal wound on their vanity could not enter his mind. Had he not, he said, a right, and was it not his duty, to own himself in the wrong? Their idea was that reticence under the circumstances was the first duty, they having taken what he said on trust. In saying his "mea culpa" the world gave him credit for magnanimity. The disciples had not such a compensation.

Brown-Séquard was enthusiastic about his séquardine elixir, which he experimented with upon himself. He never said that it was a fount of youthfulness, but that it was a powerful stimulant to the spinal marrow. "Look at me," he used to say. "I was hardly able to drag along, and now I feel fit for any exertion, and sit down with pleasure to my meals. Eating used to seem to me a penance imposed by Nature. I walk without fatigue. I do long spells of work without exhaustion, and scarcely feel that I have a body." Yes. But there was a sudden outburst of varicose veins. Then he suffered acutely from a phlebolite and ultimately a blood clot in the brain said, "Your séquardine is impotent to bring you further." In his will he directed that no kind of fuss was to be made about his remains. If it gave satisfaction to his son and daughter (the children of the first and second wives), a Protestant pastor might officiate at the house in which he died, and say some consoling words for them beside his grave. But there were to be none of those funeral orations which are a feature of the funerals of all eminent Frenchmen. His rank in the Legion of Honor was not to be proclaimed by troops coming to salute his dead body in the coffin, and there was to be no great funeral pageant, and no show of flowers on the hearse or grave.

Mounet-Sully, the Great French Tragedian

Since Mounet-Sully determined to cross the Atlantic, says Edward A. Dithmar in Harper's Weekly, and the newspapers of this country began to tell their readers about his long career as principal actor in tragedy and romance in the foremost theatre of the modern world, much stress has been laid in the newspapers, and consequently in the public mind, upon his portrayal of Hamlet. This is natural, but it is unfair to the famous French actor either to expect that his idea of Shakespeare's prince shall conform with our own ideas, whether these are founded directly upon our knowledge of Shakespeare (which, as Shakespeare is universal, and has a separate message for every reader, may not be better, after all, than French ideas), or upon our glowing memories of the profoundly beautiful Hamlet of Edwin Booth, or to neglect the performances in the tragic and romantic plays of the regular French repertory, for the sake of grounding our estimate of his talent wholly upon his acting in the French translation of his Hamlet made by Alexandre Dumas and Paul Meurice. One thing we know certainly in favor of his Hamlet. It has greatly increased the popular understanding of Shakespeare in France. His portrayal is accepted with acclaim by the two foremost dramatic critics of Paris, Sarcey and Lemaître, men far apart in habits of thought, and alike only in the important fact that they are both Parisians. Lemaître, indeed, is a man who qualifies all praise—and his praise of Mounet-Sully is loudly sung—by clear, minute analysis. He understands the objections English-speaking folks may have to this Hamlet, which suggests to him the "study" of the Dane in Wilhelm Meister—"incomplete but clear." From Mounet-Sully himself, in his newspaper "interviews," the idea is obtained that his Hamlet is not at all complex. He regards Hamlet as the type of "the son." His love for his father is his dominant trait. He is never mad for a moment. This idea will certainly not be generally accepted here, however much we may admire the execution of the conception. We have not been accustomed to regard Hamlet as a man of one dominating trait, or even as representing a restricted "type."

Mounet-Sully is not a young man. He was born February, 27, 1841, in the Dordogne, and his family are of Navarrean and Huguenot origin. The family name is Mounet, and he was christened Sully after the famous minister of Henry IV. He did not begin his studies at the Paris Conservatoire till he was twenty-one, because of the opposition of his parents to a the-

atrical career, and he took the first prize for tragedy in 1868. He first appeared at the Odéon, but he left the stage when the war with Germany began, and served until France was at peace again as an officer of the garde mobile. When at length he returned to the stage his progress was rapid, and early in the eighties he appeared on the stage of the Théâtre Français as Oreste in Andromaque.

He now has a short leave of absence from his post at the head of the French theatre, and, after a tour of the European continent, he arrived in New York March 19th, and began his engagement at Abbey's Theatre March 26th. The play was Hernani, well known here, but chiefly associated with the matchless acting of Sarah Bernhardt in the rôle of Doña Sol. The thrill that Bernhardt's acting put in the play was lacking, and the features of the hero did not satisfy any romantic ideal cherished on this side of the Atlantic. The "beardless" boy of twenty years wore a well-grown beard. His face was not tinged with the glow of youth. His deeply set, uncertain eyes gave a sinister cast to his countenance. But his figure was youthful, and his motions were grace itself. His voice was rich, melodious, of wide compass, and used with exquisite skill. Mounet-Sully's King Œdipus, however, will make a stronger impression here than his Hernani, perhaps because the Sophocles of the Athens of 400 B.C. is nearer to us than the Hugo of 1830. We can understand the sentiment of Hernani, but in rational moments we can scarcely sympathize with it, and Mounet-Sully does not make us forget the folly of the oath and sacrifice for a moment, as Bernhardt did. As Œdipus his wonderful plastic grace, the infinite variety of his poses and gestures, his splendid eloquence, and his tragic force are well illustrated. The setting of the play is not remarkably fine, and it does not conform with our ideas of Greek tragedy. It is, in fact, neither Greek nor modern. A temple faces a palace, and at the back there is a stretch of open country, groves, and fields, upon which is reflected the changing lights of the last day of the reign of Œdipus, from dawn to night. The chorus is largely composed of women. The instrumental music is unobtrusive and satisfying. The Œdipus is a majestic figure. Those persons who were not touched by the actor in romance fell easily under his spell in tragedy. In his declamation of the rhyming hexameters into which Lacroix has rendered the Greek verse he now thundered with wrath, and now moved the audience to pity. In The Cid, that revered classic of the French stage, he was not nearly so interesting to crude Westerners, though the beauty of his elocution in the long passage describing his conquest of the Moors could not fail to be appreciated. The charge of frequent over-emphasis in his speech brought against Mounet-Sully in London last summer has not been sustained by those who have seen the performances he has given in New York and others of the principal American cities.

Daily Life of the Pope

The Pontiff's day, says the Baltimore Sun, is a day of labor from early morn to dewy eve. At six every morning he rises, his faithful body servant, Centra, knocking at his door, at that hour, winter and summer. At seven he says his mass, which is served by two of his private chaplains—the pope having six chaplains—and then he hears another called the mass of thanksgiving, celebrated by one of his chaplains and occasionally by one of his secretaries. After these two daily masses the pope breakfasts. This is a very simple meal, consisting all through the year of simple coffee and milk, with bread, and nothing more. Then his receptions begin. First of all, as a general rule, he receives Cardinal Rampolla, the secretary of state. He presents to the pope the documents received at his office the day before, or those which should be furnished with the signature of the pope and which should be despatched to their destination during the day. This audience, which lasts over an hour, and which, as one may well imagine, is of the profoundest interest, does not take place on Tuesday or Friday. On these days the pope receives the ambassadors and ministers, representatives of foreign governments to the Holy See. When there are documents on these days to be signed by the pope they are brought by the under-secretaries of state.

The second reception of the day is given to cardinals, the heads of ecclesiastical congregations, the generals of religious orders, and personages or dignitaries having special business with the Holy See. After this reception, if the season is winter, and the weather happens to be good, the pope interrupts the course of audiences in order to take a walk for half an hour or so in the Vatican gardens. At one o'clock the pope dines, following in this the custom of the Romans. This is the ordinary rule, but it happens, especially when there are many receptions or audiences to be granted, that he remains till two or even three o'clock before dining. The severe simplicity which marked the breakfast is followed in the dinner. This consists of a soup, nearly always of some form of macaroni; of a plate of meat, with an accompaniment of fried potatoes or other vegetables. Then follows fruit of one sort, and this completes the meal. The pope never eats boiled meat or forced meat or cheese. He drinks a little wine, old Bordeaux, which is supplied to him from the vineyard of a convent of nuns in the south of France. As a general rule, the pope reads the newspapers of the day during his dinner.

Leo XIII. eats always alone, as etiquette requires. When he wishes to show special favor to a Roman prince or some personage of distinction, he invites him to a collation, which consists of coffee and milk taken with him after mass. In order besides to obtain this favor it is necessary that the person may have had the honor of being admitted to the pope's mass and of having received communion from his hands. This of itself is a great distinction, but it does not necessarily imply the other, of being invited to breakfast with him. In the latter case a small table is prepared for the guest beside that of the pontiff. When the late Cardinal Pecci, brother of Leo XIII. lived in the Vatican, he frequently went to the pope when dining, but only to keep him company. It was quite touching to hear the cardinal speak of Leo. XIII. There was a look of veneration in his face, as, with "bated breath," he referred to "my brother, the Sovereign Pontiff." After dinner Leo XIII. rests for about an hour in an armchair. He does not follow the Roman custom of sleeping in the afternoon; his activity and nervous energy are too great to submit to this. Indeed, even at night his slumbers are frequently broken. After this rest he takes a walk in the garden, provided the weather is good. These walks are made in company with a

cameriere segrelo—an ecclesiastic—and a lieutenant of the Noble Guards. When he is tired of walking he enters a carriage and is driven in the garden. The carriage drive is a little over a mile in length. On his return from his walk or drive he again gives audiences or receives his secretaries and sets to work. About six in the evening he takes as a light refreshment a cup of broth and a tiny glass of Bordeaux.

The audiences continue in the evening from 8 till 10. This rule of action is liable to be broken in upon at times, for now and again the pope retires alone into his study to prepare his work for the following day. His mode of preparing briefs was special. In later years, since age has rendered his hand unsteady, he writes little in comparison with what he was in the habit of writing. His handwriting is of an unusual neatness and clearness; it resembles print more than writing, and it seems to have been always thus legible. I have seen several letters written by him while Archbishop of Perugia, and they are models of penmanship. It was his custom during the early years of his pontificate to prepare the framework of his briefs or letters and give them over to a secretary to be filled up. In these abstracts certain words were used with a special aim, and the pope always expected that these words should be retained in the completed amplication of the letter. On one occasion the completed document had been handed to him, and, reading it, he missed one of these selected words. The secretary was called and asked what had become of the word referred to. His answer was that he had employed a word which he thought better fitted for the sentence. The pope administered a very severe reproof to the secretary, informing him that the missing word had been selected after very serious thought, and on no account should it be omitted. In the early years of his pontificate also, Leo XIII. was given to writing far into the night, and I remember hearing one day that at 6 o'clock that morning he was found asleep with his head on the desk, and pen in his hand, after writing the whole night through. At 10 in the evening he recites the rosary with Mgr. Marzolni, one of his secretaries, and pontifical master of ceremonies, whom he knew as a very young boy in Perugia, and who attended the seminary in that diocese when Leo was Archbishop. Between half past ten and eleven the pope retires to rest after taking a cup of broth and a small piece of cold meat. His sleep, as has been said, is occasionally broken, especially after a fatiguing day of duties, and again at the temperature variations incident to the change of the seasons, which, of course, are important to so old a man.

The Founder of Monte Carlo

One evening, in the days of the Second Empire, a crowd of men were reading the evening paper in a salon in the Rue de Rivoli. "Ah," said one, breaking the silence, "so five millions are still wanted to finish the new opera-house." A silent listener took up a pen and filled in and signed a check for the amount without a word. By and by, when the new opera-house was finished, that silent man was somehow the only person forgotten in the distribution of seats for the grand performance on the great opening night.

Charles Monselet, in the Pall Mall Budget, is responsible for this curious little anecdote, the hero of which was François Blanc, directeur of the Casino at Monte Carlo. Blanc, a man of vast ambition, a born financier and administrator, who might under certain conditions have been a Rothschild, but who lives in history as a mighty organizer of gambling enterprises, was really one of the simplest of men. To see him in his brown overcoat, his gold spectacles half dropping off his nose, one would have taken him for a petit rentier, whose wildest dreams were of the construction of a little grotto in his little garden with little plaster rabbits, and a fountain which, like Wemmick's, would almost wet the back of one's hand. Before his Monte Carlo days he had been the guiding spirit in the direction of the Casino of Homburg. Benazet, according to his flatterers, was the Louis Quatorze of Baden-Baden. Blanc, who was impervious to flattery, might with equal justice have been called the Colbert of Homburg. A hard-headed, silent man of bourgeois exterior, a man without enthusiasm and weaknesses, who kept a lavish table and ate sparingly, who directed a huge gambling machine and permitted himself no more exciting dissipation than a quiet game of billiards after dinner. I have heard it said in the Tattersall family that old Dick, the founder of the historic "corner," never made a bet of more than a pair of gloves in his life. So François Blanc rose superior to the attractions of his own table, despised trente-et-quarante and was afraid of roulette. What he was not afraid of, however, was spending money. To compass his business ends he laid it out lavishly; and he might, so they say, have been credited with many acts of genuine benevolence and public spirit, whereof the story of the opera-house at Paris may serve as an example characteristic of the man.

After the war the glories of Homburg and Baden departed, and on their ruins rose Monte Carlo. Monte Carlo was the great, the crowning achievement of François Blanc's life—the desert cape, which by mere force of millions he turned into one of the most wonderful of the gardens of the Mediterranean littoral. But it was not done without keen opposition. He made the fortunes of the Nicols in spite of themselves. At every fresh opposition he simply opened his purse, and the golden shower fell in the sacred name of local interests. Mme. Blanc, the most excellent of wives, was a tower of strength to him. Where questions of art and elegance came in, hers was the directing spirit, and the good man, whose thoughts and talk were of figures and finance, was content that her taste should crown his work. It needed a hard head to withstand the attacks that were made upon him. Every day's post brought with it a hundred propositions and threats. There were people who had lost their money, and demanded its return with fierce menaces; speculative and inventive people who proposed combinations; there were even temptations offered of the kind which assailed the sainted Anthony; pitiful supplications and warnings of intending suicides—place and date carefully specified, so that there should be no mistake. Once, even at Monte Carlo, the Villa Blanc was actually assailed, and two servants were seriously wounded in its defense. But the equanimity of François Blanc was equal to adventures. Threats, prayers, all temptations, left him untouched; he liked best to stay in his own family circle, refusing all invitations, and indulging himself only with a good dinner, a bottle of Château Lafitte, a cigar, a chat about financial operations—which would sometimes excite him—and a family game of billiards. Such is the home-life of a really remarkable man.

THE LOVE-PHILTRE: THE NECROMANCER'S POISON

By Stanley J. Weyman

From The Man in Black. By Stanley J. Weyman. Cassell Publishing Co. In this story of France in the seventeenth century, Jehan de Berault is a waif in the household of Notredame de Paris, the Man in Black, a necromancer and quack. He overhears a plot between his master and Vidoche to poison the rich wife of the latter. Unknowing her husband's presence in the Notredame house, Mme. Vidoche comes for a love-philtre to help her win back her husband's love. The poison packet is given her and this she is directed to take. The boy Jehan de Berault, to save the life of the woman who has been kind to him, follows her out of the house and tells her the magician has changed his mind, and that she is to give the potion secretly to her husband instead of taking it herself. The boy follows her home and from behind a curtain watches her prepare the fatal draught she thinks is to bring her back her husband's love.

Mme de Vidoche had barely disappeared when the boy, listening eagerly, heard the great door below flung open, and instinctively sank down again. A breath of cold air rose from below. A harsh voice—a voice he knew—cursed some one or something in the hall, a heavy step came stumbling up the stairs, and in a moment M. de Vidoche, followed by a sleepy servant, pushed his way through the curtains. He was flushed with drink, yet he was not drunk, for as he crossed the floor he shot a swift, sidelong glance at his wife's door—a glance of dark meaning; and, though he railed at the servant for letting the fire go out, he had the air of listening while he spoke, and swore, to show himself at ease.

The man muttered some excuse, and, kneeling, began to blow the embers while Vidoche looked on moodily. He had not taken off his hat and cloak. "Has Madame been out this evening?" he said suddenly.

"No, my lord."

"Her woman is lying with her?"

"Yes, my lord."

A moment's silence. Then, "Trim the lamp, curse you! Don't you see it is going out? Do you want to leave me in the dark? Sacré! This might be a pigsty from the way it is kept!"

The man was used to be kicked and abused, but it seemed to him that his master's caprices were taking a fresh direction. It was not his business to think, however. He trimmed the lamp and took the cloak and hat, and was going, when Vidoche called him back again. "Put on a log," he said, "and give me that drink. Nom du diable, it is cold! You lazy hound, you have been sleeping!"

The man vowed he had not, and M. de Vidoche listened to his protestations as if he heard them. In reality his thoughts were busy with other things. Would it be to-night, or the next day? he was wondering darkly. And how would it take her? Would he be there, or would they come and tell him? Would she sicken and fade slowly, and die of some common illness to all appearance, with the priest by her side? Or would he awake in the night to hear her screaming, and be summoned to see her writhing in torture, gasping, choking, praying them to save—to save her from this horrible pain? God! The perspiration broke out on his brow. He shivered. "Give me that!" he muttered, hoarsely, holding out a shaking hand. "Give it me, I say!" The man was warming the posset, but he rose hastily and handed it.

"Put lights in my room! And, hark you—you will sleep there to-night. I am not well. Go and get your straw, and be quick about it."

Vidoche listened with the cup in his hand while the man went down and fetched a taper and some coverings from the hall, and, coming up again, opened one of the doors on the right—not the one against which the boy lay. The servant went into the room and busied himself there for a time, while the master sat crouching over the fire, thinking, with a gloomy face. He tried to turn his thoughts to the Farincourt, and to what would happen afterwards, and to a dozen things with which his mind had been only too ready to occupy itself. But now his thoughts would not be ordered. They returned again and again to the door on his left.

He shivered, cursed himself under his breath for a fool, and drank half the mulled wine at a draught. As he took the cup from his lips, his ear caught a slight sound behind him, and, starting, he peered hastily over his shoulder. But the noise came apparently from the next room, where the servant was moving about; and, with another oath, Vidoche drained the cup and set it down on the table.

He had scarcely done so when he drew himself suddenly upright and remained in that position for a moment, his mouth half open, his eyes glaring. A kind of spasm seized him. His teeth shut with a click. He staggered and clutched at the table. His face grew red-purple. His brain seemed to be bursting; his eyes filled with blood. He tried to cry, to give the alarm, to get breath, but his throat was held in an iron vise. He was choking and reeling on his feet when the man came by chance out of the bedroom.

By a tremendous effort Vidoche spoke. "Who—made this?" he muttered, in a hissing voice.

The servant started, scared by his appearance. He answered, nevertheless, that he had mixed it himself.

"Look at—the bottom—of—the cup!" Vidoche replied in a terrible voice. He was swaying to and fro, and kept himself up only by his grip on the table. "Is there—anything there?"

The servant was terribly frightened, but he had the sense to obey. He took up the cup and looked in it.

"Is there—a powder—in it?" Vidoche asked, a frightful spasm distorting his features.

"There is—something," the man answered, his teeth chattering. "But let me fetch help, my lord. You are not well. You are—"

"A dead man!" the baffled murderer cried, his voice rising in a scream of indescribable despair and horror. "A dead man! I am poisoned! My wife!" He reeled with that word. He lost his hold of the table. "Ha, mon Dieu! Mercy! Mercy!" he cried.

In a moment he was down, writhing on the floor, and uttering shriek on shriek: cries so dreadful that on the instant doors flew upon and sleepers awoke, and in a twinkling the room—though the lamp lay quenched—overturned in his struggles—was full of lights and frightened faces and huddled forms and women who stopped their ears and wept. The doorways framed more faces, the staircase rang with sounds of alarm. Everywhere was turmoil and a madness of hurrying

feet. One ran for the doctor, another for the priest, a third for the watch. The house seemed on a sudden alive; nay, the very courtyard, where the porter was gone from his post, and the doors stood open, was full of staring strangers, who gaped at the windows and the hurrying lights, and asked whose was the hotel or answered it was M. de Vidoche's.

It had been. But already the man who had gone up the stairs so full of strength and evil purpose lay dying, speechless, all but dead. They had lifted him on to a pallet which some one drew from a neighboring room, and at first there had been no lack of helpers or ready hands. One untied his cravat, and another his doublet, and two or three of the coolest held him in his paroxysms. But then the magic word "Poison!" was whispered; and one by one, all, even the man who had been with him, even madame's woman drew off and left those two alone. The livid body lay on the pallet, and madame, stunned and horror-stricken, hung over it; but the servants stood away in a dense circle, and, looking on with gloom and fear in their faces, some mechanically holding lights, some still grasping the bowls and basins they were afraid to use, whispered that word again and again.

It seemed as if the tell-tale syllables passed the walls; for the first to arrive before doctor or priest, was the captain of the watch. He came up-stairs, his sword clanking, and, thrusting the curtains aside, stood looking at the strange scene, which the many lights, irregularly held and distributed, lit up as if it had been a pageant on the stage. "Who is it?" he muttered, touching the nearest servant on the arm.

"M. de Vidoche," the man answered.

"Is he dead?"

The man cringed before him. "Dead, or as good," he whispered. "Yes, sir."

"Then he is not dead?"

"I do not know, sir."

"Then why the devil are you all standing like mutes at a funeral?" the soldier answered with an oath. "Leaving madame alone, too. Poison, eh? Oh!" and he whistled softly. "So that is why you are all looking on as if the man had got the plague, is it? A pretty set of curs you are! But here is the doctor. Out of the way now," he added, contemptuously, "and let no one leave the room."

He went forward with the physician, and, while the latter knelt and made his examination, the captain muttered a few words of comfort in madame's ear. For all she heard or heeded, however, he might have spared his pains. She had been summoned so abruptly, and the call had so entirely snapped the thread of her thoughts, that she had not yet connected her husband's illness with any act of hers. She had absolutely forgotten the enterprise of the evening, its anticipations and hopes. For the time she was spared that horror. But this illness alone sufficed to overwhelm her, to sink her beyond the reach of present comfort. She no longer remembered her husband's coldness, but only the early days when he had come to her in her country home, a black-bearded, bold-eyed Apollo, and wooed her impetuously and with irresistible will. All his faults, all his unkindnesses, were forgotten now: only his beauty, his vigor, his great passion, his courage were remembered. A dreadful pain seized her heart when she recognized that his had ceased to beat. She peered white-faced into the physician's eyes, she hung on his lips. If she remembered her journey to the Rue Touchet at all, it was only to think how futile her hopes were now. He, whom she would have won back to her, was gone from her forever!

The doctor shook his head gravely as he rose. He had tried to bleed the patient, without waiting, in this emergency, for a barber to be summoned; but the blood would not flow. "It is useless," he said. "You must have courage, madame. More courage than is commonly required," he continued, in a tone of solemnity, almost of severity. He looked round and met the captain's eyes. He made him a slight sign.

"He is dead?" she muttered.

"He is dead," the physician answered slowly. "More, madame—my task goes farther. It is my duty to say that he has been poisoned."

"Dead!" she muttered, with a dry sob. "Dead!"

"Poisoned, I said, madame," the physician answered, almost harshly. "In an older man the symptoms might be taken for those of apoplexy. But in this case not so. M. de Vidoche has been poisoned."

"You are clear on the point?" the captain of the watch said. He was a gray-haired, elderly man, lately transferred from the field to the slums of Paris.

"Perfectly," the doctor answered. "More, the poison must have been administered within the hour."

Madame rose shivering from the dead man's side. This new terror, so much worse than of death, seemed to thrust her from him, to raise a barrier between them. The soft white robe she had thrown round her when she ran from her bed was not whiter than her cheeks; the lights were not brighter than her eyes, distended with horror. "Poisoned!" she muttered. "Impossible! Who would poison him?"

"That is the question, madame," the captain of the watch answered, not without pity—not without admiration. "And if, as we are told, the poison must have been given within the hour, it should not be difficult to answer it. Let no one leave the room," he continued, pulling his mustachios. "Where is the valet who waited on M. de Vidoche?"

The man stood forward from the rest, shaking with alarm, and told briefly all he knew; how he had left his master in his usual health, and found him in some kind of seizure; how Vidoche had bidden him look in the cup, and how he had found a sediment in it.

"You mixed this wine yourself?" the captain of the watch said sharply.

The man allowed he had, whimpering and excusing himself. "Very well. Let me see madame's woman," was the answer. "Which is she? She is here, I suppose. Let her stand out."

A dozen hands were ready to point her out, a dozen lights were held up that the Chevalier du Guet might see her better. She was pushed, nudged, impelled forward, until she stood trembling where the man had stood. But not for long. The captain's first question was still on his lips when, with a sudden gesture of despair, the woman threw herself on her knees before him, and, grovelling in a state of abject terror, cried out that she would tell all—all! All, if they would let her go! All, if they would not torture her!

The captain's face grew stern, the lines about the mouth hardened. "Speak!" he said, curtly, and with a swift side-glance at the mistress, who stood as if

turned to stone. "Speak, but the truth only, woman!" while a murmur of astonishment ran round the circle.

It should be mentioned that at this time the crime of secret poisoning was held in especial abhorrence in France, the poisoning of husbands by wives more particularly. It was believed to be common; it was suspected in many cases where it could not be proved. Men felt themselves at the mercy of women, who, sharing their bed and board, had often the motive and always the opportunity; and in proportion as the crime was easy of commission and difficult to detect was the rigor with which it was rewarded when detected. The high rank of the Princess of Condé—a Tremouille by birth and a Bourbon by marriage—did not avail to save her from torture when suspected. Madame's woman knew all this. Such things formed the gossip of her class, and in a paroxysm of fear, in terror, in dread lest the moment should pass and another forestall her, she flung both fidelity and prudence to the winds.

"I will! I will! All!" she cried. "And I swear it is true! She went to the Tournelles quarter to-night!"

"She? Who is she?" the captain asked, sharply.

"My lady there! She stayed an hour. I waited outside. As we came back a boy ran after us and talked with her by the porch of St. Gervais. She sent me away, and I do not know what was his business. But after we got home, and when she thought me asleep, she crept out of the room and came here, and put something in that cup. I heard her go and stole to the door, and through the curtains saw her do it, but I did not know what it was or what she intended. I have told the truth. But I did not know. I did not! I swear I did not!"

The captain silenced her protestations with a fierce gesture, and turned to the woman she accused. "Madame," he said, in a low, unsteady voice, "is this true?"

She stood with both her hands on her breast, and looked, with a face of stone, not at him, but beyond him. She scarcely seemed to breathe, so perfect was the dreadful stillness which held her. He thought she did not hear, and he was about to repeat his question, when she moved her lips in a strange, mechanical fashion, and, after an effort, spoke. "Is it true?" she whispered. In that stricken silence every syllable was audible, and even at her first word some women fell to shuddering. "Is it true that I have killed my husband? Yes, I have killed him. I loved him—I had no one else to love—and I have killed him. God has let this be in this world. You are real, and I am real. It is no dream. He has let it be."

"Mon Dieu!" the captain muttered, while one woman broke into noisy weeping. "She is mad!"

But madam was not mad, or only mad for the moment. "It is strange," she continued, with writhing lips, but in the same even tone—which to those who had ears to hear was worse than any loud outcry—"that such a thing could be. God should not let it be, because I loved him. I loved him, and I have killed him."

With the last words, which leapt from her lips in sudden frantic questioning, she awoke as from a trance. She sprang towards the doctor; then, turning swiftly, looked where the corpse lay, and with a dreadful peal of laughter, threw herself upon it. Her shrill cries so filled the air, so rang through the empty hall below, so pierced the brain, that the captain raised his hands to his ears, and the men shrank back.

"See to her!" said the captain, stamping his foot in a rage and addressing the physician. "I must take her away, but I cannot take her like this. See to her, man. Give her something; drug her, poison her, if you like—anything to stop her! Her cries will ring in my ears a twelvemonth. Well, woman, what is it?" he continued, impatiently. Madame's woman had touched his arm.

"The boy!" she muttered. "The boy!" Her teeth were chattering with terror. She pointed to the place where the servants stood most thickly near the great curtains which shut off the staircase.

He followed the direction of her hand, but saw nothing except scared faces and cringing figures. "What boy, woman?" he retorted. "What do you mean?"

"The boy who came after us to the church," she answered. "I saw him a minute ago—there! He was standing behind that man, looking under his arm."

Three strides brought the captain of the watch to the place indicated. But there was no boy there—there was no boy to be seen. Moreover, the frightened servants who stood in that part declared that they had seen no boy—that no boy could have been there. The captain put small faith in their protestations. He asked her roughly how old the boy was.

"About twelve," she answered, looking nervously over her shoulder. In truth, she began to fancy that the boy was a familiar. Or what could bring him here? How had he entered?

"How was he dressed?" the captain asked, angrily, waving back the servants.

"In black velvet," she answered. "But he had no cap. He was bare-headed. And I noticed that he had black hair and blue eyes."

"Are you sure that the boy you saw here was the boy who followed you and spoke to Madame in the street?" he urged. "Be careful, woman!"

"I am certain of it," she answered, feverishly. "I knew him in a moment."

He rubbed his head with his hand in extreme perplexity. If the boy were a messenger from the villain whom this wretched woman had been to visit, what could have brought him to the house? Why had he risked himself on the scene of the murder? Unless—unless, indeed, his mission were to learn what happened, and to warn his master!

The captain caught that in a moment, and, thrusting the servants on one side, despatched three or four men on the instant to the Rue Touchet. "Pardieu!" he exclaimed, wiping his forehead when they were gone. "I was nearly forgetting him. The villain! I will be sworn he tempted her! But now I think I have netted all—Madame, the maid, the man, the devil!" He ticked them off on his fingers. "There is only the lad wanting. The odds are they will get him, too, in the Rue Touchet. So far, so good. But it is hateful work," the old soldier continued, with an oath, looking askance at the group which surrounded Madame and the doctor. "They will—ugh! it is horrible. It would be a mercy to give her a dose now, and end all."

But there was no one to take the responsibility, and so the few who were abroad very early that morning saw a strange and mournful procession pass through the streets of Paris; those streets which have seen so many fantastic things. An hour before daybreak a litter, surrounded by a crowd of armed men, some bearing torches and some pikes and halberds, came out of the Hotel Vidoche and passed slowly down the Rue St. Denis.

NEWSPAPER PHILOSOPHERS: EDITORIAL WISDOM

As Others See It—The cross-eyed man must not be impatient with other people if they can't see things his way.—Elmira Gazette.

The Luxury of Worry—Worrying over a thing bears the same relation to doing it that a nightmare bears to a horseback ride.—Puck.

Adam's Good Points—The original Adam has this to his credit: He did not attack the previous character of Eve.—Boston Traveller.

More of Man's Cruelty—It is hard lines to win a woman with bonbons for a year and feed her on bread and butter for a lifetime.—Detroit Free Press.

Domain of the Unthought—You hardly ever see a person who admits that the subject proposed has heretofore never entered his thoughts.—Chicago Herald.

Subdued Pride—Once in a very great while you meet a man who owns a dog, and who doesn't think that he is really the most remarkable dog, by Jove, that ever lived.—Somerville Journal.

Religion in Extremity—A man never turns to the church for comfort so long as there is anything else within reach.—Atchison Globe.

Pity versus Action—What is a friend? A friend is a man who points out the silver lining in the clouds to avoid lending you an umbrella.—Lowell Courier.

Modern Wits—Modern wits are like the phonograph: they repeat frequently what they hear once.—Truth.

Qualified Testimony—When a woman admits that a man is a good husband, she usually adds: "One of a very few."—Atchison Globe.

Perversity of Boyhood—One of the queer things about juvenile humanity is the fact that the boy who has the measles is invariably the one whose society is most coveted.—Washington Star.

Solomon in Texas—A philosopher is a man who does not try to argue with others until he knows he can down them.—Galveston News.

Relentless Time—There is one drawback about the new year. If you don't like it you can't pour it back in the jug.—Atlanta Journal.

Marital Assistance—When a man helps his wife with her work she has to drop what she is doing to wait on him.—Atchison Globe.

The Hoarding Instinct—We wonder what pocket-knives are made for anyhow. No matter what you want one for, somebody says that is the worst thing in the world to ruin a blade.—Somerville Journal.

Family Greatness—Social anatomists have noticed that the head of the family is not always on the same shoulders as its mouth.—Life.

Leisure by Proxy—When a man is in a hurry it is astonishing how many of his friends have lots of spare time.—Boston Globe.

The Sexes Sized Up—When a family has quail for dinner, the woman wants company, so the neighbors will know it, but the man wants to be alone.—Atchison Globe.

Epistolary Vacuums—The nearest thing to a vacuum is a letter written merely for the purpose of keeping up a correspondence.—Glasgow Citizen.

Sinners and Sinners—We are all sinners, but some of us hustle more than others to keep up our reputation for it.—Washington Star.

The Zenith of Courage—Our idea of a rash, foolhardy man is one who will dare to read aloud in the presence of a school teacher.—Atchison Globe.

The Loser's Honor—The man who loses is never accused of not playing fair.—Texas Siftings.

Prayerful Shouters—From the way some men offer prayers it is difficult to tell whether they are ministers or auctioneers.—Elmira Gazette.

The Monocle Justified—The single eyeglass is worn by the dude. The theory is that he can see more with one eye than he can comprehend.—Ram's Horn.

Newspaper Art—It's wonderful how proud a man acts when he is going to have his picture published, and how humble he is after.—Washington Star.

Personal Pull—It takes a man with a good deal of influence with himself to do something he doesn't want to and doesn't have to, because he ought to.—Puck.

Wisdom's Discretion—The wisest man is not always he who tries always to keep up with the procession: very often it is the one who is quite willing to let the procession go to thunder.—Galveston News.

Misplaced Genius—Unsuccessful persons excuse themselves by saying they are better adapted for some other business than their own.—Philadelphia Call.

Satisfaction Deferred—There is nothing more tantalizing than to go home all primed to scold about something, and find company there and be obliged to act agreeably.—P. & S. Bulletin.

Sermon of a Stamp—My son, observe the postage stamp. Its usefulness depends upon its ability to stick to one thing till it gets there.—Elmira Gazette.

Vicarious Safeguards—Don't rely for your daughter's safety on the moral training other mothers are giving their sons.—Galveston News.

Bucolic Utopia—Every man who doesn't know anything about farming longs to move on to a farm and get rich while taking life easy.—Atchison Globe.

Man's Strange Ambitions—Some men are like race-horses, their only ambition seems to be a desire to lower their records.—Philadelphia Record.

Immortality at a Discount—There isn't a man living who can tell who the forty "immortals" of the French Academy were forty years ago.—Boston Globe.

Choral Harmonies—Every singer in a quartet can tell you three good reasons why the organization isn't absolutely perfect.—Elmira Gazette.

Experimental Happiness—They say that money does not bring happiness. This is an experiment, however, which every one wishes to try for himself.—Tit-Bits.

SOCIOLOGIC QUESTIONS OF THE TIMES

The Religion of Anarchy.....A Creed of Individualism.....New York Tribune

The Anarchists of to-day simply translate, after their own fashion, ideas which run through all the young literature of Continental Europe. These ideas are, in the main, only the consistent outcome of the French Revolution, and, like it, they are based on a twofold reaction—first, of the pleasure-loving world against Christianity with its commandments, and, second (and especially), against the minute despotism, the intolerable and unintelligent and vexatious abuse of authority which prevails scarcely less under the Republic in France than under the Monarchy or Empire. Irreligion and poverty are also well known in both England and America. If Anarchy has not been able to domesticate itself in these countries, it is because the hand of authority, of personal command, does not weigh so heavily on men who are at once discontented and think. For it should always be remembered (if we are ever to come to any clear understanding of this mental disease) that Anarchists, as a rule, are either learned or half-learned; they are seldom if ever ignorant, in the sense of uninstructed. M. A. Hamon, whose recent book, La Psychologie du Militaire Professionel, brought him before the courts, is preparing a similar treatise on the psychology of the Anarchist. He begins by enumerating the immensely varied social classes in which Anarchists are found. A good number is among scientific men and doctors; there are very many among the journalists in Paris; there are few peasants and not many day laborers; but there are architects and shop and office clerks, lawyers, artisans and engineers, a full half of the young school of the literary men, and more teachers than it is comfortable to think of, with State functionaries of every kind and even officers of the army. He estimates the number of these bona fide Anarchists, that is, of those men who are permeated with the philosophic doctrines of Reclus, Krapotkin, Grave and the rest, at some 10,000 in Paris alone. All of these men are marked off, alike from Christian and from former generations of infidels, by a threefold disposition of soul.

First, they have an arrogant and undoubting belief, too self-sufficient to admit of contradiction, that their ideal state of society must be realized in the near future, no matter at what cost of suffering to those who hold by the present order of things. Even the most fanatical sects of Millennarian Christians never looked forward to the coming of the reign of Christ on earth with the same absolute regardlessness of consequences by the way as these Anarchists expect Bakunin's "reign of justice." Elisée Reclus, who has more than inherited the place of Bakunin in the new sect, and who has given sterner signs of sincerity than that theatrical Russian, says: "We are revolutionists because we wish for justice, and everywhere we see injustice reigning around us. . . . All this seems infamous to us, and we wish to change it. . . . All injustice, every crime of treason against humanity, shall find us always on foot for the combat. So long as iniquity shall last, we Anarchists, Communists, Internationalists, will remain in a state of permanent revolution." The Anarchist idea of justice is of the simplest; it is summed up in two principles, as easy to remember as Christ's reduction of his teaching to the love of God and of one's neighbor. But the contrast is great. The first is: "Do you wish?" the second, "Everything belongs to everybody." Jean Grave, who is in prison for his violent book on Dying Society, describes the state of things when Anarchy shall triumph as "a society without authority—a society which shall have no right, no power over one individual. . . . The need which individuals feel to do well will lead them to take the kind of work for which they think themselves best fitted—no contrary interest urging them to choose another in preference. . . . Thus the work will be done without dispute, to the satisfaction of all, without wrangling or bitter feeling. There will be, in one word, "Harmony—the ideal end of humanity." The believers in the millennium supposed that Christ's divine presence and victorious grace would bring about this harmony. Anarchists have faith strong enough to believe that the same effect will be produced by the absence of human authority. Along with this astounding belief in man's goodness when he is let alone, goes an exaggerated idea of what science can do.

Prince Krapotkin, whose scientific attainments are well known to the readers of his admirable papers in The Nineteenth Century Review, says with enthusiastic anticipation: "The great American cultivation of land is only the childhood of the art. . . . Neither Parisian men nor Parisian women are so enfeebled that they would not be able, after a few hours' apprenticeship, to supervise the working of the machines and to help, each in his own measure, in the work of agriculture, which would be a simple affair of amusing one's self a little in the fields." All this is just the reverse of the Christian idea that men are naturally frail, not to say evil; that they are condemned from the creation of the world to eat their bread in the sweat of their brows and that the poor we have always with us. The majority of believers in a purely natural evolution of the human race would agree in this with the Christians. But Krapotkin goes further yet; not only things may be as he has said, they must be so: "Enough of such ambiguous formulas as the 'right to work,' or 'to every one the entire fruits of his labor.' What we proclaim is the right to comfort—comforts for everybody."

Second, all Anarchists are possessed of an egotism, curiously unconscious of itself, that takes no account of the judgment of those who disagree with them and has a heartless contempt for the sufferings of those who are to be removed as obstacles in the way of the good time coming. The Anarchists are, at most, only one-sixtieth part of the working population of Paris, which is itself but one-fifth of the city's inhabitants; while in all France the Anarchists are to the laboring poor, whom they profess to represent, only as one in 200, and consequently only as one out of 1,400 in comparison with the whole nation. The early Christians were in even smaller proportion to the Pagan world of their day, and they were equally absolute in proposing to conquer the world; but their method was the conversion of souls by the foolishness of preaching, and not the explosion of bodies by the scientific wisdom of dynamite. Even the original followers of Mahomet were content with putting honestly to the sword all those who resisted their faith. Now

those Anarchists who have a right to speak in behalf of their principles may condemn many of the bloody crimes which have made their name a terror throughout the civilized world. But in doing this they are far from condemning frankly the spirit which has armed the criminal's hand. We have yet to receive from them a clear declaration that the blowing to atoms of innocent men and women, simply because they form a part of present society, is an intolerable piece of injustice, greater than the poverty or misery of which they bring society in guilty. Elisée Reclus, it is true, has at last pronounced attempts like that of Emile Henry to be crimes and acts of barbarism. "People will come to have such a disgust for the companions, they will inspire such horror, that no one will be willing even to talk over Anarchy." But the Révolte, the Anarchist review supposed to speak in his name, singularly qualified its note of condemnation of Emile Henry's senseless massacre of the bourgeois: "This must be well understood; every time an explosion is aimed neither at authority nor wealth, nor at the exploiting of labor by employers, it may boldly be set down to the account of individuals whose interest it is to decry us, to put us under the ban of humanity."

Third, the Anarchists have ideas of justice and morality which are quite distinct from all that the world has hitherto understood by right and wrong, just as the early Christians brought a new notion of purity and charity into the world. Not only is property robbery, as Proudhon has said and many Socialists admit, but no man has any duty to other men, neither of obedience nor of anything which restrains his own liberty. In the old idea of morality, duty meant some kind of obligation. Elisée Reclus pronounces: "There is no morality but in liberty." A retired army officer, who at fifty years has gone in for Anarchy, declares over his own name: "Man is born to live without trammel or bond."

To make a long story short, it will be enough to take the practical application made by Anarchists to the duties of marriage. Even in polygamy it was supposed that the spouses had some rights over each other and that the children had rights to the protection of both father and mother. There is nothing of all this in the new religion. It is a common saying, in Anarchist tracts and songs, that it is enough that the mother should know her child. As long ago as 1882, the first year of the notable spread of Anarchy in France and of the first Anarchist explosion (that of the Théâtre Bellecour and the recruiting office in Lyons), the two daughters of Elisée Reclus made a noise in the world by free unions in place of marriage. Jean Grave, in his suppressed book on Dying Society, says openly: "What Anarchists wish is to abolish the legal family, and that the man and the woman shall be free to give themselves to each other and to take back the gift of themselves whenever it pleases them. Marriage is actually equivalent to the most shameless prostitution; it is organized only in view of the inheritance; and, since this is to disappear in the new society, legal marriage shall disappear with it."

It is hard to the flesh and blood of the present civilization to hear these doctrines with patience, especially when one remembers the deeds by which these companions of the new life reduce them to practice. Paul Adam, whose literary ambition is neither low nor unsuccessful, hailed the death of Ravachol, the robber and assassin and impure violator of the tomb, with words that seem blasphemous: "He has seen sorrow, and he has exalted the sorrow of others by offering his own as a holocaust. . . . In these times of cynicism and irony, a holy one has been born to us. . . . The grand idea of universal altruism shall blossom in the red pool of blood at the foot of the guillotine. . . . The legal murder of Ravachol shall open a new era." What are we to think of words like these? Theatrical, insane even as they may sound, such Anarchist leaders as Elisée Reclus are not play-actors, and their reasoning powers have been developed to the utmost. What has been lost out of the human soul to make such words possible? Jules Simon, who may be but a gentle grandfather but who is certainly not a Christian, has just said: "I explain Ravachol by Article 7." This article (even Americans may learn without impatience) contains the school law that has practically eliminated God from the education of young France.

Nearing the Rapids.....*Elizabeth Lynn Linton*.....*New Review*

The strongest woman is not equal to the strongest man; the most neurotic and hysterical man is not so neurotic and hysterical as his congenital sister. Of course, a strong and purposeful woman beats an effeminate man—is far and away ahead of him in all things, mental and physical; but range the sexes according to degree, and the men are relatively superior to the women. All parallels are in favor of the greater strength of men; but the advocates of the new movement contrast an Amazonian woman with a miserable abortive little mannikin, and then say, "Ha! ha! who is the strongest here?" This is the kind of logic that holds good with the multitude, and the demurrers are assailed with full-flavored epithets less nice than suggestive.

With the new school of thought, and the new class of woman it has bred, we have lost both the grace and the sweetness—both the delicacy and the virtues—of the real womanly ideal. The manners of the day are coarser, rougher, more unbraced than they used to be when girls were kept nearer to their mothers, and their mothers themselves bided more at home and held a stricter rule than they do now. Think of the advice to his daughters given by the Knight of Landry!—think of Ischomachus and his young wife!—nay, even of that reproach in the last century made against the mothers who, "instead of the bashful posture of stooping and hanging down the head, taught their daughters the comparative boldness of tossing and bridling!" As if we would submit to those effete coquetries of tossing and bridling, we who hail our young men as "chappies" and "Johnnies," and who find Dodo the exact representative of a certain class of girls, as, indeed, she is. That sweet and subtle quality of maidenly modesty, which used to be one of the most marked characteristics of English girls; that delicate innocence and ignorance of evil has gone by the board; and, though less hoydenish, our modern young ladies of the new school are not a whit more delicate than was "Miss." Yet, God be thanked! we have still some left who are as lovely and pure as the most careful guardian of the old-time womanly ideal would have them—girls and women who are not ashamed of the virtues belonging to that old-time ideal—the virtues which Paul taught and Jesus loved—nor averse from the old-time restrictions with which these special virtues were bound up. But, alas! with these, the sweet and trusty Loyalists, we have crowds and crowds of those others for whom shame,

restriction, modesty, and specialized qualities of sex do not exist, and are despised in the very roll-call. Submission? patience? forbearance? self-sacrifice? Faugh! where is the translated squaw who will advocate these? The virile woman shoulders the fast girl, and the contrast is displeasing on both sides alike.

On the top of omnibuses, down the river, in the stubble-field, and in the smoking-room, wherever men go, there go, too, these loud-voiced, Wild Women with their slang and petty oaths, their bold eyes, swinging gait, and doubtful conversation. And the favorite boast among them is that they are no longer the complements but the rivals, the equals, the superiors of man. And women, mothers themselves, advocate even wider license still, and the key of all fields free of the restraint of chaperonage. The one grand distinction between carefully brought-up lady-girls and the wastrels of the streets and lanes—their ignorance of certain things while young and inexperienced—their unsullied purity of mind—this distinction it is now seriously proposed to destroy; and the premature initiation of young unmarried women into the knowledge of the mysteries as of the vices of life is one clause in the charter of the New Revolt. It is said this knowledge will preserve the girls from harm. Do we find this so with the servant and peasant class who know all things from the age of twelve onwards?

All this is disastrous to the nation on every side. What society wants in its women is a race of beings to supplement the shortcomings of the men, each sex being the complement of the other. What the nation wants is a race of women primarily fitted to be good mothers. The wealth of a country is its population; and the finer and healthier the children of to-day, the stronger and nobler will be the men of to-morrow and the grander the destinies of the empire. Whether the new woman, with her unhomed habits and manly ambitions, her overtaxing Higher Education and that deadly spirit of rivalry to men can fulfill either of these great duties of her sex, as hitherto they have been fulfilled, remains to be seen. Many things are hidden in the closed hand of time, many questions lie unanswered on the knees of the gods. The ultimate and practical outcome of this mad desire to shoot Niagara and try conclusions with the whirlpool at the end of the fall is one of them. And whether the modern woman can travesty Nature, upset all old-established distinctions and come out of the flurry with safety to herself and good to the race at large is as yet a problem to which Œdipus himself would have no answer, nor through the difficulties of which could the Master Thief find safe issue.

The Spread of Knowledge.....Its Evil Side.....The London Spectator

The recent progress of Anarchism must be a heavy blow to those who believe that knowledge is necessarily beneficent, that "to know all is to pardon all," knowledge by itself being the original source of mercy. In Anarchism we have knowledge, and knowledge of the "right kind," that is, scientific knowledge based upon facts and experience, working pure evil. The new explosion of criminality could not have occurred without a wide diffusion of chemical knowledge. Social hatred might have grown, of course, as it has grown, and the belief that capital is an inherently evil power; but those who felt the hatred and entertained the conviction could have done little to attack society. They could have killed individuals, and perhaps fired buildings; but there are defenses against assassination, and buildings, especially in France, are slow to burn. Assassins, too, can be easily traced, while fire-raising can almost be baffled by ably organized fire-brigades, and by a flexible system of fire insurance. To make Anarchists formidable, and therefore, in fact, to produce Anarchists, it was necessary to find a means of scattering death among whole classes, and from a distance—invisible death, as it were, such as the Greek poets attributed the power of shooting-out to the gods—and this means has been supplied by science, which in this instance has proved itself the pitiless foe, as it has so often been the beneficent friend, of humanity. If the spirit of Anarchism spreads, and the recipes for making safe bombs become a little more widely known, we may yet be able to set the discovery of high explosives against the discovery of chloroform, and to doubt whether scientific research does, on the whole, more evil or more good. In truth it does neither, knowledge being neither more nor less than a force which produces good or evil according to the character —which is not material—of the man who possesses it.

The modern notion that knowledge has in itself something divine, is as false as the ancient notion that it has in itself something diabolic. You can rob by the aid of chloroform as well as relieve pain. There are whole branches of knowledge the diffusion of which would almost certainly produce pure evil. Household murder, for instance, would be far more common if all men and women knew what a few physicians know about the really dangerous poisons—were aware, for instance, that there is a drug procurable in almost every field which simulates the effect of one common variety of heart-disease, the suspension of vitality through anæmia. And suicide, which, whether it is a crime or not, is certainly a great evil, would be multiplied tenfold if every one knew how it is possible to terminate life instantaneously and painlessly through means which no law against poisons will ever touch, and which can be obtained in every street. There are no means in existence of keeping such facts, when once generally known, from the knowledge of the bad, and it is they, and not the good, who will want to use them. The world indeed may one day, and at no very distant period, have awful evidence of the truth of the theory that knowledge is only a weapon, neither bad nor good. It is most probable, it is nearly certain, that means of destroying life on a vast scale, either by the multiplication of existing forces—the Maxim-gun carried to the *n*th power—or by the use of asphyxiating shells, or as half a dozen novelists have already suggested, by explosives directed from aërial machines, will be discovered and eagerly utilized by the able men who in every country are striving to "improve" material of war. No possible precaution would keep such processes secret for long, and they may fall into the hands of the Chinese, of the Arab, or of the Anarchists, with, as result, either the subjugation of the world, or its partial depopulation.

It would be an awful illustration of that irony of fate which sometimes seems to preside over the destinies of men, if science killed civilization; but that is by no means one of the impossible occurrences. True, the good would be armed as well as the bad; but are the good the more numerous—say, in Asia—or would the good remain good if they were forced, in self-defense, to use continuously such awful means of slaughter? Already the cultivated of Europe are growing terribly pitiless under as-

saults from Anarchists, which as yet have effected little even of their destructive object, which are, in fact, rather affronts to society, exposures of its powerlessness under certain conditions, than formidable attacks. So harsh has the temper of grave men grown, that we almost doubt whether, in the knowledge that Anarchy is an active force, we have not another illustration that even necessary knowledge may have its evil-producing side.

The Humanitarian Movement.....Victoria W. Martin.....The Humanitarian

Nothing can be more deplorable than the state of unappeased hostility that continues to subsist between the really identical interests of capital and labor. On this subject I can but repeat the words which I used a quarter of a century ago, when, while unreservedly claiming for each the right to enjoy the fruits of his own industry, and the reward of his individual talents, I emphatically denounced the exploitation of the laborer by the owner of the advantages conferred by the possession of capital. There are few who understand the real rights of man. While this condition of ignorance and perversity keeps the world inharmonious and subjected to suffering, we should avail ourselves of all the alleviatory methods that can be suggested in our present system. The independent capitalist was at that time confronted by the incoherent unorganized body of workers. Coalition of the employed, taking the shape of trades-unionism, led to developments which tended to equalize the balance, if not to incline the scale the other way. To this movement capital replied by a system of combination and amalgamation leading up to the evils of monopoly, and the opposing forces still stand under arms, each prepared either to reopen the strife or to repel an outbreak of hostilities.

"Come, let us reason together," was surely never more judiciously proposed than it could now be by capitalists and workingmen. The latter must remember that they cannot compel capitalists to their terms, and capitalists must not forget that if there are real causes of dissatisfaction growing out of injustice, the sooner justice is done the less serious will be the reckoning with the laborer. Instead of strife, let us have co-operation; instead of war, let us have peace; instead of the process of fermentation, let us have that of mutual understanding. The world is capable of producing enough and to spare for all its children. It is their own fault that all do not have their share. A very large proportion of the capacity of humanity for production is diverted from natural occupations by the illegitimate relations existing in society. A part live on the vital powers of the rest; the principal object of the part being to see how much of the earnings of the rest they can aggregate, either by personal capacity, trickery, or cunning, or by ingenious devices of law formed and administered in their interests. A perfect equality and an equal justice condemns all such inequitable distributions of the fruits of the earth.

It becomes, then, obligatory on each individual who can catch but faint glimpses of such a consummation as universal Government, to point it out and to assist by all legitimate means in the dissemination of light upon it and all relevant subjects. The country which shall first adopt such a system will be the centre of the future universal government of the world; when the people shall rise to a true and competent conception of the responsibilities of the position assigned it in the order of the universe, the present system of things will undergo such a rapid transformation as no revolution ever yet accomplished; the destruction of the Roman Empire by the barbarians can alone compare with it in magnitude. By that catastrophe the dominion of the world was wrested from Rome; by the one that is to come it shall be restored to world-wide empire of which Rome was the prototype. Personal, sectional and national motive will be sunk in oblivion, and such governing rules of action will obtain as shall bring the world into intimate, harmonious and divine relations, such as will know no Jew nor Christian, Mohammedan nor pagan, but one general and acknowledged brotherhood of man. Government then will be no longer one of physical force, but of the more powerful control of wisdom; caste will no longer be distinction regarding material position or possession, but in moral and spiritual position and intellectual possession.

As the lightning and the sunshine, the mountain and the river, the bird and the bee, the earthquake and the storm, follow their natural courses and tendencies under the government of the universal God, so shall the people follow theirs under a universal social government, when fashioned after the same general principles that obtain in the domain of nature. Thus in the best sense do I claim to be the friend and exponent of the most complete justice to which humanity can attain; of the broadest individual freedom compatible with the public good, and that supreme justice which shall know no distinction among citizens upon any ground whatever in the administration and the execution of the laws; and also to be a faithful worker in the cause of human advancement; and especially to be the co-laborer with those who strive to better the condition of the poor.

The Malady of the Age.....Neurasthenia .....Chicago Journal

The young man of the day is a poor creature—a mere bundle of nerves, hypochondriacal, hysterical, and the wretched victim of an ever-increasing neurasthenia. Neurasthenia, says Dr. Erb, Germany's great physiologist, is a disease peculiar to the educated classes, originating in over-exertion of the brain. Over-burdening the mind begins at school. . . . Youth enjoys too easily the excitement of a society life. Poetry has deteriorated into gross materialism, music has become too loud, even painting shows us the ugly side of things. And the consequence is that the race of men is slowly but surely degenerating towards the condition of hysterical women. Grant Allen asserts that the modern young man is so poor a creature that he dare not even ask a woman to marry him. Is the indictment true? It is difficult to deny it a certain measure of truth. It is our modern custom to overwork the brains of the young, to surround their bodies with over-much luxury, giving no chance to the development of endurance; and it is our fate to live in an age when railways, telegraphs and fifty other inventions have added immeasurably to the wear and tear of the individual and separate units of society. But to this much of truth there has surely been added a vast deal of exaggeration. We are more nervous, perhaps, but we are not less strong, less valiant, or less long-lived than our forefathers were. "Vixeres fortes ante Agamemnona," and strong men will live again though Agamemnon be dead. The complaint is old. No doubt the old stagers at the siege of Troy shook their heads gravely over the degenerate fighting of their grandsons.

TREASURE TROVE: REVIVING OLD FAVORITES

The Owl Critic....James T. Field....The Humor of America (Scribner)

A LESSON TO FAULT-FINDERS

"Who stuffed that white owl?" No one spoke in the shop:
The barber was busy, and he couldn't stop;
The customers, waiting their turns, were all reading
The Daily, the Herald, the Post, little heeding
The young man who blurted out such a blunt question;
Not one raised a head, or made even a suggestion;
And the barber kept on shaving.

"Don't you see, Mr. Brown,"
Cried the youth, with a frown,
"How wrong the whole thing is;
How preposterous each wing is; [is—
How flattened the head is, how jammed down the neck
In short, the whole owl, what an ignorant wreck 'tis?

"I make no apology;
I've learned owl-eology.
I've passed days and nights in a hundred collections,
And cannot be blinded to any deflections
Arising from unskillful fingers that fail
To stuff a bird right, from his beak to his tail.
Mister Brown! Mister Brown!
Do take that bird down,
Or you'll soon be the laughing-stock all over the town!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

"I've studied owls,
And other night fowls,
And I tell you
What I know to be true:
An owl cannot roost
With his limbs so unloosed.
No owl in this world
Ever had his claws curled,
Ever had his legs slanted,
Ever had his bill canted,
Ever had his neck screwed
Into that attitude.
He can't do it; because
'Tis against all bird laws.
Anatomy teaches,
Ornithology preaches,
An owl has a toe
That can't turn out so!
I've made the white owl my study for years,
And to see such a job almost moves me to tears.
Mister Brown, I'm amazed
You should be so gone crazed,
As to put up a bird
In that posture absurd!
To look at that owl really brings on a dizziness;
The man who stuffed him don't half know his business!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

"Examine those eyes;
I'm filled with surprise
Taxidermists should pass
Off on you such poor glass;
So unnatural they seem,
They'd make Audubon scream,
And John Burroughs laugh,
To encounter such chaff.
Do take that bird down;
Have him stuffed again, Brown!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

"With some sawdust and bark
I would stuff in the dark
An owl better than that.
I could make an old hat
Look more like an owl,
Than that horrid fowl
Stuck up there so stiff like a side of coarse leather.
In fact, about him there's not one natural feather."

Just then, with a wink, and a sly normal lurch,
The owl, very gravely, got down from his perch,
Walked round and regarded his fault-finding critic
(Who thought he was stuffed) with a glance analytic,
And then fairly hooted, as if he should say:
"Your learning's at fault this time, anyway;
Don't waste it again on a live bird, I pray.
I'm an owl; you're another. Sir Critic, good day!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

Love and Thought..James Russell Lowell..Poems (Houghton, Mifflin)

What hath Love with Thought to do?
Still at variance are the two.
Love is sudden, Love is rash,
Love is like the levin flush,
Comes as swift, as swiftly goes,
And his mark as surely knows.

Thought is lumpish, Thought is slow,
Weighing long 'tween yes and no;
When dear Love is dead and gone,
Thought comes creeping in anon,
And, in his deserted nest,
Sits to hold the crowner's quest.

Since we love, what need to think?
Happiness stands on a brink
Whence too easy 'tis to fall
Whither's no return at all;
Have a care, half-hearted lover,
Thought would only push her over!

The Mandolinata.....William Wetmore Story.....Poems

The night is still, the windows are open,
The air with odor is sweet;
Hark! Some one is humming the mandolinata
Along the open street.
The mandolinata! Ah, me, as I hear it,
Before me you seem to rise
From the other world with your gentle presence,
Your tender and smiling eyes.

How we jested together, and hummed together
That old and threadbare song,
With forced intonations and quaint affectations
That ended in laughter long;
How oft in the morning beneath your window
I framed it to bantering words,
And heard from within your sweet voice answer
With a flute tone like a bird's.

And you opened your shutters and sang, "Good-morning,
Ah, troubadour, gallant and gay!"
And I shouted, "O lovely and lazy lady,
I die of this long delay;
Ah, hasten, ah, hasten!" "I'm coming, I'm coming,
The lady is coming to thee!"
And then you drew back in your chamber, laughing—
Ah, who were so foolish as we!

Ah, me! that vision comes up before me—
How vivid, and young, and gay,
Ere death, like a sudden blast blew on you,
And swept life's blossoms away.
Buoyant of spirit, glad and happy,
And gentle of thought and heart,
Ah, who would believe that you were mortally wounded?
So bravely you played your part.

We veiled our fears and our apprehensions
With hopes that were all in vain;
It was only a cough, a sudden spasm,
Betrayed the inward pain.
In the midst of jesting and merry laughter
We turned aside to sigh,
Looked out of the window, and all the landscape
Grew dim to the burning eye.

And at last, one pleasant summer morning,
When roses were all in bloom,
Death gently came with the wandering breezes,
To bear your spirit home.
And all that was once so gay
Was still and calm with a perfect sadness,
And you had passed away.

Through the casement the wind is moaning,
On the pane the ivy crawls;
The fire is faded to ashes,
And the black brand broken falls;
The voices are gone, but I linger,
And silence is over all;
Where once there was music and laughter,
Death stands in the empty hall.
There is only a dead rose lying,
Faded and crushed on the floor,
And a harp, whose strings are broken,
That love will play no more.

"I Am Yet a King!"*.....*Lucy Hooper*.....*Early Prose and Verse (Harper & Bros.)

Francis I., being defeated at the battle of Pavia, was kept a prisoner by Charles V. On being released from captivity, as he mounted his horse he exclaimed: "I am yet a king!"

Oh! lightly on his barb he sprung, that monarch brave and free,
While from his lips the cheering words broke forth exultingly,—
"I am yet a king; I turn once more unchecked my bridle-rein—
Now for the fields of sunny France, of France, mine own again!

"I am yet a king—I am yet a king, oh, France! that it should be
That ever on thy monarch's brow should pale thy 'fleur-de-lis,'
That brave or knight of thine should e'er be forced to yield his lance,
Yet, yet am I once more thy king, oh, sunny land of France!

"I am yet a king—I am yet a king, the heavy dream hath past,
And light word to an evil foe, I ween, shall lightly last,
For swords shall gleam, and blood shall flow, like rivers to the main,
So shall thy king, oh, gallant France! wash out the evil stain.

"I am yet a king—I am yet a king, be mine the kingly pride
To range once more in war array, my nobles at my side;
To see their lances brightly shine, and tread my foeman down,
Till in the dust the glories lie of his imperial crown.

"I am yet a king—I am yet a king! Oh France, bright France, for me!
Thine are the golden lilies, thine the flower of chivalry,
Thine are the clear and sunny skies, and thine the glancing waters,
And brave, oh! brave are all thy knights, and fair thy smiling daughters.

"I am yet a king—a king of thine, oh, France! I feel it now;
What is the past, that it should cast a shadow on my brow!
Again, again my hopes are high, again my course is free,
Oh! pleasant land and sunny land, who would not die for thee?

"I am yet a king—I am yet a king! once more my sword is bright,
The captive soon shall prove himself true king and noble knight,
For richly shall the blood stream flow, and brightly lances shine,
Oh, France, ere thou shalt ever blush for recreant son of thine!"

"O May I Join the Choir Invisible".....George Eliot.....Poems

Longum illud tempus, quum non ero, magis me movet, quam hoc exiguum
—Cicero, ad Att., xii. 18.

O may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence: live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues.

So to live is heaven:
To make undying music in the world,
Breathing as beauteous order that controls
With growing sway the growing life of a man.
So we inherit that sweet purity
For which we struggled, failed, and agonized
With widening retrospect that bred despair.
Rebellious flesh that would not be subdued.
A vicious parent shaming still its child
Poor anxious penitence, is quick dissolved;
Its discords, quenched by meeting harmonies,
Die in the large and charitable air.
And all our rarer, better, truer self,
That sobbed religiously in yearning song,
That watched to ease the burthen of the world.

Laboriously tracing what must be,
And what may yet be better—saw within
A worthier image for the sanctuary,
And shaped it forth before the multitude
Divinely human, raising worship so
To higher reverence more mixed with love—
That better self shall live till human Time
Shall fold its eyelids, and the human sky
Be gathered like a scroll within the tomb
Unread forever.

This is life to come,
Which martyred men have made more glorious
For us who strive to follow. May I reach
That purest heaven, be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty—
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense.
So shall I join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

VANITY FAIR: FADS, FASHIONS AND FOIBLES

Misrepresented Maidens.....Much Ado About Nothing.....London World

Gladly as we would believe that our social augurs, in their discussion of the modern daughter, are winking the other eye in accordance with classic precedent, it is only too evident that they are resolved not merely to be taken, but to take themselves and each other seriously. The portentous gravity which certain amateur philosophers of the superior sex are bringing to the task of magnifying the latest bee that has settled in their bonnets goes far to justify the hardest things that have been said by masculine critics about the feminine sense of humor. On both sides of the controversy the same tendency to exaggeration and over-statement has all along been manifested. It is difficult, indeed, to say whether emancipators or anti-emancipators have been the greater offenders in this respect. Wrangle as they may, the apostles of impracticable license and the champions of antiquated restraint are at least united in their persistent blindness to the actual conditions of the problem they worry with such superfluous energy.

The startling statements of claim lately advanced on behalf of an imaginary modern maidenhood, represented as yearning for the abolition of all sex distinctions whatever, have, of course, ludicrously distorted the real ideas and aspirations of the average daughter "up to date." Yet, fervently as this much-debated young person must pray to be saved from her literary friends, she is no whit worse served by their misguided zeal than are the adherents of the social and sexual "status quo" by such advocacy as that of a distinguished authoress who has just written a novel with the express object of illustrating the soul-destroying influences that may be expected to result from a Girton training and a liberal allowance of the higher education. To tell the truth even at the expense of gallantry, there has been enough absolute and undiluted nonsense written on both sides of this question during the past few months to delight the hearts of those intrepid skeptics who still dare to scoff at the feminine "movement," and to deny woman the logical faculty, the sense of proportion, and the due appreciation of mental and moral perspective. Challenged to make good their defense of the Teutonic theory of womankind's true position in the social economy, these may inconveniently reply by pointing to this absurd symposium on "revolted" daughters, and by asking what may be expected from the rank and file of the sex, since this is the standard of logic, moderation, and sweet reasonableness obtaining among its social leaders and literary spokeswomen.

The most conspicuous, and certainly the most irritating, feature of this silly discussion has been its utter insincerity. For the most part the desire has obviously been rather to create sensations than to deal with facts; to make a case, and a startling one, rather than to consider an actually existing situation. The result has been a general and fatal overshooting of the mark. No one really believes that any appreciable number of English girls of any class or degree are pining for latch-keys and liberty, or are yearning for the inestimable privilege of "sowing their wild oats" on the same terms and with the same freedom as the more graceless of their brothers. It is hard to believe that a libel so flagrant, a caricature at once so offensive and so mendacious, can have really imposed even upon those who have been discussing it from various points of view with such shrill volubility. The fact is that the petticoat philosophers who air their wisdom in the periodical press have allowed themselves to be carried off their feet by the clamor of half a dozen eccentric novelettemongers of their own sex, whose "bizarre" portraits of unruly and undisciplined minxes they have too hastily accepted as faithful studies of the "advanced" young person of present-day society. In the attention which these unlovely heroines have attracted to themselves by the sheer force of their fantastic ugliness, our Wise Women have sagely permitted themselves to discern sufficient of the Zeitgeist to warrant them in enriching the world with yards of sensational "copy," approving or denunciatory according to the individual taste and fancy of the writer.

The whole thing has been ludicrously overdone; the bogey has been too clumsily constructed and worked to alarm the most timid and reactionary of Grundyites. No doubt the thoughts of girls, as well as of men, have widened with the process of the suns, and they unquestionably demand, and rightly demand, more sensible treatment than was accorded to their grandmothers and great-grandmothers in the days of their youth. Doubtless, too, the reaction against the "prunes, prisms, and potatoes" "régime" which the last half century has witnessed has not yet reached its ultimate limit. But, whatever may be its future developments, we may be well assured that they will not convert the average healthy and self-respecting English girl into the obnoxious and unsexed termagant whose repellent lineaments have loomed so large of late in the monthly miscellanies.

Most of this exaggerated fuss about the rebellious tendencies of the modern maiden, this fevered talk about her contempt for the restraints of home-life and defiance of parental authority, is to be attributed to the characteristically feminine habit of using exceptions as examples and building dogmatic generalities on casual instances. So long as self-assertive egotism continues to be included in the list of human weaknesses, there will not be wanting individual specimens of the type of "unconventional" young person who sees in a noisy revolt against natural laws and social canons the one chance of directing attention to herself, and of diverting it from her incapacity to attract notice by more legitimate means. It is so easy to acquire a bogus reputation for originality and strength of character by posing as a martyr to domestic "convenances," and shrieking the vague jargon of boudoir anarchy, that there is some cause for wonder, as well as for congratulation, at the numerical insignificance of that little clique of insurgent daughters in whom we are invited to behold the typical representatives of latter-day maidenhood. As for the sober and rational movement in favor of the abolition of old-fashioned and unnecessary restraints, which this nonsense about "revolt" so grievously burlesques, it had begun before most of our present magazine philosophers had written their first school exercises, and is likely to be hindered rather than helped by their excited clamor. One would imagine, to read all this turgid stuff, that the plea for a larger measure of feminine independence

had been originated within the last two or three years. As a matter of fact, it was voiced half a century ago from an obscure Yorkshire parsonage, and the fearless little genius of Haworth who adopted it would have scouted the idea that she was the propounder of an original theory. What is true in the so-called "emancipation" movement is not new, and what is new is not true. Our society Sibyls and literary Cassandras are really disquieting themselves in vain.

How We Judge Character..... Philosophy of the Handshake.....Woman

The other evening at dinner, we were much interested in talking over the impressions we can carry away with us of people newly introduced. My mother said she always noticed the teeth, and drew many conclusions from the color, shape, size, transparency, etc. My sister said she invariably judged by the mouth, and had scarcely ever been mistaken. A friend staying with us always carried away a distinct portrait of the color, shape, and expression of the eye. I declared for the handshake, and so far have not had reason to change my opinion that this is the surest test, especially taken in conjunction with the laugh. To begin with, there is the animal magnetism which must pass from one to the other. To take a few examples: The firm, honest, hearty handshake of a sincere man, perhaps rather rough, so that one feels cognizant of one's fingers for some time after, points to a character possibly somewhat wanting in tact and refinement, but genuine and true. Then the soft, silky, insinuating hand, which, as one shakes it, slips out of one's fingers. An Irishman, some one will say. Exactly. Who so clever as he to get out of awkward corners, never at a loss for the right word, or the laughable story to fill an awkward gap or cover an annoying contretemps. Then there is the flabby hand belonging to people who never put themselves out. Again, we have the quick, nervous handshake of an excitable, nervous temperament, or its opposite, the nerveless, passive one of a person out of health. Then there is the hand that, as you shake it, seems to collapse. Do not trust the possessors of a hand such as that. My pet abomination, though, is the fishy handshake, which leaves on one the impression of having touched a toad or a snake. Beware of those hands and their owners. Lastly, there is the fashionable pump-handle shake, betokening the fickle follower of the whim of the hour.

Private Palace Cars.....Luxury of Modern Travel..... New York Tribune

Luxury in railroad travel has reached its acme since the perfection of the private car system. The two great palace car companies are turning out of their shops, to be chartered by those persons who can afford the cost, cars that contain all the comforts and conveniences of a first-class hotel or a handsome residence, and it seems almost impossible for the completeness of the arrangements of these travelling hotels or homes to be added to.

The private car originally was established for the benefit of the leading railroad officials of the country. The first one of the sort was built a quarter of a century ago by the Pennsylvania Railroad for the accommodation of its chief executive. The experiment was a success and was imitated by all the other prominent roads, until to-day there is scarcely a transportation line of importance which has not a car set aside for the use of its president, its vice-presidents, and perhaps one or two of its other leading officers. Talking recently on the subject, General Horace Porter, vice-president of the Pullman Palace Car Company, said: "The railroad private car has been an economical investment for the railroads. When a man at the head of a great railroad system is charged with delicate negotiations which sometimes require his presence immediately at a distance several hundred miles away, he can do more for the good of his company when he enjoys seclusion, a good rest and good meals than if he were hurried to an appointment on the ordinary railroad car. The luxury, if you please, of this travel is also an inducement to more frequent trips of study and inspection of the road, and what might seem to be extravagant from a narrow point of view has redounded to the advantage of the stockholder." To give the list of the strictly private cars in the country would be to print a small edition of Poor's Railroad Manual. These cars are fitted up magnificently, but they are seldom superior to the private cars now manufactured for the benefit of the general public. Perhaps the most gorgeous private car owned by railroad officials is that of Dr. W. Seward Webb, President of the Wagner Palace Car Company. Dr. Webb's first car was built by Barney, Smith & Co., at Dayton, Ohio, about ten years ago. Two cars were built for him subsequently, but the one that he now owns is called the Ellsmere. It was in this car that Dr. Webb took a party of his friends over a distance of 11,192 miles, covering twenty-five States and Territories. The trip was made without any accident or detention.

The Ellsmere may be taken as a sample of the best private cars now turned out from the shops of the palace car companies. It is nearly seventy-nine feet long and ten and a half feet wide, the height from the track at centre over all being fourteen feet three inches. It is capable of carrying perishable provisions for four or five weeks at any time of the year. There are two staterooms finished in mahogany, with two double berths in each room and connecting with toilet-rooms having hot and cold water, bureaus, etc. The third or family-room is 11 feet 6 inches long by 6 feet 9½ inches wide. It has a stationary bed 5 feet wide, with drawers below, and a single or upper berth at the side for children. A toilet-room, with washstand, with hot and cold water, a large locker, mirrors, etc., connects with it. This car will accommodate from ten to fourteen persons. The observation room at the end of the car is finished in quartered English oak, has a sofa section and luxurious armchairs. The parlor or dining-room contains an extension table that will seat twelve persons comfortably. There is a large mahogany writing-desk at one end of this room with book-case, shelves, etc., over it and a sofa section at the other end. The berths in this section and in the section in the observation-room have all the privacy of a stateroom when separated from the adjoining parts of the car by curtains and occupied at night. There is a toilet-room for the general use of the occupants of the car, and a bathroom with tub, connecting. There is also a porter's room for storing baggage and a double berth for porters or attendants. The car, of course, carries an elaborate kitchen, pantry, china closet, ice-box and every facility for hotel accommodations. An extra axle can be strapped under this car, and every provision is made for accident.

The Pullman, as the older company, was first in the field in manufacturing private cars for chartering to the public, but the construction of this class of equipment

does not date back more than fifteen years. As the luxury of this style of travelling became more appreciated, improvements were constantly added, and now it is a dull season when all of the private car equipment of the Wagner and Pullman companies is not in use. The cost of modern private cars ranges from $16,000 to $19,000. There are in use now fifteen cars of Wagner make and as many more of Pullman manufacture. The cost of a private car is $50 a day when the car is used for less than thirty days. Beyond that time-limit the charge is $45 a day. This includes the service of a chef, porter and attendants of the palace car companies, while those who charter the cars may stock their larder at their own expense or pay the palace car company for doing so. The transportation charges are, of course, paid by the person or party chartering the car, but every detail in the itinerary arranged is looked after by the company's officials. The stars of the theatrical profession are liberal patrons of the private car system. The Pullman car Coronet has been specially devoted to Adelina Patti. On her visits to this country she has always insisted on having not only this particular car, but a certain crew to man it; and one porter in particular has been a necessity to any successful trip of Patti through the country. Mrs. Langtry's favorite car was the Mayflower. Jefferson, Irving, Modjeska and Clara Morris have been patrons of the Pullman car. In the last year Miss Morris has had the Corsair, one of the Wagner build, which she has just given up. Richard Mansfield has had the Wagner's Viceroy in his service for five months.

The Pullman Company has a car named Izaak Walton, which is specially fitted up for hunting and fishing parties. It is now in the service of Royal Phelps Carroll. This car is constructed with more regard to the requirements of "stag" parties, and contains dog kennels, racks for guns, and other accommodations needed by a travelling sporting party. One of the Pullman private cars, the Gleneyre, has been for several years continually chartered to George Westinghouse, of the Westinghouse Electric Company. Another Pullman car, the Mascot, was used by ex-President Harrison on his trip West to begin his lectures at the Stanford University. The popularity of the private car rests, of course, upon the fact that it furnishes all the comforts of a home in travelling. It renders its occupants independent of hotel accommodations, and it is this feature which has made it particularly popular for theatrical companies travelling through parts of the country where there may be doubt as to hotel accommodations. No matter how poor a "house" may greet the travelling actors, they are sure on their return to the private cars of a first-class meal and a sound sleep in comfortable beds. An additional advantage which the private car, however, shares with the sleeper constructed by the palace car companies, arises from its strong and solid construction. Time and again in accidents the sleeper or private car passed unscathed through a collision, derailment or other accident which has caused loss of life among occupants of the ordinary equipment. The private car is usually attached to the fast vestibuled trains of the railroads, and those trains, being practically one solid car, have a tremendous advantage over the less substantially built equipment. Only last summer at Battle Creek, Mich., an excursion train of vestibuled Pullman cars, while standing on the track, was struck by a train of ordinary cars. Not a lamp was broken in the vestibuled cars by the force of the collision. The private cars furnished by the palace car companies differ only in the magnificence of their appointments and the capacity for accommodation. Each one has a large salon or parlor, furnished with luxurious movable chairs and couches, a centre extension table, writing-desk, and reading lamps; it is furnished with washstands, toilet-rooms, closets and drawers for clothing, and a full equipment in the kitchen department of utensils, china, silver, tableware, table linen, etc. Many cars have every facility of the bathroom. The cars are handsomely upholstered and furnished with curtains, draperies, portières, etc., of elegant material.

In addition to the private cars furnished for use by the Wagner and Pullman companies, there are other cars for special chartering. Sleeping cars are often taken by family parties, tourists and theatrical companies. These cars have from twenty to thirty-two double berths, with stateroom, smoking-room, etc. The hotel car has practically the same capacity as the sleeping car, but in addition a kitchen is furnished, complete with necessary equipment for serving meals on the way. Tourist cars are extensively used for excursion parties at reduced rates. The average capacity of these cars is the same as that of first-class sleepers, and they are fully supplied with bedding and linen. When wanted for round-trip excursions these cars may be hired at the rate of $25 a day. Sleepers are often chartered for various conventions or meetings. J. C. Yager, general superintendent of the Wagner Palace Car Company, said recently that over fifty cars had been chartered already for the Christian Endeavor Convention to be held next July at Cleveland, Ohio. Mr. Yager added that the business in private cars was steadily growing. "In spite of all we can do," said Mr. Yager, "the business always outgrows our preparations for it. The equipment of the Wagner Company now includes fifteen private cars for public chartering, twelve combination cars, half sleeper and half drawing-room; five hotel cars; over twenty tourist cars, and twenty café cars; 125 buffet cars, fifty-two buffet smokers, sixty dining-cars; 250 drawing-room cars, and from 700 to 800 sleepers in the regular service."

Aquariums of the Rich..Fashions in Fishes..L. J. Vance (Pittsburg Leader)

It is not generally known that some of the most expensive fishes in the world are to be found in the aquariums of wealthy New York families. Expensive? Well, yes; there are certain kinds of fish worth $100 a pair, and some are worth $100 a-piece. The other day the writer saw a pair of Japanese fringe-tails recently imported from Japan, where choice breeds of fish are cultivated and kept in aquaria for ornamental purposes only. The pair was valued at over $100, on account of certain exquisite markings. The passion for rare and beautiful fishes is a new fad in Gotham. Of course it is a pleasure in which only people of wealth can indulge to any extent. It is simply a luxury, for the cheapest of these fishes will cost $10, while the oddest ones bring fancy prices. There are fashions in fishes just as there are in dogs, cats, horses and bonnets. The "fish fad" is in imitation of the Oriental custom of having valuable fishes as household pets. A trip to Mikado-land has been "all the go" of late years. Now, in Japan, families of moderate means have their jars of fine fishes. In the aquaria of the noble Japanese families are to be found species of odd and curious fishes that have been bred and cultivated for the past

five hundred years. Thus, the paradise fish, like the German canary, is a product of cultivation, as there is no place where it is found in a wild state. It is a native of China. There the fish have been cultivated for hundreds of years. The stock is kept pure, and the Chinese raise specimens, perfect in form, fin and color.

There are a few breeders of ornamental fish in this country. One of the dealers in New York is Mr. Samuel, who has been successful in breeding Japanese and Chinese fishes. But the most valuable specimens are imported. Of course, the great trouble is in keeping the most delicate fish alive during the long voyage from Japan. If they do not die on the way here they may soon after they arrive. The trouble and care required add not a little to the price of these imported varieties. Admiral Ammen was the first to introduce the bright red Japanese fan-tail fishes into the United States. He made one or two attempts before he was successful in bringing his specimens alive here. He found that, when the Japanese transported these delicate fish any distance, they carried them in earthenware vessels, and fanned the water to aerate it. He followed this plan and brought his specimens to this country. The people who own these high-priced fishes are now showing them off to their friends and callers. This winter a well-known society woman put her aquarium in a conspicuous place at her receptions. It attracted more attention and excited more exclamations of delight than any dainty bit of bric-a-brac could have done. At a Japanese tea party a few weeks ago the centre ornament of the table was a large crystal globe containing Japanese fish. This was placed on a large shell, from which feathery sea-weed sprung, and almost hidden in the mass were quaint Japanese bronzes; a bronze lobster appeared in the group. The service was of old Nankin blue and white. The menu-holders were painted after Japanese designs.

At his country seat a well-known New York banker has a fine specimen of the Chinese paradise fish. There is, perhaps, not another specimen of this variety in the new world. The paradise fish is an ornamental fish, cultivated for the aquarium in China. What makes this fish remarkable are its colors, which surpass in brilliancy any fish bred for the purpose. In shape and size its body is not unlike that of the pumpkin-seed sunfish. Here are some of the colors and marking. The side of the body and the crescent-shaped caudal fin are deep crimson, the former having ten or a dozen blue stripes, while the fin has a blue border. The gills are blue, bordered with bright crimson. The head is gray, with dark spots. The remarkable feature of the paradise fish is the under surface of the body. This is continually changing color—at one time it is white, and at another time it is gray or black. The dorsal fins, which are unusually large, are striped, dotted with brown and bordered with blue. The ventral fins are dull colored. The pectorals are transparent and show no color. Altogether the paradise fish is a wonderful product.

Another ornamental fish which is interesting, is the Chinese comet goldfish. There are several specimens to be seen in New York aquariums. Mr. Hays, an enthusiastic collector of valuable fishes, has a representative of the comet variety. It attracts attention on account of its immense caudal fins, which spread out like sails when the comet-fish is swimming. The scaleless goldfish is common in Germany. As the name would indicate, the peculiarity of this goldfish is that the body is entirely without scales. This leaves the transparent covering, and the effect is rather weird. Here one sees the heart, the vertebral column, and the divided air bladder, by means of which the fish are able to rise or sink at will. The whole internal machinery of the fish is open for inspection. To supply the demand for odd and curious fish, the dealers send for specimens in different parts of the world. They know that if they can obtain a "freak," they can secure a good price from their wealthy customers. On this order is the pair of white axolotl from Mexico, which are to be seen in the acquarium of a New York dealer. These Mexican "freaks" are batrachians with four feet and tails. The brown variety are not uncommon, but the white axolotl live in the dark, and if they are exposed for any length of time to the sunlight they change their color and become brown. The peculiar feature of the white axolotl is that the exterior gills are so transparent that the circulation of the blood corpuscles can be readily seen under a magnifying glass.

There is one New York gentleman who derives considerable amusement from his collection of "electric rays." He induces his friends to put their hands into the water, and when they touch the fish they receive a shock. One can imagine the various expressions of surprise, or the cries of fright. The collector laughs, and then tells his shocked friends what kind of fish there are in the water. The electric rays are not rare, but it is said they are difficult to maintain in an aquarium. These rays are found in the Atlantic and Indian oceans, and as far north as the English channel. No aquarium is complete without those wonderful forms of deep-sea life which look more like plants and flowers than animals. A marine aquarium with such a display is an ornament, and a continual pleasure and profit.

Rich Raiments of the Past..A Queen's Wardrobe..Worthington's Magazine

An inventory taken in the year 1600 of the wardrobe of Queen Elizabeth enables us to estimate the sumptuous attire with which Queen Bess at once delighted and astonished her subjects. She had at the date named 99 robes, 126 kirtles, 269 gowns (round, loose, and French), 136 foreparts, 125 petticoats, 27 fans, 96 cloaks, 83 saveguards, 85 doublets, and 18 lap mantles. Her gowns were of the richest and costliest material—purple, gold tissue, crimson, satin, cloth of gold, cloth of silver, white velvet, cloth and satins of dove-color, drake-color, horseflesh-color, and a very popular color known in those old times as "lady blush." A frock of silver cloth, chequered with red silk like birds' eyes, with demi-sleeves, a cut of crimson velvet twisted on with silver, and lined with crimson velvet. A French kirtle of white satin, cut all over, embroidered with loops, flowers, and clouds of Venice gold, silver, and silk. The forepart of one dress was white satin, embroidered very fine, with borders of the sun, moon, and other signs and planets, of Venice gold, silver, and silk of sundry colors, with a border of beasts beneath, likewise embroidered. Other gowns were adorned with bees, flies, spiders, worms, trunks of trees, pansies, oak-leaves, and mulberries; while some were resplendent with rainbows, suns, clouds, fountains, and flames of fire. Her buttons were of fantastic device, some being in the shape of flowers and butterflies, and those on one gorgeous dress were made in imitation of birds of paradise.

FACTS AND FIGURES: THE LITTLE ENCYCLOPÆDIA

Out of 1,292 answers to letters sent to Kansas farmers asking if farming paid, 1,251 answered emphatically "no."——Ostrich plumes are plucked once in eight months.——An "inch of rain" means a gallon of water spread over a surface of nearly two square feet, or a fall of about 100 tons upon an acre.——Three hundred and sixty mountains in the United States are over 10,000 feet high.——The average weight of 20,000 men and women weighed at Boston, was men 141 1-2 pounds, women 124 1-2 pounds.——More people die in spring than in any of the seasons.——The cockroach is a sacred insect among the Chinese.——After being abolished for twenty-five years, the death penalty has been resumed in Switzerland.——There are 13,000 varieties of postage stamps.——It has been declared by Dr. Ross, a Nova Scotian mining expert, that Wyoming is richer in minerals than any other State in the country.——The blackbird and the cuckoo are the only known birds that never build nests.——One can read the history of wet and dry, warm and cold seasons by studying the rings of a tree that has been chopped down.——Ninety-five per cent. of vacant public lands are in the arid regions.——It is computed that the death rate of the world is sixty-seven a minute, and the birth rate seventy a minute, and this seemingly light percentage of gains is sufficient to give a net increase of population each year of almost 1,200,000 souls.——The water that pours over the Falls of Niagara is wearing the rock away at the rate of five yards in four years.

There are over sixty languages and dialects spoken by subjects of the Czar.——It is a surprising fact that of all the organic salts of our body we only take one—sodium chloride, or common salt—from inorganic nature and add it to our food. All other salts are present in organic food-stuffs in quantities sufficient to our requirements; we have no need to seek for them elsewhere. ——Taking the earth as the centre of the universe and the polar star as the limit of our vision, the visible universe embraces an aerial space with a diameter of 420,000,000,000 miles and a circumference of 1,329,742,000,000 miles.——A train which runs at the rate of 85 miles requires a mile in which to stop, when going at full speed.——In a square inch of the human scalp the hairs number about 1,000 and the whole number on an adult scalp is about 120,000.——Gold alloyed with 20 per cent. of aluminium takes on a brilliant ruby tint.——The total number of deaths in the United States in 1892 was about 900,000; the number of persons cremated that year, 503. As crematories have been in existence in the United States since 1881, these statistics indicate that the movement favoring the burning of the dead is not making much progress.——Drunkenness is very rare in Rio Janeiro, the cause being that the people drink coffee to the almost entire exclusion of alcoholic beverages.

Nearly 10 per cent. of the yield from this year's cotton crop in the South is from cottonseed oil, once thrown aside as useless.——There is a project of establishing at Las Vegas, New Mexico, a "gentleman's paradise," which is expected to rival in detail Monte Carlo.——A process by which all kinds of wood can be rendered incombustible has been invented by a Chicago chemist. ——A single match requires from 1.200th to 1.100th of a grain of phosphorus for its production, yet the consumption of matches is so large that it is estimated that the total of 1,200 tons is less than the amount consumed in Europe in their manufacture.——Professor Bruhl believes the female brain to be superior to the male because of its more delicate formation.——There are 5,925 lighthouse stations in the world. Of these England has 817, the United States 802, Canada and Newfoundland 494, and France comes fourth with 444 lights. The whole of Europe has 3,477 lighthouses or stations.——The anableb, a fish that inhabits the rivers of Guiana and Surinam, has two pupils in each eye, an upper and a lower one. When the fish is swimming it keeps this upper optic, which protrudes above the head, out of the water.——France has the largest debt in the world. It amounts to about 30,611,000,000 francs, equal to about $6,120,000,000. The public debt of the United States amounts to about one-fifth that of France—$585,039,310—not including about $2,000,000 of matured debt, and the greenbacks, Treasury notes, etc.——The most densely populated spot on earth is the Island of Malta.——The Czar's royal yacht, the Polar Star, cost almost $5,000,000.——The extravagance of the Empress Josephine cost her 600,000 francs a year for dress alone.

There are eight edible and twelve poisonous varieties of mushrooms in the United States.——California has 40 Chinese temples.——A Paris physician who lived to the age of 107 ascribed his longevity to placing his bed so that it stood north and south, in the direction of the great magnetic currents.——The black diamond is so hard that it cannot be polished.——The paper on which letters to the Queen of England are written must not be folded. No communication which bears evidences of having been folded will ever get by the Mistress of the Robes.——The skeleton of the leathery-winged bat is bone for bone and joint for joint similar to that of man.——The catacombs of Rome contain the remains of about 6,000,000 people.——The first mention of the pipe organ in history is in connection with Solomon's Temple, where there was an organ with ten pipes.——An automatic sculpturing machine has been invented in Paris.——It has heretofore been almost impossible to make large castings of aluminium, but the difficulty has now been so far overcome that pure aluminium bath-tubs are now made in a single piece. One of these tubs weighs but one hundred and forty pounds.——The population of the globe is thus divided in point of religion:—Christians—Protestants, 110,000,000; Romish Church, 191,000,000; Greek Orthodox Church, 96,000,000; Jews, 4,900,000; Mohammedans, 172,000,000; Heathens or Pagans, 234,000,000; Asiatic Buddhists, 648,000,000; grand total, 1,455,900,000.——The simplest way to tell iron from steel is to pour on the metal a drop of nitric acid, and allow it to act for one minute. On rinsing with water a grayish-white stain will be seen if the metal is iron; a black one, if it is steel.——The heart of a Greenland whale is a yard in diameter.

MATTERS MUSICAL, ARTISTIC AND DRAMATIC

Artists and their Characteristics.....Gaston L. Feuardent.....The Studio

Barye—A sculptor of great merit, but unequal and incomplete. He excels rather in expressing the instinct and the character of animals than their own vitality. As for his water colors, it has always been impossible for me "to make head or tail" of them.

Boldini—An agreeable talent which rarely but sometimes, however, does anything thoroughly well.

Bridgman—Cleverness in plenty. Began by making designs for bank notes. Might have kept on making money in other ways than by painting, without causing any great loss to true art.

Cazin—Always on the point of doing something well; but, so far, has never accomplished it.

Chaplin—First-class confectionery in very good taste.

Chase—Promised much some years ago; but, up to the present time, has not kept his promises. Just now, all we are getting from him is sad, fantastic essays without rhyme or reason.

Corot—A mighty genius, a Virgil for our eyes and for our souls. He has done better than Prometheus—he has stolen from the gods the dew that fertilizes the earth and has bathed his pictures in it. The first of painters (when he chooses).

Courbet—Has tried, but in vain, to pick the lock of the door of Genius. Yet he has done some very meritorious things, and some very beautiful.

Daubigny—A poet without doubt, but who has materialized a little too much.

Delacroix—A master, this; but one who has too much neglected nature, the mother-source, to plunge into romanticism. He appears to us, often, a Gustave Doré of genius.

Decamps—An artist of great merit, certainly, but who does not know how to move us. An art, one would say, preserved on ice.

Detaille—A clever talent, but wants life. He would probably have done better things if he had not been Meissonierized too early.

Diaz—The charming painter of Nature—off for a holiday!

Dupré—A fine artistic nature, from which have often sprung very beautiful canvases. A good captain in the army of the Generals Corot, Millet and the rest.

Henner—A painter of humanity seen through an aquarium.

Inness—An artist of talent and of great fertility. He would have been a very great painter, if he had been able to see Nature at the beginning of his career with the same eye he sees her with now. I may call him the American Jules Dupré.

Jacque—An agreeable artist but not original. He began by aping Millet, and has been doing it ever since.

Meissonier—A fine talent but nothing more. He is always attractive, and may be allowed the first of painters for the étagère.

Michel—A real artist, born too soon to have profited by all the teachings of the new school of nature.

Millet, J. F.—A rustic Michelangelo of our own time. Beside their art, essentially male, his pictures have always some beautiful and noble thought suggested by the action of the personages. In his landscapes the sky and the land do not stop at the horizon, but we feel them carried far beyond the limits of the canvas. Millet may be accused of having too warmly embraced the culture of "the ugly," but he has often turned it to beauty by the intensity of expression.

Minor—Has the solid stuff of a true artist.

Monticelli—His frightful way of painting (one would think he used a syringe rather than a brush!) spoils nearly everything that might be good in his works.

Neuville—Has more of the sentiment and life than Detaille. He also would certainly have done better things had he more serious masters in the beginning.

Rehn—Needs only more limpidity in his skies and water, to make his pictures thoroughly good.

Rousseau—An artist of an admirable talent and exquisite taste—but incomplete. His pictures reflect so strongly his ardent love of nature we are tempted to forget their occasional warmth of life and atmosphere.

Schreyer—Too monotonous; too much snow that could never turn into water.

Tholen—A good modern Dutchman with excellent, solid qualities.

Troyon—One of our good artists, but he lacks a little of that inspiration that made Corot sing.

Van Marcke—Good taste, correct but cold, without life, without air. His sky and earth, his animals and trees are all made of the same stuff, covered up agreeably enough with painting.

Vollon—How comes it that this artist, so justly prized, is at one time so fine and so strong and at another so commonplace and ever so bad?

Ziem—A charming colorist, who almost always does the same thing, but often does it very brilliantly!

The American Melodrama.....George Grossmith.....To-day

The American play of the period is a queer mixture of melodrama, farce, tragedy, comedy, music-hall, and a lot of other things. It has a profound pathos in it, and is plentifully supplied with what are called "specialities." These are dragged in with a sublime indifference to everything but the very peculiar taste of the public that likes that sort of thing. There is just one theme for the drama in question. I will briefly outline the story. There is a homestead which is about to be sold to a railway company, as the projected line is to run through the farm; but the railway is given up, so the homestead is not sold. That's all. But the theme is worked out in a vast variety of ways.

As the curtain goes up you hear a tuneful refrain—something between a Salvation Army hymn and a plantation melody, the subject of which seems to be "the shore"—"on the shore," that's how the chorus always ends—"a baby"—or something—"on the shore," I never could catch the words exactly. Well, the curtain goes up, and discovers John, the owner of the homestead, sitting in the middle of the stage with his head hanging down. American actors, by the way, always act with their heads hanging down. English actors, on the other hand, keep their heads up to such an extent that people in the pit never see anything but their necks. Enter John's brother. He goes up to John sadly and says, "Don't sell the old homestead."

(This in quaveringly pathetic tones.) "Why not?" replies John. "Because we've had it so long—nearly twelve years!" says the brother. "Don't sell the old homestead, John!" "I will sell it!" says John, curtly, and then he goes off. His brother is heart-broken. He comes forward close to the footlights, takes a paper-bag of sand from his pocket, sprinkles it on the stage, tosses aside the bag, and then does a jig in the best style of the song-and-dance art. Then the brother goes off, and enter four farm-hands. To them enter John. "Don't sell the old homestead, John," they plead. They have been working for him a whole week, and of course address him as John. "I will sell it!" replies John again, and again he goes off.

The farm-hands are cast down with sorrow, so they step up close to the footlights in a row and then it turns out that they are a quartette party. They sing a touching melody and go off, after which enter the leading lady, John's wife, and her daughter, a sprightly and fetching soubrette in a long pinafore and big straw hat. This character is played by a lady something more than twice the age of her "mother," and her special line of business is posturing as a tom-boy girl. The play ends with a tableaux in which John, surrounded by a very large and heretofore unsuspected family, augmented by the quartette, are grouped stiffly in the middle of the stage, and again the melting strains of "on the shore," are wafted over the audience as the curtain descends.

Music in Wales.....A Musical People .....The Westminster Gazette

Every church and chapel in every Welsh village and town has its choir, often numbering sixty, seventy, or a hundred voices, and every choir has its musical prodigies, leaders of parts, mayhap, who have never had a lesson in music in their lives, or some uncouth colliers or tip-girls, with voices which, had they been trained and developed, might have made of them Edward Lloyds or Antoinette Sterlings. District after district has its "united choral union," which will take up the study of some work of the great masters and deliver it at an annual concert or Christmas festival; not in the pale, flickering, dispassionate style which is so characteristic of some English choirs, but with rugged fire and intensity. I have had the good fortune to hear the greatest oratorios rendered under the most brilliant conditions that talent and culture could produce in this the most talented and cultured of all metropoles, but I have never heard the majestic roll of the Hallelujah Chorus or the matchless melodies of the Elijah rendered with such soul and verve and eloquence as by an obscure "united choir," led by a workingman in a mining village among the hills of Glamorganshire.

Rough, if you will; ruggedly vehement and impetuous, but rough with the roughness of unpolished genius, impetuous with the impetuosity of mountain torrents. The force of it, the emotional fervor, the richness of volume, the tone and timbre in it—these are things not to be forgotten. The same qualities in a lesser degree may be observed in the singing of any small chapel choir inside the boundaries of Wales. You shall never hear such singing as you may hear on quiet Sunday evenings from some Welsh hillside sanctuary by a choir of working lads and lasses, conducted by some rough-and-ready, unkempt, self-taught musician. Music, then, we assert, is the very soul and kernel of the Welsh nature. A musical ear is the national birthright. Every Welsh preacher who migrates to an English church finds the greatest difficulty in abstaining from that weird, peculiar intonation of his sermon which is known as the "hwyl," and which is often strange and objectionable to English ears. Another remarkable and subtle fact which will be interesting to English readers and at the same time significant of the sensitiveness of the Welsh musical ear, is that it is positive discord to many among the Welsh congregations if the minister in "giving out" the first verse, does not so pitch the voice that it shall be in harmony with the key in which the tune has preliminarily been played by the instrumentalist.

Wagner and His Influence.....Anton Seidl .....North American Review

It is probable that more has been said and written about Wagner than about any other composer that ever existed. This is not surprising, for besides being one of the greatest geniuses that the world has yet produced, he represented a revolution from musical tradition that had been held in honor for centuries, and he possessed a combination of talents, any one of which might achieve fame for any man, and all of which would not only make him the object of universal attention, but the target of criticism. Under these circumstances it is only natural that in the minds of many people the true significance of his work should be either lost sight of altogether or obscured beneath the flood of literature concerning its manifold phases poured from the press. His partisans are as prone to exaggerate his merits as his enemies are to detract from them.

One of the commonest and one of the most serious mistakes about Wagner is the general belief that he was the first to appreciate the inadequacy of the old school of music, and to strive for higher forms. But, as a matter of fact, Glück first felt this inadequacy, and his compositions show that he tried to elevate music above the level on which the composers of his day worked. The original production of Orpheus in Paris created a public disturbance similar to that witnessed there when Wagner had his earliest Parisian representation. But the genius of Glück was far inferior to Wagner's; he could only strive toward the goal that his successor attained. He deserves credit for what he tried to do, and it is not just that his efforts should be lost sight of in the glory of one who succeeded where he partly failed. Wagner's conception of what opera in its highest form should be was none the less sublime because it had dimly occurred to another. The wedding of the drama and music—this was the underlying principle of that conception. The drama Wagner regarded as the expression of the life of man. But he saw that this expression was in a sense incomplete, that it could be made adequate, perfect, even sublime, if united with music in perfect harmony with its character and spirit. Before his time the so-called grand opera consisted chiefly of feeble libretti, to which primitive, almost childish melodies had been set; there was no life, no passion, no soul, in most of these works. One might be pardoned for comparing them with musical puppets singing from phonographs.

Yet, before Wagner's time, Beethoven and Weber were following in the footsteps of Glück. But, until toward the very end of his life, Beethoven's conceptions, with the exception of his single opera Fidelio, were purely musical; he worked, so to speak, almost wholly in the realms of the ideal. He appreciated the

possibility of expressing in music the highest human emotions, those that called for dramatic power. His symphonies and his opera show that he tried to attain this expression; they represent a steady development culminating in a splendid climax in the Ninth Symphony, when at last he found music inadequate and felt the need of words. So in the solos and choruses of this symphony he used words with fine effect. As for his opera, that embodies his attempt to express his conception of perfect conjugal love. In the case of Weber we find a composer who felt, as Wagner did, the greatness of the higher opera, and in his works he tried to make the most of the opportunities it presented. Yet he was hampered by clinging to the old forms of music, through which he expressed his ideas. Both Beethoven and Weber may be said to occupy the middle ground between the old and the new schools of compositions. But for their achievements the work of Wagner would have been far more revolutionary than it actually was. These earlier composers prepared the way for him But the old style was still firmly established by tradi tion, and Wagner bravely set himself to the task of destroying tradition. He saw that the passions of mankind offered material for a noble drama fit to be the vehicle of a noble music. So he proceeded to look about for subjects suitable to his purpose. These he found in the Norse legends, which he drew upon extensively and which he developed and almost transformed by his genius.

For it should be borne in mind that Wagner's literary ability was of the highest quality; it was in perfect harmony with the spirit of his music. Dr. Foerster, formerly director of the German Theatre in Berlin, and later of the Court Theatre in Vienna, once expressed his belief to me that if the Meistersinger were produced as a play, by first-class artists and under favorable surroundings, it would make a great success. In this connection I recall a remark made to me by Wagner himself on the occasion of the first performance of Rheingold in Berlin, which I conducted. On the programme he called it a "comic play with music," and the cast was truly ideal, made up as it was by great singers who were also great actors: Scaria, the basso, of Vienna; Schelper, the baritone, of Leipsic; Lieban, the comic tenor, of Berlin; and Vogel, the heroic tenor, of Munich. At the close of the opera, Wagner, who might be supposed to think chiefly of the music and of the orchestration, said to me: "I have never seen it acted so well." I quote this simply to illustrate the great stress he put upon the dramatic side of grand opera. He appreciated the advantages of a composer's being able to unite in himself the two gifts of writing both book and music, for he used to say that only the composer himself knew just what he wanted to express, meaning, of course, that if he undertook to give musical color, so to speak, to the ideas of others, he would be greatly handicapped.

All composers at the present time realize that there is much truth in this belief, but few or none of them possesses the slightest literary ability. Their talent tends to isolate them from all other kinds of creative work. This fact is due partly to their education, which is special, perhaps in a sense narrow. It would be well if all musicians, before beginning their careers, could have a thorough, a well-rounded education. I have observed, however, that in youth most of them display little taste for those studies that do not bear directly or indirectly upon their art: even when they have established themselves they do very little reading or studying outside of music. Their labors are exacting and they prefer to use their leisure in recreation and in other ways that are not at all literary. Under these circumstances, we cannot expect our composers to follow Wagner's example by attempting to write their own libretti. Moreover, I believe that it is possible for composer and author to work together in perfect harmony, one being simply the counterpart of the other.

It is slavish imitation of Wagner that has caused the barrenness of contemporary music in Germany. The young German composers, not content with being stimulated by the spirit of the master, have actually reproduced his harmonies as if these were their own. They simply give us Wagner over again, weakened, of course, by their own feebler imagination. They make the mistake of confounding Wagner's work with his style, both of which, though they must be considered together, are really distinct. For example, in painting, if an artist wishes to paint in the style of a Raphael, he has a perfect right to do so; but he has no right to copy a Raphael Madonna and pass it off as his own creation. So, in what has come to be called Wagnerian music, a composer may write as much of it as he pleases; but he must not steal harmonies that were conceived by another. In other words, no matter what school of music a man may choose to follow, his individuality must always rise superior to it; he must never allow it to fetter his imagination, to cause him to imitate; for imitation, of course, is death to the creative impulse. It is perhaps natural that our young composers should be overshadowed by such a colossal figure as Wagner was, and for that matter always will be in the history of music. Those who lived while he lived, or those who are now writing while his influence is still fresh, are likely to show the effect of his power most conspicuously. But the lesson should be impressed upon every creative artist that his work, to be true, or effective, or lasting, must express himself—must spring from his own nature; otherwise, it will be the merest echo, and it will die away without leaving a trace behind it. Let him, by all means, take advantage of the system of Wagner, and follow that. This is quite different from trying to reproduce the originator of the system.

Frauds in Art.....*Alfred Trumble*.....*The Collector*

Persons conversant with the history of Sir Joshua Reynolds are well aware of the fact that the master had certain pupils who were extremely expert in copying his style, and that it was a custom with him, when replicas of any of his portraits were required, to have them made by these disciples, merely adding himself such finishing strokes as was necessary to identify them with his hand. The same practice is, upon credible grounds, attributed to Sir Thomas Lawrence and to Gainsborough. The operation may not have been strictly legitimate, but as the great painters were willing to acknowledge these reproductions, under their own signatures and seals as it might be, it is to be presumed that they were satisfied with the justice done them at the cost of what most people would be inclined to consider an injustice to the purchasers. There appears to be no doubt that this identical system was adopted by Rembrandt, Rubens, Vandyke and many other artists whose names are now

of the first rank, especially of the Italian schools. Titian, who throughout his long life was a notorious money-grabber, and Raphael himself fall under this accusation. Still, the actual work performed by the principals upon these canvases of their pupils is accepted as an authentication quite sufficient for the satisfaction of the average collector. The word "replica" has a significance sufficiently elastic to cover a multitude of such left-handed frauds, just as collaboration and editorship excuse similar literary offenses. We most of us know that a great deal of the romance of Alexandre Dumas, the father, was the work of other hands merely touched up by him; that much of the good in Wycherly's verses owes its merit to his young friend Pope, and we are even combatively informed that Shakespeare had Lord Bacon to write his plays and sonnets for him. In all these remoter cases, however, time has glossed over what custom did not license. A much more dangerous and, in this instance, downright and unadulterated swindle has grown up in our half of the century in the expert copying and signing of old pictures by modern hands.

This deliberate process of forgery has been too often described to require repetition in detail. Of late, however, another branch of the same nefarious business has commenced to find publicity. For some years past the older experts of Europe—men familiar for years with the great private and public collections—have noted the fact that there has been an evident substitution of copies for the originals of famous old pictures, especially in Italian galleries. The charge, in brief, is directly made that a great many originals of the Italian masters have been exported for sale—in some cases by their owners, in others by the custodian of public collections—and their places supplied by copies. Where the private owners of old family galleries are concerned, this operation is due to the Government prohibition of the foreign sale of collections that have acquired a national value of any great prominence.

On the part of the public galleries it is, of course, a case of unqualified theft on the part of the dishonest custodians. The charge is now directly made that a small and compact clique of dealers in Paris and London directly abet this trade, and that the illegally removed or stolen originals find their way, through their hands, into private collections in France, England and the United States. In a recent letter, a Florence newspaper correspondent positively states that two of the best pictures in one of the most celebrated private galleries of that city have been skillfully copied and the copies placed in lieu of the originals, which have, by this time, crossed the Alps and are coming Americawards, and unless powerful influence is made to bear there is an "esclandre" in view, as not from want but for greed has the deed been accomplished. Still, apart from its bearing on the social repute of the persons concerned, this is a venial offense; for, after all, a man should be permitted to sell what belongs to him, and his right to a disposition of his own property should not be invalidated by an arbitrary Government ukase. The real harm to collectors lies in the future. An owner forbidden by an unjust law to sell a picture, whether he may really need money or only want it, substitutes a copy and sells his original. This is mean, perhaps, but it can scarcely be denominated dishonest in the radical sense. But this copy remains in his collection. The fact that he owned the original which it replaces is a matter of record. The sale of the genuine picture is, of course, carefully concealed; so when the time comes, when the owner has passed away, and when his collection is subject to being broken up and sold, or transferred, the counterfeit carries the cachet of the true work.

There was once sent to this country a considerable collection of French pictures upon consignment for sale. Previous to their sale they were exhibited by dealers in New York and other cities in order to advertise their auctioning off. In another city than New York they were displayed in the gallery of a well-known dealer of his kind now dead, and if not forgotten, who at least deserves to be. The exhibition hours, as far as I can now recall, were from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M. This dealer occupied a whole house, what with his store, his frame-making, and gilding establishment, and a floor which he let out in studios to clever young painters then studying at the local Academy. These men were needy young dabsters at art, and lived in their studios. All of a sudden they unanimously developed an extraordinary degree of prosperity. They commenced to wear decent clothes and have money in their pockets. One day, happening to visit them, for I knew them all either as acquaintances or fellow-students, late in the afternoon, I had my eyes opened. Every Man Jack of them was copying a picture from the gallery down-stairs. The rascally dealer had every picture of any value in the collection confided to him for exhibition copied by them. The pictures were taken out of their frames as soon as the gallery was closed and the copies made between the exhibition hours. Years later I saw quite a little lot of these copies in various collections, all presented for my inspection as originals. Recently I found two of the originals in an auction-room. The scoundrel of a dealer, who is now dust, had replaced as many of the originals as he dared or could, as time went, within their term of exhibition with him, have copied, with their duplicates, and in due time had sold the authentic pictures piecemeal, in the course of trade, to his own profit. Up to the time when I record this reminiscence all but one of the men who did the copying are alive, and all occupy respectable if not important positions among our American artists. I do not wish to be understood as in any sense reflecting upon them. They were working for little more than bare bread. But here was a dealer who in his day had the confidence of the public, who had the confidence of private purchasers, and who had the confidence of artists and dealers abroad. Who can estimate the extent of his swindles with this for an example?

A London paper of recent date claims that the same fraud goes on in Babylon the New. In this circumstance it is the professional picture cleaners and restorers who are charged. The case can be put in a nutshell. You send an old picture, which is a genuine one, to one of these gentry. It requires relining or remounting and a general rehabilitation. You get your picture back, and it is a gem, brilliant, fresh, fine in color, and so on, all varnished up and finely framed. You may be astonished at the transformation. You may not be able to account for it. But your expert restorer informs you that your picture was an exceptionally fine example, pretty badly used by time, it is true, but still of such an original, solid quality that it could hold its own under restoration. So you pay the bill, somebody carries off the true picture, you have the false one, and in due time some collector secures the copy from you.

THE SKETCH BOOK: CHARACTER IN OUTLINE

Trying Old Prescriptions....A Specific for Balkiness....The Chicago Tribune

The crowd had gathered about a horse and buggy in the middle of the street. The horse had balked.

"Tie a string around his ear," said one of the by-standers. "It gives him something else to think of. I never knew it to fail."

A string was produced, and wound tightly round one of the animal's ears.

It had no effect.

"Blindfold him," suggested another.

A bandage was tied over his eyes, and an effort made to start him.

Same result.

"Back him."

"He won't back," said the exasperated owner. "I tried that."

"Try him with an ear of corn."

The ear of corn failed to move the obstinate horse.

"I'll see if I can persuade him some other way," said the exasperated owner of the animal.

He took a whip and belabored the beast with it until somebody threatened to have him arrested.

Then he kicked him a while.

All in vain.

Finally, a benevolent-looking old gentleman forced his way through the crowd and said:

"I have seen a great many balky horses started by building a fire under them. Can you get some straw or shavings?"

A boy was sent to a neighboring furniture store for some excelsior. He came back presently with a huge armful. It was placed on the ground under the horse, and a lighted match touched to it.

As the first feeble flame rose from it and the smoke began to curl about his legs, the horse unbent a little. He turned his head, took a calm survey of the situation, and, when the combustible stuff burst into a big blaze, he moved forward about six feet, in full possession of his faculties, and without any unnecessary haste, and stopped again.

And the elegant buggy was damaged $25 worth by the flames before it occurred to anybody to scatter the blazing stuff.

And then an old colored man in a faded suit of second-hand clothes and a hat with half the brim gone, went out and spoke kindly to the high-spirited animal, rubbed his nose, patted him on the neck, climbed into the damaged buggy, and said, "Git along, senny."

And the horse moved off down the street at a brisk trot, with his head high in the air.

A Patented Child....William L. Alden....The Humor of America (Scribner)

The town of Sussex, Pennsylvania, has lately been profoundly stirred by an extraordinary and romantic law-suit. The case was an entirely novel one, and no precedent bearing upon it is to be found in the common or statute law. While it is necessarily a matter of great interest to the legal profession, its romantic side cannot fail to attract the attention of persons of all ages and every kind of sex. In fact, it is destined to be one of the most celebrated cases in the annals of American jurisprudence.

Some time last winter, a lady whom we will call Mrs. Smith, who kept a boarding-house in Sussex, took her little girl, aged four, with her, to make a call on Mrs. Brown, her near neighbor. Mrs. Brown was busy in the kitchen, where she received her visitor with her usual cordiality. There was a large fire blazing in the stove, and while the ladies were excitingly discussing the new bonnet of the local Methodist minister's wife the little girl incautiously sat down on the stove hearth. She was instantly convinced that the hearth was exceedingly hot, and on loudly bewailing the fact, was rescued by her mother and carried home for medical treatment. A few days later Mrs. Smith burst in great excitement into the room of a young law student, who was one of her boarders, and with tears and lamentations disclosed to him the fact that her child was indelibly branded with the legend, "Patented, 1872." These words in raised letters had happened to occupy just that part of the stove-hearth on which the child had seated herself, and being heated nearly to red heat they had reproduced themselves on the surface of the unfortunate child.

The law student entered into the mother's sorrow with much sympathy, but after he had in some degree calmed her mind he informed her that a breach of law had been committed. "Your child," he remarked, "has never been patented, but she is marked 'Patented, 1872.' This is an infringement of the statute. You falsely represent by that brand that a child for whom no patent was issued is patented. This false representation is a forgery, and subjects you to penalty made and provided for that crime."

Mrs. Smith was, as may be supposed, greatly alarmed at learning this statement, and her first impulse was to beg the young man to save her from a convict's cell. With a gravity suited to the occasion, he explained the whole law of patents. He told her that had she desired to patent the child, she should either have constructed a model of it or prepared accurate drawings, with specifications showing distinctly what parts of the child she claimed to have invented. This model or these drawings she should have forwarded to the Patent Office, and she would then have received in due time a patent—provided, of course, the child was really patentable—and would have been authorized to label it "Patented." "Unfortunately," he pursued, "it is now too late to take this course, and we must boldly claim that a patent was issued, but that the record was destroyed during the recent fire in the Patent Office."

This suggestion cheered the spirits of Mrs. Smith, but they were again dashed by the further remarks of the young man. He reminded her that the child might find it very inconvenient to be patented. "If we claim," he went on to say, "that she has been regularly patented, it follows that the ownership of the patent, including the child herself, belongs to you, and will pass at your death into the possession of your heirs. Holding the patent, they can prevent any husband taking possession of the girl by marriage, and they can sell, assign, transfer, and set over the patent right and the accompanying girl to any purchaser. If she is sold to a speculator or to a joint-stock company, she will find

her position a most unpleasant one; and to sum up the case, madam, either your child is patented or she is not. If she is not patented, you are guilty of forgery. If she is patented, she is an object of barter and sale, or in other words a chattel."

This was certainly a wretched state of things, and Mrs. Smith, to ease her mind, began to abuse Mrs. Brown, whose stove had branded the unfortunate little girl. She loudly insisted that the whole fault rested with Mrs. Brown, and demanded to know if the latter could not be punished. The young man, who was immensely learned in the law, thereupon began a new argument. He told her that where there is a wrong, there must, in the nature of things, be a remedy. "Mrs. Brown, by means of her stove, has done you a great wrong. In accordance with the maxim, 'Qui facit per alium, facit per se,' Mrs. Brown, and not the stove, is the party from whom you must demand redress. She has wickedly and maliciously, and at the instigation of the devil, branded your child, and thus rendered you liable for an infringement of the patent law. It is my opinion, madam, that an action for assault and an action for libel will both lie against Mrs. Brown, and 'semble' that there is also ground for having her indicted for procurement of forgery." Finally, after much further argument, the young man advised her to apply to a magistrate and procure the arrest and punishment of Mrs. Brown.

Accordingly, Mrs. Smith applied to the Mayor, who, after vainly trying to comprehend the case, and to find out what was the precise crime alleged against Mrs. Brown, compromised the matter by unofficially asking the lady to appear before him. When both the ladies were in court Mrs. Smith, prompted by the clerk, put her complaint in the shape of a charge that Mrs. Brown had branded the youthful Smith girl. The latter was then marked "Exhibit A" and formally put in evidence, and both complainant and defendant told their stories.

The result was that the court, in a very able and voluminous opinion, decided that nobody was guilty of anything, but that, with a view of avoiding the penalty of infringing the patent law, the mother must apply to Congress for a special act declaring the child, so branded as aforesaid, as regularly and legally patented.

"Bias".....J. T. Hosken.....The London Speaker

People called him "Soapy," in ironical allusion to his unwashed state. Some would ask him when he was going to sport his two "grays" and retire. The boys hailed him as "Golden Syrup Sandwich," which was supposed to contain a delicate hint at the treacley nature of his ordinary diet.

Certain it was that Tobias, or, as he was commonly called, Bias, took very little notice of this, but went patiently on, existing in rags and hardship. With his donkey tandem and shaky makeshift of a cart, he hawked fish around the country-side, and when there was no fish to hawk he became a travelling greengrocer's shop, and when that line of business was not brisk he sold scouring sand—for you must know that Bias was a man of infinite resources in his way, and was certainly the most enterprising and active individual in his village.

It was said that he was left an orphan at an early age; that when offered by the parson the chance of going to school, he could not afford the time; that when he grew to be a young man he could not afford to marry; that all through his life he could not afford anything to anyone, and that now, at the age of seventy-five, he could not afford to live. Yet it was pitiable to see the old man hobbling at the tail of his ramshackle cart, in all weathers, amid the jeers, and often the fish-offal peltings, of the village. The old man bore the hardness of his life with a certain philosophic indifference, and was known many a time to have lent a helping hand to his enemies.

A wretched mud-built hut of one story, with a small dirty little window, perched on the edge of the Cove—this was what Bias called his home. At the back of this a still more wretched shanty, roofed by an old disused inverted boat, formed the stable and cart-house. Bias lived all alone; no one ever went to his hut but mischievous boys, who would peer into the window, and annoy the old man as he lay without fire and light on his straw bed on Sundays. Such was Bias; and, if you will allow the term, such was his life.

One day a chance remark or reflection set speculation rife in the village, for it was remembered that the well-known figure of Bias had not been seen for nearly two days. This news coming to the ears of the parson he set out at once for the hut of Bias, and on his way, as though struck by a prophetic sense of the old man's state, he called for the village doctor, and carried him along with him to the old man.

It was soon known that the doctor and parson had gone to Bias.

* * * * * *

"Come in," said a feeble voice, and the parson and doctor passed into the hut of Bias, who lay shivering and coughing on his straw. The doctor set to work at once to examine the old man, while the parson stood with a question on his face.

"It's pleurisy," said the doctor to himself; then turning to the parson, he whispered—"His time is short; he's dying."

The old man seemed to catch the last words, and half raised himself in bed, saying:

"I know et, sir; I'm dyin'."

The parson came beside him.

"Could yew jist hould me up a bit like, whiles I say my last say?"

They raised the old man in their arms, and he began, in a trembling voice:

"I've ben a misunderstandit man," he began.

"Yes," said the parson, "we are all liable to be misunderstood, and to misunderstand."

"Thet es'nt quite what I ma'ane; I've 'ad a objec' in my life, and I've ga'aned un. Hark'ee, my fa'ather was drownded out theere in es bo'oat, all along 'cause tes a dangersome pla'ace, an' many a braave man sence; an' th' pety of it—th' pety o' drownded menkind—ha' ringed in my heert sence a boay, an' sa'ad to me, 'Bias, sonnie, thee's got a objec' in thy life, go an' do un.' An' than I started my objec' whan I worn't more'n fourtaen o' age."

Here the old man's cough increased, and he breathed hard. Both the parson and doctor listened with interest and surprise.

"Death's on me, gen'lemen. My objec's thes—under thes bed es fefteen hunner poun, my awn cleer saa'vings; you must taake that money, an' whan I'm buried, you must taake my objec' too, an' that es, doant

'ee, doant 'ee lev any more poor fellers be drownded off theere." Here his voice took a passionate pleading tone. "I've axed men o' understandin', and fur less than fefteen hunner poun you can build a sm'aall pier on Donner Point jist heere by, and 'ave a light pon un which you mus' keep up—fur to wa'arne poor menkind from th' Donner'ed rocks. Thes es my objec', gen'lemen; an' now good-bye."

The old man lay dead.

"If I had but known this," said the doctor.

The parson knelt beside the old man, lonely in life and death; then rising, with the tears standing in his eyes, said, with feeling and a depth of meaning unusual with him: "Judge not, that ye be not judged."

Making a Raise.....The Mayor's Resources.....Detroit Free Press

The mayor of a Western town was playing a small game of draw in his office with the city marshal, the editor, the hotel-keeper, and a councilman. At first the mayor was in great luck and piled the chips up around him a foot thick; then he began slipping, and before very long he had only a couple left. The next deal gave him a great hand, and he wanted more chips, but he couldn't get them. The other fellows were in to clean him out, and wouldn't lend him a cent.

"Boys," he said, earnestly, "will you allow me fifteen minutes in which to make a raise?"

They knew he couldn't borrow on the outside, so they agreed to that.

"Here, Tom," he said to a policeman who was watching the game, "skip out on the street and arrest somebody quick and bring him here."

Tom skipped in about a minute, and in about ten minutes he was back again with a victim.

The mayor looked the man over.

"What's the charge, Mr. Officer?" he said, sternly.

"Drunk and disorderly, your honor."

"What have you got to say?" said the court, addressing the prisoner. "Guilty, your honor."

"Ten dollars and costs," decided the mayor, "with costs remitted if the fine is paid on the spot."

"Good enough, your honor." And the prisoner pulled out a tenner and rolled out of the room.

"Gentlemen," said the mayor to the company, "I have a few minutes left, but I shall not ask your further indulgence. Give me ten dollars' worth of chips." And the mayor, gently but firmly, swiped the pot.

A Very Fine Fiddle.....Kate Chopin.....Bayou Folk (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

When the half-dozen little ones were hungry, old Cléophas would take the fiddle from its flannel bag and play a tune upon it. Perhaps it was to drown their cries, or their hunger, or his conscience, or all three. One day Fifine, in a rage, stamped her small foot and clinched her little hands, and declared:

"It's no two way'! I'm goin' smash it, dat fiddle, some day, in a t'ousan' piece'!"

"You mus'n' do dat, Fifine," expostulated her father. "Dat fiddle been older 'an you 'an me t'ree time' put togedder. You done yaird me tell often 'nough 'bout dat Italien w'at give it to me w'en he die', 'long yonder befo' de war. An' he say, 'Cléophas, dat fiddle—dat one part my life—w'at goin' live w'en I be dead—Dieu merci!' You talkin' too fas', Fifine."

"Well, I'm goin' do some'in' wid dat fiddle, va!" returned the daughter, "min' w'at I say."

So once when there were great carryings-on up at the big plantation—no end of ladies and gentlemen from the city, riding, driving, dancing, and making music upon all manner of instruments—Fifine, with the fiddle in its flannel bag, stole away and up to the big house where these festivities were in progress.

No one noticed at first the little barefoot girl seated upon a step of the veranda, and watching, lynx-eyed, for her opportunity.

"It's one fiddle I got for sell," she announced, resolutely, to the first who questioned her.

It was very funny to have a shabby little girl sitting there wanting to sell a fiddle, and the child was soon surrounded.

The lustreless instrument was brought forth and examined, first with amusement, but soon very seriously, especially by three gentlemen: one with very long hair that hung down, another with equally long hair that stood up, the third with no hair worth mentioning.

The three turned the fiddle upside down and almost inside out. They thumped upon it, and listened. They scraped upon it, and listened. They walked into the house with it, and out of the house with it, and into remote corners with it. All this with much putting of heads together in familiar and unfamiliar languages. And, finally, they sent Fifine away with a fiddle twice as beautiful as the one she had brought and a roll of money besides!

The child was dumb with astonishment, and away she flew. But when she stopped beneath a big china-berry-tree, to further scan the roll of money, her wonder was redoubled. There was far more than she could count, more than she had ever dreamed of possessing. Certainly, enough to top the old cabin with new shingles; to put shoes on all the little bare feet and food into the hungry mouths. Maybe enough—and Fifine's heart fairly jumped into her throat at the vision—maybe enough to buy Blanchette and her tiny calf that Unc' Siméon wanted to sell!

"It's jis like you say, Fifine," murmured old Cléophas, huskily, when he had played upon the new fiddle that night. "It's one fine fiddle; an', like you say, it shine' like satin. But, some way or udder, 't ain't de same. Yair, Fifine, take it—put it 'side. I b'lieve me, I ain' goin' play de fiddle no mo'."

An Avalanche of Drugs....Max Adeler....The Humor of America (Scribner)

I have been the victim of a somewhat singular persecution for several weeks past. When we came here to live, Judge Pitman was partially bald. Somebody induced him to apply to his head a hair restorative made by a Chicago man named Pulsifer. After using this liquid for a few months, the Judge was gratified to find that his hair had returned; and, as he naturally regarded the remedy with admiration, he concluded that it would be simply fair to give expression to his feelings in some form. As I happened to be familiar with all the facts of the case, the Judge induced me to draw up a certificate affirming them over my signature. This he mailed to Pulsifer. I have not yet ceased to regret the weakness which permitted me to stand sponsor for Judge Pitman's hair. Of course Pulsifer immediately inserted the certificate, with my name and residence attached to it, in half the papers in the country, as a displayed advertisement, beginning with the words, "Hope for the bald-headed; the most remarkable cure on record."

I have had faith in advertising since that time; and Pulsifer had confidence in it, too, for he wrote to me to know what I would take to get him up a series of similar certificates of cures performed by his other patent medicines. He had a Corn Salve which dragged a little in its sales, and he was prepared to offer me a commission if I would write him a strong letter to the effect that six or eight frightful corns had been eradicated from my feet with his admirable preparation. He was in a position also to do something handsome if I could describe a few miraculous cures that had been effected by his Rheumatic Lotion, or if I would name certain ruined stomachs which had, as it were, been born again through the influence of Pulsifer's Herb Bitters; and from the manner in which he wrote, I think he would have taken me into partnership if I had consented to write an assurance that his Ready Relief had healed a bad leg of eighteen years' standing, and that I could never feel that my duty was honorably performed until he sent me a dozen bottles more for distribution among my friends whose legs were in that defective and tiresome condition. I was obliged to decline Pulsifer's generous offer.

I heard with singular promptness from other medical men. Fillemup & Killem forwarded some of their Hair Tonic, with a request for me to try it on any bald heads I happened to encounter, and report. Doser & Co. sent on two packages of their Capillary Pills, with a suggestion to the effect that if Pitman lost his hair again he would get it back finally by following the inclosed directions. I also heard from Brown & Bromley, the agents for Johnson's Scalp Awakener. They sent me twelve bottles for distribution among my bald friends. Then Smith & Smithson wrote to say that a cask of their Vesuvian Wash for the hair would be delivered in my cellar by the Express Company; and a man called on me from Jones, Butler & Co., with a proposition to pump out my vinegar barrel, and fill it with Balm of Peru for the gratuitous use of the afflicted in the vicinity of my residence.

But this persecution was simply unalloyed felicity when compared with the suffering that came in other forms. I will not attempt to give the number of letters received. I cherish a conviction that the mail received at our post-office doubled the first week after Judge Pitman's cure was announced to a hairless world. I think every bald-headed man in the Tropic of Cancer must have written to me at least twice upon the subject of Pulsifer's Renovator and Pitman's hair. Persons dropped me a line to inquire if Pitman's baldness was hereditary; and, if so, if it came from his father's or his mother's side. One man, a phrenologist, sent on a plaster head mapped out into town lots, with a suggestion that I should ink over the bumps that had been barest and most fertile in the case of Pitman. He said he had a little theory which he wanted to demonstrate. A man in San Francisco wrote to inquire if my Pitman was the same Pitman who came out to California in 1849 with a bald head; and, if he was, would I try to collect $2 Pitman had borrowed from him in that year? The superintendent of a Sunday-school in Vermont forwarded eight pages of foolscap, covered with an argument supporting the theory that it was impious to attempt to force hair to grow upon a head which had been made bald, because, although Elisha was bald, we find no record in the Bible that he used a renovator of any kind. He warned Pitman to beware of Absalom's fate, and to avoid riding mules out in the woods. A woman in Snyder County, Pa., sent me a poem inspired by the incident, and entitled Lines on the Return of Pitman's Hair. A party in Kansas desired to know whether I thought Pulsifer's Renovator could be used beneficially by a man who had been scalped. Two men in New Jersey wrote, in a manner totally irrelevant to the subject, to inquire if I could get each of them a good hired girl.

I received a confidential letter from a man who was willing to let me into a "good thing" if I had five hundred dollars cash capital. Mrs. Singerly, of Frankford, related that she had shaved her dog, and shaved him too close, and she would be relieved if I would inform her if the Renovator would make hair grow on a dog. A devoted mother in Rhode Island said her little boy had accidentally drank a bottle of the stuff, and she would go mad unless I could assure her that there was no danger of her child having his stomach choked up with hair. And over eleven hundred boys inquired what effect the Renovator would have on the growth of whiskers which betrayed an inclination to stagnation. And all of these expected immediate answer.

But the visitors were a more horrible torment. Bald men came to see me in droves. They persecuted me at home and abroad. If I went to church the sexton would call me out during prayers to see a man in the vestibule who wished to ascertain if Pitman merely bathed his head or rubbed the medicine in with a brush. When I went to a party, some bald-headed miscreant would stop me in the midst of a dance to ask if Pitman's hair began to grow in the full of the moon or when it was new. While I was being shaved, some one would bolt into the shop and insist, as the barber held me by the nose, upon knowing whether Pitman wore ventilators in his hat. If I attended a wedding, as likely as not a bare-headed outlaw would stand by me at the altar and ask if Pitman ever slept in nightcaps; and more than once I was called out of bed at night by wretches who wished to learn, before they left the town, if I thought it hurt the hair to part it behind.

It became unendurable. I issued orders to the servants to admit to the house no man with a bald head. But that very day a stranger obtained admission to the parlor; and when I went down to see him, he stepped softly around, closed all the doors mysteriously, and asked me, in a whisper, if any one could hear us. Then he pulled off a wig, and handing me a microscope, he requested me to examine his scalp and tell him if there was any hope. I sent him over to see Pitman, and I gloat over the fact that he bored Pitman for two hours with his baldness.

I am sorry now that I ever wrote anything upon the subject of his hair. A bald Pitman, I know, is less fascinating than a Pitman with hair; but rather than have suffered the misery, I would prefer a Pitman without an eye-winker, or fuzz enough on him to make a camel's-hair pencil. But I shall hardly give another certificate of cure in any event. If I should see a patent medicine man take a mummy which died the year Joseph was sold into Egypt, and dose it until it kicked off its rags and danced the polka mazurka while it whistled the tune, I would die at the stake sooner than acknowledge the miracle on paper. Pitman's hair winds me up as far as medical certificates are concerned.

CHILD VERSE: CHARMING BITS OF PRATTLE

Jamie's Prayer..May Riley Smith..Cradle and Armchair (Randolph)

Day's weary burdens are laid by;
The world's great throbbing heart is still;
The stars flash out, the moon's fair face
Rests on the peak of yonder hill.

I hear the katydids contend
The rustling maple leaves among;
And, leaning toward the apple boughs,
I hear the robin brood her young.

It is the hour when children's prayers
Like perfume from the lilies rise,
When all the angels cry, "Oh, list!"
And God makes silence in the skies.

Two small, brown hands, unsoiled by sin,
Are folded softly on my knee,
And over them my child's dear head
Is bowed in sweet humility.

Hark to the little honest prayer!
"Dear God, I am too tired to pray,
And 'tain't as if you didn't know
Just all I've said and done to-day.

"I know it takes a sight of love
To make a boy's sins white, but then
You don't go back on what you say,
And I am not afraid—Amen."

Early Trials .....A Protest against Dress.....New Orleans Picayune

I wish my mother wouldn't dreth me up!
She doecthn't know the ficth she geth me in;
Thmall wonder that the fellowth call me pup—
A plush hat—and a lathstic round my chin.

I wish she'd know I'm not a baby now
To have hith hair all combed and curled and prim,
And fathened in a big, dithguthting bow,
A blue thash tied right round the middle of him.

I wish I wath that robin on the tree;
He'th alwayth drethed just like he wath firtht,
He doethn't every minute have to be
Futh'd over by hith ma, and hugged and nurthed!

My beth friendth, Wattie White and Billy Blue,
Ecthpect me to come play frogth-in-the-well—
I can't go play like thith—what shall I do
To make mythelf look juth rethpectable!

I'll thand awhile in thith big puddle and try
If I can't get the shine thome off my shoeth;
I'll knock my plush hat in—it'th thuch a guy—
And thtick it on one side as fellowth uthe.

I'll ruffle up my curlth, and tear my lathe,
I'll dig a hole and thtuff my thash in it,
I'll take thome dirt and rub it in my fathe—
There—now I'll go and play—I think I'm fit!

Slumber Song.....Baby and I.....Boston Beacon

Adown the twilight river we float,
Baby and I together,
Gliding along in our little boat,
Baby and I together.
Down to the wonderland that waits
Where the river flows through the sunset gates,
While the silvery stars keep watch and ward
As we drift beneath their loving guard,
Baby and I together.

Adown the river we softly glide,
Baby and I together,
As the day goes out on the ebbing tide,
Baby and I together.
The twilight river is broad and deep,
So close to the shadowy banks we keep,
While drowsy poppies nod and sway,
And sleepily beckon us to stay,
Baby and I together.

To Slumberland our craft we steer,
Baby and I together,
Slowly, but surely, our port we near,
Baby and I together.
Where the Dream-tree spreads its branches wide,
And scatters rare fruit on every side,
Down the twilight river we float along,
While lapping waves croon a tender song,
Baby and I together.

A fair little head is drooping low.
Baby and I together
Gently into the harbor go.
Baby and I together
Have reached the shores of Slumberland,
By whispering breezes softly fanned.
Amid the fleet that are anchored fast,
Hush! we are safely moored at last,
Baby and I together.

On the Road to Dreamtown.....Eben E. Rexford.....Independent

Come here, my sleepy darling, and climb upon my knee,
And lo! all in a moment, a trusty steed 'twill be
To bear you to that country where troubles are forgot,
And we'll set off for Dreamtown,
Trot,
Trot,
Trot!

O listen! Bells of Dreamland are ringing soft and low!
What a pleasant, pleasant country it is through which we go;
And little, nodding travellers are seen in every spot,
All riding off to Dreamtown,
Trot,
Trot,
Trot!

The lights begin to twinkle above us in the sky,
The star-lamps that the angels are hanging out on high,
To guide the drowsy travellers where danger lurketh not,
As they ride off to Dreamtown,
Trot,
Trot,
Trot!

Snug in a wild-rose cradle the warm wind rocks the bee;
The little birds are sleeping in every bush and tree. [not,
I wonder what they dream of? They dream, and answer
As we ride by to Dreamtown,
Trot,
Trot,
Trot!

Our journey's almost over. The sleepy town's in sight
Wherein my drowsy darling must tarry overnight.
How still it is, how peaceful, in this delightful spot,
As we ride into Dreamtown,
Trot,
Trot,
Trot!

SCIENTIFIC PROBLEMS, PROGRESS AND PROPHECY

Remarkable Applications of Electricity .....Chambers's Journal

The use of electricity for household purposes has hardly got beyond the experimental stage, save in the department of lighting; but enough has been done to show what a transformation may be worked by its aid when it will be possible to have houses heated by it. Then the mere turning on of a switch will suffice; and the current, passing through a suitable heater, which may be as ornamental as means and taste permit, or, if desired, entirely concealed, will do the rest, superseding fires, with all their attendant trouble, smoke and dust. With regard to cooking, there are numerous appliances already devised, and only waiting for the cheapening of the current to be widely taken advantage of. Each cooking utensil, being constructed with the heating coil as part of it, is its own stove; and the whole array of pots and pans need only to have the connection made, and the cooking can go on under the most perfect control. Some of the possible arrangements even appear to put a premium on laziness, for, with the food put in the cooking utensils at night, and the necessary connections made, the turning of a switch in the morning in the bedroom starts the cooking of the breakfast. A New York lady is said to have so contrived matters that she can, before getting out of bed, start a fire in the kitchen by turning on the current; and when she comes down-stairs, finds the kettle boiling and the place comfortably warmed. The heating powers of the electric current are also turned to account for raising to the desired temperature hand-stamps, curling-irons, branding-irons, and the like; while in large laundries electrically heated irons have been found very economical, as they maintain for hours at a time the exact amount of heat suitable for the work, thus saving the ironers much time and trouble.

The electric light lends itself admirably to household decoration. Among other curious displays is a table decoration in which jelly is illuminated by a light, shining through the mass from the centre; and when the dish, at first hidden by a silver cover and a mass of flowers, is suddenly uncovered, the effect is very striking. Edison is said on one occasion to have had on the table an aquarium in which were goldfish, each of which had in some way been made to swallow a tiny electric lamp connected with a dynamo by a hair-like wire passing out of its mouth. When the current was turned on, the fish presented a strange appearance, their delicate bodies showing all the minute details of their anatomy. The use of very small secondary batteries provides means for startling effects in personal decoration, by lighting up jewels and flowers, as has been largely done on the stage; and even walking-sticks have been furnished with small incandescent lamps. Medical science has called electricity to its assistance in many ways. Various surgical instruments are heated by it; and the use of very small incandescent lamps, which give out practically no heat, permits more extended examination of internal parts than is possible in any other way. The use of the microphone has revealed sounds in the heart, lungs and other organs which have hitherto escaped the most sensitive ear using the ordinary instruments. In Russia a lady was saved from premature burial by means of a microphone placed over the heart, which enabled a medical man to detect a faint beat, which had escaped the ordinary tests.

Though recent experiments have demonstrated the absurdity of much that passes for medical use of magnetism, electricity has been employed as a curative agent in various ways. One of the most curious is the electric-light bath. The virtues of sunlight are well known, and there is supposed to be sufficient similarity between the light of the sun and the electric light to make the electric-light bath serve as a readily available substitute for the sun-bath. A closet of sufficient size to accommodate a person, constructed of polished nickel to give a good reflecting surface, is fitted up with a number of sixteen-candle incandescent lamps, so arranged as to take up the least possible room and afford the largest possible radiating surface, while the temperature can be regulated by passing the current through a resistance coil. As the temperature in the inclosure can be raised in ten minutes to a hundred and fifty degrees Fahrenheit, the result is equivalent to a combined light and vapor bath. The skin is browned as if by sunburning, and the effect is claimed to be most salutary. Another recent development is the use of electricity as a local anæsthetic. Painless operations have been conducted under its influence, and similar applications with suitable apparatus have induced cessation of pain in acute tic douloureux. Remarkable cures have also been obtained in such painful maladies as lumbago and rheumatism by simply pressing a small, specially shaped incandescent lamp on the skin over the seat of the pain.

It has been found that sufferers from "shaking paralysis" are much better after a rough railway journey; and the late Dr. Charcot, of the Salpêtrière, Paris, the famous specialist in nervous diseases, applied this principle in the construction of a bed to which a rapid vibratory movement is given by means of electricity; and this shaking, which to a person in good health would be intolerable, proves quite enjoyable to the paralytic subject, who appears to be refreshed by it. Another French physician has devised a vibrating helmet for the cure of nervous headache. It is constructed of strips of steel, put in vibration by a small electro-motor, which makes six hundred turns a minute. The sensation, which is not unpleasant, produces drowsiness; the patient falls asleep under its influence, and awakes free from pain. An American inventor has brought out a rocking-chair actuated by electricity, and the sitter can at the same time receive gentle currents by grasping metal handles or by resting the bare feet on metal pedals. Remarkable results have been obtained from experiments regarding the influence of electricity on the growth of plants. Professor Spechneff, at Kiev, by an arrangement of poles connected by wires, condensed atmospheric electricity over the inclosed area; and the ordinary grain crops grown within the inclosure showed an increase of from twenty-eight to fifty-six per cent. in the weight of the yield of grain, and from sixteen to sixty per cent. in the weight of the straw. Potatoes showed an increase of only eleven per cent., but they were from a parasite which devoured the unelectrified crop. By exposing plants at night to the electric light, thus supplementing

sunlight, assimilation and growth became continuous, with consequent great increase in the produce; but it has to be noted that, as in plants under normal conditions, assimilation and growth alternate at different periods of the day, the great development of tissues under the double influence cannot be entirely beneficial. Professor Spechneff also tried the effect of electrifying seeds before planting, and found that when they were subjected to the current for only two minutes the rapidity of their growth was nearly doubled.

In France the De Meriten system of treating wines by passing currents of electricity through them has been officially tested, and reported on favorably. This treatment is found to mellow and preserve healthy wines, and to arrest deterioration in those beginning to give way. Alcohol has also been experimented with, showing a considerable hastening of the maturing processes, the objectionable fusel oils, which render new spirits almost undrinkable, being rapidly converted into complete alcohols. Another industrial purpose to which electricity has been applied of late is tanning, in which it much shortens the time required in the ordinary way. Some measure of success has also attended experiments in purifying sewage by its use. The well-known attraction which light has for fish has induced ingenious fishermen to utilize the electric light as a bait, and it is said that this never fails to bring together large shoals of fish, which swim round the illuminated globe, and are easily caught. The ingenious Yankee is never behindhand in odd adaptations, and a patent has been taken out in the States for a mechanical pickpocket and coat-thief detector—an electrical apparatus which automatically rings an alarm bell when the bearer's personal property is tampered with. Another inventive genius so combined electricity and photography as to secure a flash-light photograph of thieves at work in his office. When they opened a glass case, they completed an electric circuit, which exposed the camera and simultaneously kindled the flash-light.

There was recently exhibited to the Royal Society an automatic harbor watchman, named the "hydrophone," which is so constructed that when a torpedo boat approaches within half a mile, or a man-of-war within a mile, the vibrations of the screw-propeller are detected and transmitted to the signalling station. Electricity has further been used in the industrial processes of engraving, bleaching, dyeing, the reduction of ores, and the purification of metals. Mainly by its aid, aluminium can now be produced at a price which is no longer prohibitive. Prior to 1855 it sold at three hundred and sixty shillings per pound; by 1862 it had fallen to twenty shillings per pound, while now it costs only a shilling or two. The cheapest chemical methods of producing it cannot compare with the electrical. By the use of electricity for welding, what is in effect a new power has been put into the hands of mechanicians and constructors. It was formerly considered that only iron, steel, and platinum could be firmly welded, while now nearly every known metal and alloy has been welded by electricity.

An electric ventilator has been devised for supplying buildings with fresh air, cold or warm, as may be desired. An electric motor sets the ventilator revolving, and the revolution sucks cool air in. When warm air is desired, a current of electricity is sent into a network of fine wire, through which the air must pass, heating the wires, and these impart their heat to the air. For the detection of underground ores an "electrical finder" has been devised. The mechanism of this instrument includes a telephone, which is silent in the absence of metal or magnetic ore; but if such be present, induced currents arise, which produce sounds in the telephone which are recognizable by experts. What should prove a most useful industrial development is the application of electricity to the cleansing and preservation of boilers. The method employed is the sending of currents periodically through the shell of the boiler. By this means the scale formed on the shell and tubes of the boiler is disintegrated and easily removed.

Microscopy, Past and Present....Charles Sedgwick Minot....Pittsburg Leader

If the importance of scientific instruments be measured by the knowledge which they enable us to gain, the microscope must be considered the most important instrument ever invented. The value of all scientific apparatus lies in their extending our means of observation, and in this regard the microscope is unique, for it directly expands the range of vision. Such assistance as the microscope gives to sight is unparalleled, for none of the other senses have had their scope similarly widened. We can see what the naked eye cannot see, but we have no means of rendering our touch more delicate and capable of impressions now lost to us, we cannot increase the capacity of our taste or our sense of smell, we cannot convert inaudible sounds into audible ones for we possess no apparatus to bring very feeble or very high-pitched sounds within the range of our hearing. Sight alone among the senses has its powers multiplied by human invention, in one direction by the microscope, in the other by the telescope.

The microscope in its present form is the result of the contributed inventions of many minds. In its earliest form it was a simple and imperfect lens. It is a modern invention. Spectacles, which are the earliest known forms of lenses, were not invented until the end of the thirteenth century by a Florentine named Salvino Armato degni Armati (d. 1317). Titris, I believe, claimed that the use of spectacles was somewhat earlier to Roger Bacon (1214–1294). Three hundred years later Hans and Zacharias Janssen, of Middlebury, Holland, made a magnifying instrument by putting several lenses together. The great Galileo also invented a combination of lenses. Thereafter progress was made gradually, resulting in the use of two sets of lenses, one the field lens or objective, as we now say, the other the eye-piece. Very slowly improvements were added in the mechanical devices for managing the focus, adjusting the light and holding the object to be examined, until the end of the last century the present type of microscope stand was completed.

As it stands to-day the microscope is nearly perfect. We cannot hope for any essential improvement in it either mechanically or optically. We are not very far from the u most power which is physically possible, as fixed by the calculations of Helmholtz and Abbe. It is the size of the waves of light which puts a limit to the minimum size of objects which can give an optical image. We may safely say, therefore, that the era of rapid progress in the construction of microscopes has now culminated. In this respect the future cannot equal the past. There is, of course, the possibility of some utterly new principle, the application of which will revolutionize the microscope, but such a change would

make the microscope a different apparatus; it is now an optical magnifier, it would then become something more and something else than a mere magnifier.

For a long time the only way of studying the microscopic elements of a plant or animal was by tearing the tissue to pieces and putting the smallest fragments under the objective. Considering the crudeness of this method, our wonder is great that it has led to so many discoveries. The modern era of biology dates from 1839, when Theodore Schwann published his cell-theory, now no longer theory, but a well established morphological law. The cell-law is that every animal or vegetable body is made up of structural elements, which have been named cells, and which are too small to be perceived by the naked eye, but are yet so large that under the microscope they themselves present a notable variety of structural features. Only living matter is organized in the form of entities of just such size that on the one hand they are invisible to the naked eye and on the other present an organization of their own microscopic vision. Since cells are the agents of all vital functions, knowledge of them must form the basis of the solution of all the great problems of life. Thus it is evident the microscope has great importance in biology—greater importance perhaps than in any other branch of science.

We are now in a position to understand the nature of progress which has been made in biological microscopy; it is a progress in the methods of preparing cells for examination under high magnifying powers. The first advance was the introduction of section-cutting. All the tissues and organs are quite translucent; hence, if they are cut into very thin slices, 500 or more to an inch, their inner structure and the natural arrangement of their parts can be recognized under the microscope; thus sections enable us to learn much more than we can gather from the same tissues torn to pieces. Moreover, by making sections in various planes we can gather an exhaustive knowledge of the relative positions of all parts of an organ.

After we have our sections cut they need to be stained and mounted. The use of coloring matters to stain tissues and cells was initiated by Professor Gerlach, of Erlangen, in 1858. He told me himself the story of the discovery. He wished to inject some blood vessels, and in order to follow their course through the organs wanted to use a powerfully colored transparent liquid, and, by the suggestion of the local apothecary, selected an ammonical solution of carmine. On examining his injected specimens, a day or two later, Professor Gerlach observed that the color had soaked through the walls of the blood vessel into the substance of the organ, and had colored the cells, not uniformly, but, on the contrary, had stained one part of the cell, the nucleus, much more than the rest, without apparently altering its structure. Professor Gerlach, fortunately for science, immediately recognized the immense usefulness of the method he had accidentally stumbled upon, for here was a feature of cell structure, very difficult to see clearly, suddenly made perfectly distinct in all its details by brilliant colorations. In a very short time carmine came into general use by microscopists, and still remains the most useful single coloring matter in their collection. Since then, many other dyes have been introduced, and hundreds of others have been tried and found of little or no value. Of the dyes now employed, a few may be mentioned as illustrations of the manner in which they elucidate the microscopic details of living organization. Osmic acid has a special affinity for fat, and will color the smallest particle almost black in a very short time. Its application to the study of the process of assimilation in the intestine has greatly enlarged our knowledge of the nutritive processes, by demonstrating the paths taken by the fat through the walls of the intestines on its way into the circulation. Chloride of gold can be used to mark out the finest ramifications of the nerves by the beautiful purple it imparts to them. Nitrate of silver properly applied under the influence of sunlight will map out the exact boundaries of cells. Safframine displays a special affinity for certain tiny grains called granules of chromatine, which are found in small numbers in every cell, and differ from all other granules in cells; chromatine is intimately connected with the wonderful functions of heredity and cell multiplication. Rosine colors protoplasm diffusely, iodine of potassium colors the glycogen in the liver brown, and the starch grains of plants blue.

Many instances might be given of great discoveries following upon the introduction of new methods of coloring tissues. In the study of disease germs the aniline colors have been indispensable, and are now used daily in medical diagnosis wherever practice is abreast with knowledge. By the examination of the sputum we can make a diagnosis of consumption by finding in colored preparations the bacilli, which means the disease. By similar means, in case of severe throat trouble we can distinguish the germs of pseudo-diphtheria from those of true diphtheria; from pseudo-diphtheria the majority of patients recover, but the majority of patients suffering from the true diphtheria die. The human brain is the most complicated organ known to us, and until recently the task of unravelling the tangled web of its cells and fibres appeared hopeless; new possibilities were given by coloration with a combination of logwood and acetate of copper, followed by the action of ferricyanide of potassium; nerve fibres exist in two forms, one form without, the other with a sheath; the coloration just referred to, which is known as Weigert's method, colors the sheathed fibres blue, the unsheathed brown, thus making it easy to distinguish them. Still more helpful is the wonderful method invented by Camillo Golgi; it stains single nerve fibres almost black, while leaving everything else a pale yellowish brown, making it almost as easy to follow the fibre in the brain as to follow a river on a map. Golgi's method has revolutionized our conceptions of brain structure; it enables us to prove that a large number of nerve fibres arise entirely outside of the brain and grow into it; these are known as the ganglionic nerves; it has revealed to us that immense numbers of nerve fibres begin and end with the brain, serving for internal communications, and it shows us that every nerve fibre is connected with one nerve cell only, so that we are forced to the conception that the transmission of a nervous impulse through any part of the brain involves a series of jumps from one fibre and cell to the next in the chain.

So far as can now be foretold, the great future of microscopy is to be assured by progress in methods of coloration, so that more and more of the hidden secretia of organization will be brought visibly before the eye. In this direction the possibilities appear almost limitless, and we may hope that the future will enable us to trace by visible evidences the subtlest chemical and vital

changes in living matter. Already the microscope has rendered vast domains of knowledge accessible; it enables us to trace the inner changes of development, the patient growth of protoplasm, the convulsive changes of the fertilization of seed, to determine the existence or absence of disease, to watch physiological processes.

Utilization of Waste Energy.. ...A Great Problem .....Scientific American

The solicitude displayed by the individuals of the human race of one generation for those of subsequent generations is a very variable quantity. Many who claim great enlightenment profess to regard the lot of the twentieth or the twenty-first century man with considerable solicitude, fearing that the consumption of accumulated stores of terrestrial energy by the present generation will result in leaving to our successors a very impoverished globe indeed for their habitation. It is assumed that a day will come when the wealth of fuel accumulated in preceding geological eras, and consolidated into usable shape by the metamorphoses of ages, will be exhausted, and mankind will be without fuel. By the best geologists this is regarded as no fancy sketch. Coal is not forming, the natural growth of wood is quite insufficient to supply the demand for fuel, and the coal mines will eventually be emptied. Curiously enough, a parallel occurrence is now going on before us. But a few years ago the natural gas industry took great dimensions. The almost uncontrollable flow of gas from gas wells was the basis for the most extensive operations; glass and steel furnaces in the industrial world, street lamps, house service, both for fuel and illumination, were supplied by natural gas, and the entire gas region became the scene of a prodigality on nature's part never equalled in impressiveness. The general assumption was that the future might take care of itself; hardly a thought was given to economizing the supply, and it now appears as if that future has come upon us, for, in accordance with the predictions of geologists, the end seems in sight. Natural gas in a very few years will be virtually a thing of the past.

It is an open question how long after the extensive application of the steam engine economy of fuel began to be considered. Certain it is that a comparatively early type of engine to-day is in use as one of the most economical. The Cornish engine has some very fine examples in the most modern practice. The early steamships were almost failures on account of their coal consumption, and steamship constructors, having a double inducement to save fuel, both to get rid of a non-paying cargo and to save coal bills, have done their utmost to effect economy. Hydraulic engineers have taken a professional pride in reducing coal consumption, the "duties" of the great pumping engines of the country being quoted far and wide. Good work has been done, the steam engine being gradually brought, perhaps, as near perfection as its inherent defects will permit. But simultaneously with this the horse power of the world's engines is increasing, and coal is being burned in greater and greater quantities. It seems clear that natural sources of energy must in the near future assume a greater importance than they have hitherto. Electricity, whose powers are as apt to be overestimated by the public as underestimated by the professional world, will be an important factor in this. The operations at Niagara Falls will be an illustration of a return to the principles of olden times, with appliances of the day. For it is a striking fact that our forefathers utilized the powers of nature to a vastly greater scale proportionately than we do. The horse power hours of wind energy utilized by windmills and sailing vessels was proportionately great for the era before steam; to-day the aggregate is very large, but the proportional amount compared with steam is small. The farmers throughout the country a hundred years ago took their grain to grist mills driven generally by water power, sometimes by wind power. Modern improvement has replaced those sources of energy by steam—the future generations may yet have to return to them.

The amount of energy as far as we are concerned absolutely wasted in wind and tidal motions and in evaporation by the sun exceeds the imagination of man. Suppose a waterway such as Long Island Sound to be white with the sails of vessels. Each one utilizes a portion of the energy of the wind which its sails intercept. But remembering how high the wind prism may be, and comparing the sail area with the probable cross-sectional area of the prism in question, the absolute insignificance of the proportion used in driving a fleet of ships may be realized. The wind expends some of its energy in producing waves, which, besides making a sea voyage a misery to many, and besides foundering many a ship in open water, absolutely impede the progress of a vessel. But when we see these waves rising and lowering successively, wave after wave, a six or eight thousand ton mass, making it uselessly roll and pitch, the waste of energy exhibited by a million square miles of stormy water exceeds computation. The same applies to the tides. If the power of the tons of water that rise and fall forty to sixty feet in the Bay of Fundy could be utilized and distributed, it would replace a vast quantity of steam energy.

Electricity is often spoken of as a possible method of heating, but the fact is overlooked that the energy in almost all cases is originally produced at an enormous waste by the steam engine. But were it produced by natural causes, then this objection would disappear, and at once the possibility of electric heating is manifest. The dynamo of this day presents a very good method of changing the kinetic energies of nature, found in waterfalls, in the winds and in the tides, into heat energy. The trolley railroads exhibit the marvelous adaptability of electricity for the transmission of power. Prof. Langley's recent investigations show that the air in motion possesses energy independent of its total flow, the variations in velocity affording a possible clew to an explanation of the soaring of birds. The earth is a centre of enormous energies, of which an infinitesimal part only is utilized by man. With the exhaustion of coal will come about the necessity of utilizing some of these energies. The future man may eat a meal cooked by the tidal flow, may traverse the ocean in boats driven by wave engines, and may regard the steam engine as a relic of a semi-barbaric age—fully barbaric in its reckless waste of the accumulated riches of the past. We need hardly worry ourselves about our posterity in a world without coal. The energies of nature are sufficient to do the work of mankind many times over, and possibly to form coal again out of the carbonic acid gas of the atmosphere. Electricity has already progressed far enough to give a hint at least of its future possibilities. It may yet be replaced by some more efficient agent for the transformation and transmission of energies.

MODERN SPORT, RECREATION AND ADVENTURE

Queer Horse-Racing at Sienna.....Running for the Palio.....London Graphic

Twice each summer, in July and August, the horse-race, or "Palio," and a mediæval procession take place in the plaza at Sienna. The "Palio" (so called from the banner given as prize), which has been run annually since 1650—with very few modifications—is really a contest between the different districts of the town. These districts are called "contrade," and each of these at the race is represented by nine or ten men in mediæval costume and a horse. Each horse entered for the race must first receive a benediction at the parish church of its contrada a few hours before it runs. The church doors are thrown open that all who wish to see the ceremony may enter, and in the sacristy are shown, hung on the walls, "Palii" won by the contrada at former races, some of them a couple of centuries old. The priest stands waiting at the altar—all eyes are turned towards the door for the entrance of the horse. Possibly he deems it "an honor to wish he was not born," for it is only after much clattering of hoofs and plunging that he can be coaxed to enter, and is led up to the high altar; thus he stands surrounded by the company of the contrada in full costume, the jockey, helmet on head, the captain in full armor, standard bearer, drummer and pages. It is the most curious sight one can imagine in a church, the horse standing meekly before the altar and these brilliant costumes grouped round!

There is a moment's hush, then the priest steps forward and sprinkles the horse with holy water, reads a few words of blessing in Latin, and sprinkles him again; the spectators give a lusty shout, and the horse is led triumphantly out. By half-past six in the evening the plaza is crammed with people of all sorts and conditions, and the balconies and windows of the houses, decorated with brilliant draperies, are crowded. At the third gun-fire the course is cleared by mounted carabineers and the procession enters the plaza. First comes the town band in plain, modern, dark blue uniforms, cocked hats with white plumes, playing as it marches; a pause, and then some eight or nine heralds trumpeting gallantly—they are in costume, as is all the procession. Then pass the "contrade" one by one, each in a different costume of the middle ages; each one has its emblem, such as dragon, snail, goose, wood, wolf, owl, etc., represented on their costumes, flags, armor and horse trappings; the jockeys, in costumes and wearing the helmet, ride; the captains and their companies go on foot. The horses are ridden without saddle and stirrups, and as they file out from under the archway of the palazzo an official gives each jockey his nerbo. This is a whip made of ox sinew, and it is permissible during a race for a rider to strike the rival jockeys and horses with this formidable weapon—a remnant of the middle age brutality. Woe to the man who gets struck across the face with it. The jockey hats now worn in place of the helmets, are of metal, painted to guard the head against these blows. The horses are at the starting point, the signal is given, and they are off—a good start. Selva (or "Wood") is the favorite and leads from the first. We fear he will never keep up the pace, but he does, and in the second round he is still ahead.

The other nine horses were well together, the jockeys belaboring right and left with their nebir; the people are excited to their highest pitch. The noise is deafening, for these peasants have sturdy voices. Even the strangers, who have come for the spectacle and care not one jot which contrada wins, are constrained out of sympathy to shout too. In the third round "Selva" has more than held his own and comes in fully two lengths ahead amid enthusiastic applause. Instantly after the race the winning jockey is surrounded by policemen, who protect him until his company has time to rally around him, and there is good need for it, for the partisans of the beaten contrada are hot-headed and violent in their disappointment and would scarcely let their victorious rival escape sound of limb if they had been able by any chance to get at him.

Battle Ball....The New Game ....Dr. Sargent's Invention ....Boston Herald

A new gymnastic game, called by its inventor, Dr. D. A. Sargent, of the Hemenway gymnasium, at Harvard, "battle ball," has proved so well adapted to the needs of gymnasium work that it seems destined to become general even outside the confines of the school or college. The game has been thus far tried only at Harvard, and has met every objection. Both the men in college and their fair co-students of the Annex, find it absorbingly interesting, quite replacing tennis as a competitive game. It has the additional advantage of permitting any number of persons, within very large limits at least, to engage in play at once. Outlining the features of the game Dr. Sargent says:

"Those of us whose duty it is to devise and prescribe exercises for the physical education of youth, have long felt the need of a new athletic or gymnastic game. The present popularity of athletic sports, and the recognized value of competitive exercise as an aid to physical development, have stimulated an interest among all classes in some kind of recreative game. When we came to look over the list of games, however, that are applicable to the wants of the masses, we find the number exceedingly limited. Baseball and football are unquestionably the most popular games, but they require so much space, and give activity to so few men, that the great majority of our growing youth are debarred from the privilege of participating in them. Then, again, the high degree of skill that is now required of those who take part in these sports, exacts more time for practice than most persons can afford to give. Even the game of lawn tennis, which was once so universally played, has progressed beyond the ability of the average young man. The time required for practice and the limited area available for courts, even in our largest universities, have deprived this most acceptable game of a great part of its usefulness. At the same time the number of young men and women in our schools, colleges and various branches of mercantile and professional life who are in need of the beneficial influence of some kind of recreative game is constantly increasing.

The essential requisites of such a game are as follows: It must be interesting enough in itself to arouse enthusiasm, quicken the circulation and respiration, and bring out some of those admirable mental qualities that

are developed in football, baseball, etc.; it must be of such a nature as to admit of its being played within a floor space of about 1,200 square feet, such as is afforded by most gymnasiums; it must be so simple that any one can play it without long training or previous practice; it must give special employment to the parts of the body which among the student class are most in need of development—i. e., chest, waist, back and left arm, as well as the right arm; it must engage the general activity of both mind and body, and keep every player on the alert; it must be antagonistic without allowing any opportunity for injury from personal contact or collision; it must be capable of expansion, so that large numbers can play it at the same time; it must be a short, sharp and decisive game, so as to leave no room for disputes and discussions; it must be free from danger of any kind that would be hazardous to life or limb; it must be a game that can be played by either sex, indoors or out of doors, according to the season. After considerable experimenting, it has seemed to me that the new game, which I have been pleased to term 'battle ball,' combined all of these requisites and essentials better than any game to which my attention has ever been called. It is a game which embraces at once some of the features of bowling, baseball, cricket, football, handball and tennis.

"The apparatus consists of a leather ball nine inches in diameter, filled with felt or hair, weighing two pounds, and six pairs of two or three-pound Indian clubs for goal posts. To this equipment two nets for backstops may be added where it is necessary to protect the apparatus, or to save time in running after the ball. When playing out of doors, wooden wickets, about three feet long and one inch in diameter, may be stuck in the ground in place of the Indian clubs. The clubs are set up in pairs, eighteen inches apart, one pair in the middle of the court, and the other pairs a yard from the sides. The backstop nets should be at least three feet behind the back lines of the court. Over each back line and across the middle of the field, cords are suspended seven feet from the ground. The ground or floor lines can be marked off as in tennis. Any width can be allowed to the field, but the length should be twice the width. A good size is 25x50 feet, dimensions which are suited to the Hemenway gymnasium. The game is played as follows: Each team takes an end of the field and tosses for choice of ball. The members dispose themselves as they like. One member, preferably one of the forward line, tosses the ball toward the other goal line, and the other fellows try to stop and return it. Neither side may cross the middle line, on penalty of a foul. The ball must be thrown under the suspended cords, and any failure to do so is a foul. The ball may be thrown or kicked, and while in possession of a side may be passed among themselves. Points are scored as follows: Putting the ball through a pair of opposing goal posts counts ten; knocking down one goal post, five; simply forcing the ball back of the line, three; a foul by stepping over the middle line counts two for the opponents; foul by throwing the ball over the cords, one for the opponents. By passing the ball among themselves and suddenly throwing it from an unexpected quarter there are chances for team play, strategy and generalship. The game may be played on the interval plan, say twenty minutes at a time, the side scoring the most points in an interval winning. Judges are necessary, one at each back line, and one, who may be a referee or umpire, at the middle line, who can also be a scorer and announcer of the progress of the game. It is worthy of note that this allows 120 feet for each player, while lawn tennis requires 2,500 feet for each player, football 6,764 feet, and baseball 10,000 feet.

Sailing on a Bicycle....A Wheelman's New Delight....Chicago Evening Post

Every cyclist will want to know about the invention of Charles D. White, of San Bernardino, Cal., who has recently invented a way of satisfactorily attaching a mast to the common bicycle. and has already tried it himself with fine success. It is said that a number of cyclists are already using the sail, and are gratified with the results. Mr. White worked hard with the idea. The only difficulty experienced was in securing the sail firmly to the wheel. After several attempts Mr. White made a head block, in which the end of the mast was placed and secured. This block can be removed very easily by taking off the burrs on two bolts. When the sail is removed the block does not interfere with the use of the machine in any manner, nor has it a displeasing look to the eye. The block head is made of Oregon pine, while the two side clamps are of oak half an inch thick. These are securely fastened to the wheel by two iron bolts. Great care should be exercised in placing this particular part of the attachment in position. The head block must not be fastened to the handle-bars or tubing, as it will interfere with the guiding of the bicycle. It must be bolted to the joint below the elbow, as this allows the free use of the handles to direct the wheel's course. To those who will doubtless try the invention it may be explained that they should be very careful not to secure the boom to the machine, but fasten a small pulley to the spring under the seat, and allow the cord attached to the boom to run freely through it, as the balance can be kept much better in this manner. Mr. White's sail is attached to a ten-foot mast and an eight-foot boom, and weighs six pounds and nine ounces. The cost complete is about ten dollars, if the work is performed by the individual himself. Almost any one can make a sail and place it on the wheel. With a few hours' practice a good wheelman can easily manipulate it, and enjoy a ride without fatigue.

For the benefit of those who will try the labor-saving device, Mr. White gives the following advice on the subject: "After making or buying the sail and placing it in position, keep the same furled until outside of the city, on a quiet and lonely road. Be careful when approaching a horse, as the animal will take fright when a fourth of a mile away if the sail is in position. On arriving at a secluded spot hoist the sail and allow it to swing loosely in the wind. Mount the machine the same as usual, and pedal while the wind is filling the sail, gradually, and the regular rate of speed is being acquired. Then the sail will come under perfect control. The best position is to keep one hand on the handle-bars and the other on the boom, should it be close enough to the rider. When the sail swings away from the reach, control it by the cord running through the pulley under the seat. Be sure the cord will slip through the pulley easily, or a sudden squall will unseat you instantly. Keep the feet on the pedals, which should be racing or 'rat-traps,' as they will hold the feet in position best. This will assist materially in keeping balance. The coasters can be used, but not so

well as the first mentioned. Sailing before the wind you will go just twice as fast as in ordinary bicycle riding, while the greatest velocity is gained while riding at right angle from the wind. With good handling a speed of from twenty to thirty miles per hour can be obtained. Beating against the wind is very hard, as it is almost impossible to tack in the narrow roads. No jib or rudder is needed, therefore, the resistance is not so great."

Croquet of To-Day....A Scientific Sport....Alfred Balch....Home Magazine

A man does not need to be very old in order to remember when the game of croquet became the craze in this country, about the end of the great civil war—that "little unpleasantness" which served to cement the ties between us all with blood-mixed mortar. Then, after croquet had had its day, lawn tennis came in, and all became infatuated with the "love" game. For a time croquet was slighted, but of late it has revived, and many people there are who now prefer it to its rival. The game has changed greatly, however, so changed that it is practically a new sport.

The croquet as it used to be was played on a ground, more or less level, which was laid out on the lawn. Those who cared about it kept the grass mown short, and, in a half-hearted way, filled up the hollows on the "ground" and cut down the lumps. The arches were anywhere from eight to fifteen inches wide—they had a wonderful inclination to stretch as they grew older—the balls were of wood, generally painted in stripes, the mallets had long handles that were always breaking, and were often nearly as thick as long in the heads, and the stakes were high out of the ground. It was not long, however, before "roquet," now called the "loose croquet," was introduced. In this the two balls, touching each other as before, were driven by a stroke, and each was caused to take the desired position.

This was a great step. It increased the science in the game, and the skill necessary to play it well, more than any one improvement ever made in it. In spite of this, however, and in spite of the fact that the manufacturers of the sets of croquet soon began to put better wood into the pieces, the game did not develop into one scientific and difficult enough to satisfy the players. When lawn tennis appeared, its admirers did not find the field occupied by a game in which there were champion players who would fight hard before they gave up. In point of fact, croquet was not then a game worthy of any very strenuous friendship. Now, however, all this has been changed. Croquet, in its modern form, is not only a game that demands the greatest skill in the players, but because of this it is slowly winning back its popularity. In the first place, the balls are now made of hard rubber, and will not split. The mallets are of boxwood, seven and one-half inches long by two and one-half inches thick, with handles from eight to fifteen inches in length. It will be seen at once that such a mallet permits play of a kind impossible with the old-fashioned chunks of wood. The wickets, or arches, are three and one-half inches wide. To drive a ball three and one-quarter inches thick through a wicket that is only one-quarter inch wider than the ball demands an amount of skill never shown on the old grounds. In the centre of the field is "the cage," two wickets set at right angles to the axis of the field, and eighteen inches apart. These wickets are only three and three-eighths inches wide, or one-eighth inch wider than the balls. To get the ball through the cage with one stroke means that it must be exactly in line, and be driven absolutely straight, and this, in turn, means a good deal more than those who have never tried it have any conception of. The croquet field of to-day is 36 x 72 feet. If it be a champion game, along the border a strip of maple, or other hard wood, 4 x 6 inches, is laid, and this serves to make caroms on exactly as they are made on the cushions of a billiard table. The border is raised two inches above the field, and slopes from this to the field for a distance of thirty inches. At each end of the field, and at the centre of the base of this slope to the wood border, the stake is set. This is one inch in diameter and one and one-half inches high.

The first wicket is set seven feet from the stake and the second seven feet ahead. The third is set five feet from base of the slope to the right and in line with the second. The cage is set in the centre of the field. Beginning at the lower stake a wicket is set seven feet from the foot of the slope. The two wickets to the left of the field are set in the same way as those to the right. The order in which the wickets are placed has not changed at all, and it is therefore probably familiar to all. For champion matches at croquet the grass-covered field has been abandoned. To prepare a croquet ground the sod is removed and the ground, 36 x 72 feet, is made perfectly level and rolled until it is quite hard. Then fine sand is sprinkled lightly over it. Care must be taken to see that no stones or pebbles interfere with the smoothness of the ground, and the place chosen must be dry and thoroughly well drained. On such a ground as this, with short-handled boxwood mallets, and with hard rubber balls, croquet demands as much skill as billiards. In fact, the shots made by experts at the game are wonderful. At a distance of eighty feet, from corner to corner, a ball three and one-quarter inches in diameter subtends a very small angle, and to strike it to make such a shot four times out of five, as many of the champion players will, means a wonderful combination of skill, eyesight and judgment. The "jump shot," by which the ball with a peculiar downward stroke is made to leap over a wicket or another ball and then to strike the ball aimed at, is one that many players can make with absolute certainty, yet it is one of the most difficult that may be imagined. Croquet champions can "draw" balls almost as surely as can the great billiard players. In fact, to watch a match game on the grounds at Norwich, Conn.—that town which is so often called "the Mecca of croquet players," and at which the finest playing in the world can be seen during the third week in August, when the champions assemble—one would almost think the balls were living things.

Aquatic Sports of the Maori.....George Fraser.....California Review

Throughout the Australian colonies great attention is given to outdoor amusements. Anything novel in the way of open-air sports always finds its supporters. In New Zealand the two great national pastimes are horse-racing and boating. The latter is no doubt prominent and popular on account of the numerous beautiful harbors all around the coast, which not only give perfect shelter to the yachts but afford a choice of water scenery unsurpassed in the world. In addition to these harbors in the Maori colony are beautiful streams, one of which is yearly the scene of a most novel and interesting regatta, which attracts globe trotters from all

parts, and to which the natives flock from every corner of their country. About forty miles out of Auckland lies the little township of Mercer, beautifully situated on the banks of the Waikato River. It is surrounded by hills of different sizes, which form a hazy background to the bright green foliage which luxuriantly graces the river banks. The little wharf runs out from a dense mass of Kauri trees and ferns in their natural wildness, and as the broad river runs in a straight line for two miles at this point, no better or more picturesque spot could well be imagined for water sports. The regatta is under the patronage of the king of the Maoris, and the immense congregation of the natives, together with their general appearance and physique, impress visitors with the fact that they are the finest colored race living. They swim as well as the Tongans; they are more intelligent than the Hawaiians, and handsomer than the Samoans. The finest American races are nowhere beside them in courage, nor so skillful in warfare.

A special train left Auckland on the morning of the regatta, and the sport commenced by thousands of natives meeting the train a quarter of a mile from the station. An enormous man, a true giant, headed the procession which ran along the sidewalk beside the rails, and as war-paint was the order of the day, the spectacle was savage enough to suit an African explorer. After the reception the town visitors, to the number of over two thousand, proceeded to the wharf or river banks. There was as much noise and excitement as one generally expects on a race-course only. The first event on the programme was a girls' canoe hurdle race over a course nearly a mile long. Two stakes are driven into the mud, and a third is securely lashed between them at a height of about eighteen inches above the water. The canoes used are made from the sotara tree, are under two feet wide, twenty feet in length, and standing well out of the water at each end. In each of these slim crafts sat two powerful Maori girls. They used their heels for a seat, and were therefore in a kind of a kneeling position. Each wielded a single paddle, and at the signal for starting made a dash for the first fence.

The mode of "jumping" is most laughable and would make an interesting feature in any regatta. The girls kneel in the stern of the canoe so as to raise the bow well out of water. They put on their best speed and rush at the hurdle so as to send the canoe about a third of the way over. Then one or both rush forward into the bow, their weight forcing it down on the other side of the obstacle. As the bottom of the canoe is rounded, it will not "seesaw" steadily, and nine times out of ten it heels over and precipitates the crew into the water. Then the difficulty for the swimmers begins, and their attempts to make a fresh start are most ludicrous. If the canoe has turned over completely, it must be righted and baled out with the paddles. When this operation is finished, the next trouble is to get aboard again, and not infrequently several more capsizings follow before that is accomplished. In some cases the canoe did not go far enough over the fence to allow the "seesaw" principle to act, and then the paddlers had to go back and take a fresh "run" at it. The great beauty of the race is that it is impossible to know which crew will win until the very last fence, and in this particular race the canoe that was apparently winning with ease failed no less than seven times at the finishing hurdle, and only managed to secure third place. Occasionally it occurs that one girl gets over the hurdle and one is left behind, while the canoe is stuck on the fence; and when several crews are all in the water struggling at one place, it makes a most amusing picture. The endurance and strength of the Maori girls who took part in the race is surprising, and it is astonishing that nearly all of them completed the course.

The second hurdle race was for "wahines," or wives, and as an instance of the strength of these women, and how they abuse it, one example may be taken: One of the canoes contained two women pretty well up in years, perhaps forty-five or thereabouts. The larger of the two was stout shouldered and masculine in appearance but had a pleasant countenance. She was swamped at the first hurdle, and floundered about for over five minutes in righting the canoe. At the second obstacle three attempts were made to get over, and the third ended in another capsize. About the same thing went on at each of the first six fences, the difficulty of balancing being increased by their own excitement and that of the yelling crowd. Half of the struggling done would have satisfied a strong white man, but this woman simply swam ashore, threw off her wet bodice, put a shawl around her shoulders, with her wet skirt still on, and proceeded to suckle her infant while lighting her pipe. The steeplechase for men was over a course a mile long. Spars are put up three feet above the water, and the canoes paddled under them. As they pass under, the paddlers have to jump the hurdle, and as a perfectly straight leap must be made, it often happens that the canoe is upset and a fresh start made. This seems to be the most difficult performance of the day, but the most imposing was kept to the last,—the great race among the war canoes from all districts. The crews were in full war-paint, their heads being a mass of feathers of all colors, white and red predominating. Except a distinguishing band around the arm, most wore nothing but trunks; but two crews also wore large silk handkerchiefs tied underneath the arms. Although the canoes are over 110 feet long, they are not more than about two feet six inches wide, and two men sit, or rather kneel, abreast; as, however, they are each leaning over their paddles on different sides, they have free use of their arms and bodies. The sight at the start was very pretty, and as there are forty-one men in each crew, and thirteen competing canoes, it resembled a small squadron. At the word "go" the forty paddles of each plunged into the water as if worked by one machine. The coxswain stands amidships and does the calling out, which is echoed by the men in a sort of grunt with each dip of the paddles. The "stroke" sits in the bow with a large black feather in his headgear, and gives time by a distinct and emphatic nod with every beat. If all the paddles were connected, more perfect time could not be kept; and to such a degree of excellence are the men brought that, after finishing a course of a mile and a half, it was difficult to say which of four or five was the winning boat. The excitement extended to the white spectators, and their shouts, mingling with the wild yelling of the Maoris, was reëchoed from hills miles away in the bright, clear atmosphere. This extraordinary scene brought the famous Maori regatta to a finish, and added a most pleasant chapter to our memories of sporting adventures, so different in many respects from the conventional pastimes of America.

THE LAST MEETING: GERTRUDE CARSTON'S LOVE

By E. F. Benson

From The Rubicon. By E. F. Benson. (Appleton & Co.) Reggie Davenport is engaged to be married to Gertrude Carston, who has "considerable beauty of a large, breezy order, and was quite as adorably child-like as he and showed quite as few signs of tendency to grow up." Reggie has become fascinated by Lady Hayes, and after a little quarrel between them, with admirable discretion he flees from temptation to the restful seclusion of companionship with Gerty, who is with her mother at Aix. The Princess who just flits across the stage is Dodo.

Gertrude's pleasure at receiving the telegram announcing Reggie's immediate arrival was not untouched by surprise. The vague thoughts, which for very loyalty she would not allow to take shape in her mind, in connection with Lady Hayes, formed themselves into a dark cloud on the horizon, distant but potentially formidable. But when she came down-stairs on the morning of his arrival, and saw him standing in the hall, with the early morning sunlight falling on his tall, well-made form and towering, sunny head, there was no room in her mind for more than one feeling, and she was content. He had not seen her coming down-stairs, and on the bottom step she paused, held out her hands, and said:

"Reggie!"

That moment was one of pure and simple happiness to them both. He turned and saw her—the girl to whom he had given his heart and his young love—and for each, at that moment, none but the other existed.

"Ah, it is good to see you, Gerty," he said, when the first silent greeting was over. "I didn't know how much I wanted to get to you, until I saw you standing there."

"It was nice of you to come so soon," she said, drawing her arm through his, and leading him out on to the veranda; "but why did you come so suddenly? Nothing is wrong, I hope?"

Reggie had foreseen and dreaded this question, and he had devoted some thought to it. He looked at her affectionately.

"Nothing is wrong," he said, with emphasis, and, to do him justice, he believed at that moment with truth.

They stood there looking at each other, silent, almost grave—for happiness is no laughing matter—until a waiter came out with a tray on which was Gertrude's breakfast. Reggie went up-stairs to his room to get rid of his travel stains, and Gertrude ordered breakfast for him to be served at the table on the veranda where she had her own. But it was not to be expected that the change in Reggie which Mrs. Davenport had noticed would escape her.

"He has become a man," she said to herself, and the thought flooded her mind with a new joy. All that day and all the next day her joy grew no less deep. On the afternoon of the third day an invitation came from Princess Villari for Mrs. and Miss Carston to come to tea, also to bring Mr. Davenport if he was there. Gertrude wanted to go, and so "sans dire" did her mother, and she soon convinced Reggie—who was of opinion that tea-parties were bores—that he wanted to go too.

The Princess had a genius for doing things in the best possible way. If she had given a soap-bubble party, the pipes would have been amber-tipped, the soap, "Pears' scented," and even in an informal affair of this sort, her arrangements were indubitably perfect. Her sitting-room opened on the veranda of the hotel, which in turn communicated with the garden. Tea and light refreshments were provided in all these three charming places, on a quantity of small tables, giving unlimited opportunities for any number of tête-à-têtes.

The Princess was extremely glad to see Reggie, and she couldn't help congratulating him, if he wouldn't think it very interfering of her, but she had made great friends with dear Gertrude, and Gertrude had told her all about it. And here was Mrs. Rivière coming, and did Reggie know her; she was a great friend of Lady Hayes, whom she was sure he must have met.

Gertrude was standing some little way off, but she heard the name mentioned, and she could not help turning half round and looking at Reggie. Reggie's back, however, was towards her, and he was making his bow to Mrs. Rivière.

Mrs. Rivière was very busy about this time on modelling herself after the Princess, but having nothing in her composition that could be construed into tact or ability, the imitation was limited to talking in a loud voice, and saying anything that came into her head.

"Charmed to meet you," she was telling Reggie in shrill tones, "and all the men here are going to be dreadfully jealous of you at once. Your reputation had preceded you; it came to me by the last mail; now nobody could get in a word edgeways with Lady Hayes, because she was always talking to you, and how your photograph stood on the mantelpiece in her room, and she would never allow the housemaids to dust it, but she dusted it herself every morning with a pink silk handkerchief, also belonging, or belonging once, to you. Oh, don't deny it, Mr. Davenport—and how she sat out four, or was it forty—I think forty—forty dances with you at some ball one night."

Mrs. Rivière paused for breath, well satisfied with herself. Her monologue had been quite as rapid as the Princess's and, she flattered herself, quite as fascinating. Mimi had moved away when Mrs. Rivière came up, and was talking to Gertrude, a few yards off. But Gertrude did not hear what she was saying, for the shrill tones of Mrs. Rivière's voice rose high above the surrounding babble of conversation.

Reggie was conscious that Gertrude was within hearing, conscious also that Mrs. Rivière did not know his relations to her. Eva's name had caused the blood to rush up into his face, and Mrs. Rivière had been delighted with the success of her speech. The Princess had caught a few of her last words, and, looking up at Gertrude, she saw that she had heard too. She wheeled suddenly about, and approached Mrs. Rivière, and drew her away, and Reggie turned round and found himself with Gertrude.

"I heard what that woman said to you," said Gertrude, simply. "It is only fair to tell you that."

She waited, looking at him expectantly, but he remained silent. "Reggie," she said, touching his arm.

He raised his eyes and looked at her.

"Come and walk round the garden, Gerty," he said. "I have something to say to you."

Gerty's loyalty struggled again, and again conquered.

"What you have to say to me can be said here, surely," she said, gently and trustfully. "I do not even want you to deny the truth or any of the truth of what that woman said. I am ashamed of having told you that I heard. Forgive me instantly, please, Reggie, and then we'll have a stroll." Reggie paused.

"Yes, I will say it here," he went on at length. "Do you remember my telling you, three days ago, on the morning I came, that everything was right now I was with you? That was true."

"And it is true, and you have forgiven me?" asked Gertrude. Was the ghost of Venusberg not laid yet? Else what was that murmur which Reggie heard again.

The sound of Gertrude's voice had long died away, but Reggie stood silent. An overpowering feeling of anxiety swept over her; the trust that she had felt in his assurance that all was right was suddenly covered by a rolling breaker of doubt.

"Come, let us go round the garden, where we can be quiet," he said, and together, in silence, they followed the path. They sat down on a garden-seat, where they were hidden from the crowd gathering on the lawn.

"Let us sit here, Reggie," she said. "Just tell me, and when you have said 'yes,' forgive me for asking that it is true that everything is right."

"Ah! God knows whether it is true or false."

Gertrude felt her heart give one great leap of strained suspense, and then stand still for fear.

"I don't understand," she cried. "Tell me all about it, and tell me quickly. Yet, yet, you said it was all right, didn't you, Reggie, and you wouldn't tell me a lie? Ah! say it is all right again, say it now. I cannot bear it. I should like to kill that woman for what she said. It was not true, was it? Tell me it was not true."

The ghost of Venusberg loomed before Reggie's eyes, blotting out the green bank of trees in front, the pure sky overhead, the mountains sleeping in the still afternoon; blotting out even the tall, English figure by him in an agony of fear, hope, despair; he saw the gleam of another woman's eyes.

"I will tell you all," he said. "I saw Lady Hayes for the first time after you had left London, and from that time till four days ago I have seen her constantly. Then one night she showed me she was like all those women she moved among, and from whom I thought her so different. She was like Mrs. Rivière, Princess Villari—all is one after that. It was at the opera, at Tannhäuser——"

The intensity of Gertrude's suspense relaxed a little. It was all over, then——

"Ah! we heard the overture together. Do you remember? You said you did not like wicked people."

"Yes, I know. When I saw that, at that moment, I loathed her. She had said to me things no woman should say, and when I heard the overture I understood, and told her she was a wicked woman. And not till then—you must believe me when I tell you this—not till I had vowed never to see her again, did I know—my God! that I should say these things to you—did I know I loved her. I have been through heaven and hell, and they are both hell." Reggie paused.

"That is not all," said Gertrude. The suspense was over, and despair is as calm or calmer than joy.

"I couldn't leave like that," he went on. "I could not hate her utterly at the first moment that I knew I loved her, and I wrote to her asking her forgiveness, and she told me—she wrote to me that she never would see me again, that I had behaved unpardonably. She made me angry. And I came off here the same day."

"And now?" asked Gertrude.

"God only knows what now," said he, leaning his head on his hands.

There was a long silence, and the babble of laughter and talk came to them from the lawn, which was filling fast. Then Reggie heard Gertrude's voice, very low and very tender, speaking to him——

"Poor Reggie, poor, dear boy. I am very sorry for you." She laid her hand on his knee, then drawing closer to him, as he sat with down-bent head, leaned forward to kiss him. But, in a moment, she recollected herself, and by an effort of supremest delicacy, before he was conscious what she had intended, drew back with one long look at him, in which her soul said "Farewell."

She had something more to say, but it was not easy for her to say it.

"I am sure you told me the truth," she began, "when I met you three days ago, and you said everything was right. We know nothing for certain, do we; we can only say what we think, and I am sure you thought that. Anyhow, these last three days have been very sweet. And now, Reggie, there is only one thing more to say . . . you are free, absolutely free. . . . I am not selfish as to wish to bind you to me. . . . I love you . . . surely I may tell you once more what I have told you so often. . . . I love you with all my heart and soul, and I do not think I shall change. But we must wait. If that day comes when you say to me, 'Will you have me?' I shall say 'Yes.' But you must say it in the same spirit in which I shall say 'Yes.' You know what that means, don't you? Ah, Reggie, I don't blame you. How could I do that?"

"Gerty, Gerty," cried he, "I would give all the world to be able to say that to you. I know what you mean. But I am dumb, helpless, blind, deaf. I can do nothing. I am tossed about. I don't know what is happening to me. And that you should suffer, too."

Gertrude smiled, ever so faintly.

"It is a difficult world, isn't it?" she said. "But it has its ups and downs. I have been very happy almost all my life."

"Forgive me, forgive me," he cried. "Gerty, say you don't hate me."

A deep tremor ran through her. When she met his imploring gaze, the desire of her young, strong love to gather him into her arms, to comfort him, to make him feel the depths of her yearning for him, to lose all for one moment in one last, clasping embrace, was very hard to resist. "What harm is done?" whispered one voice within her, but another said, "He is not yours; he belongs to the woman he loves." For one moment she hesitated; tenderness, love, memory wrestled with that other voice, but prevailed not. There was that within her stronger than them all.

"I love you more than all the world," she said, "and there is nothing to forgive."

For one moment she stood looking at him, treasuring the seconds that passed too quickly, knowing that before a short minute had passed that last look would be over. Such a pause is purely instinctive, and when instinct tells us that it is time to take up one's life again, it is impossible to stay longer.

That moment came all too soon, and Gertrude spoke again. "Come, we must be going back. They will wonder where we are. Ah! there is the Princess. Reggie, pick me that tea-rose."

The Princess felt vaguely reassured. The look in Gertrude's face when she heard what Mrs. Rivière was saying was not pleasant, and it remained in her mind with some vividness. But the last remark which she had overheard was distinctly encouraging.

By a merciful arrangement of Nature's, a great shock is never entirely comprehended by the victim all at once. A numbness always succeeds it first, and the torn and bleeding tissues recover not altogether, but one by one. At present Gertrude was conscious that she did not wholly take in all that had happened. Volition and action in small things went on still with mechanical regularity, and it is doubtful whether any of those about her saw any difference. She wandered into the Princess's room, which opened on to the veranda, and was pleased to find it untenanted. She threw herself down in a chair, and took up the paper, which had just come in by the mail. There was a famine somewhere, and a war somewhere else, Mr. Gladstone had gone to Biarritz, the Prince of Wales had opened a Workingman's Institute and Lord Hayes was dead. His death, it appeared, was sudden.

The paper slipped from Gertrude's knees and fell crackling to the ground. So he was dead, and his wife a widow, like herself, she felt. She sat there for some time without stirring. So Lady Hayes, then, was free, and Reggie, as she had told him herself that afternoon, was free, too. How very simple, after all, are the big problems of life, and how cruel! Surely Eva could not help loving him. Anyone who knew him must love him; who could tell that half so well as herself, who loved him best? Was he not lovable? Surely, for she loved him. And what would Mrs. Revière say? Her thoughts wandered blindly on.

Ah! the cruelty of it, the diabolical chance which placed these things on the devil's chessboard, for the devil to move and manœuvre with. She was to be the victim, it seemed; she was to give up the object of her long, tender love to another woman, more beautiful, less scrupulous than herself, and her jealousy sprang to birth, full armed, terrible. Did the irony of fate go so far as this, that that woman, for whom she had herself declared Reggie free, should be free also? Her rejection of him —that was nothing, a wile to bring him back more humbly to her feet. Ah, yes, they would be married in St. Peter's, Eaton Square, probably, and Gertrude would go there and sing "The Voice that breathed o'er Eden," and eat their—his—wedding-cake. At this point Gertrude began to perceive that she was getting hysterical, and with a violent effort of self-control she got up and walked to the window. The sun was just setting, and over the lawn strolled a tall figure, preceded by a still taller shadow. Reggie's eyes were bent to the ground, and he walked up close to the veranda without seeing her. The sight of that familiar, best-loved figure produced another mood in Gertrude; she watched it silently for a time, and then said under her breath—

"Pray, God, let her love him very much," and then aloud, "Reggie!"

At the sound of his name he looked up and saw her.

"Come in here a minute," she said. "I have something to tell you."

Reggie nodded assent, and came along the veranda, until he reached the low, French window.

"Come in," said Gertrude, "it's the Princess's room, but she isn't here. Sit down there."

Gertrude paused.

"The paper has just come," she said at length. "There is something I have read which I wish to tell you, Reggie. It affects you very deeply—I have just read it. Lord Hayes is dead."

"Ah, God!——"

The exclamation burst from him involuntarily. He could have checked it no more than a man can help wincing at a sudden, unexpected blow, or starting at a sudden noise. But into those two words he had cast all the cargo of his soul—hope, longing, love. Gertrude had heard them, had comprehended them, had swallowed the bitter draught.

A moment afterwards he saw that he had told her all, more convincingly than he had done even this afternoon, for he saw she realized it to the full.

"Ah, Gerty, what can I do?" he said, when the silence had become unbearable. "You know how it is with me. How can I help it? I wish I were dead, though the gates of hell were yawning to receive me."

"You did not wish you were dead two months ago," she said with a flash of scorn, "not even though the gates of heaven were open to receive you. You are not so easily contented now."

Reggie looked piteously at her.

"I know. I deserve all you could say of me. Much more than you ever would. Yet you did not speak like that this afternoon; I am glad you have said it, though! I don't feel less guilty, God knows! but I am not so bad as not to feel thankful for any punishment."

"Let us say good-by now," said Gertrude. "We shall not meet again like this."

She held out her hand to him, but volunteered no more intimate embrace. He grasped it, held it for a moment, and let it drop. Even the touch of hand had been something sacred before to him and her, he felt, but there was something dead between them; her hand was another's. But to Gertrude that rush of memories was too great. Her strength had been too severely taxed already. "Ah, Reggie," she cried, "do you leave me like this?"

"God help you!" he said, "and me too."

"Reggie, my darling," she cried suddenly, "shall that woman stand between you and me? Did you not promise me your love? Where are those promises? This is all a dream. Come to me again as you were once. You did not love any one but me, you said—and once you told me you disliked wicked people. What has happened to those words of yours? Were they not true? It is a pity if they were not, for I have written them on my heart. Ah, my darling, my darling——" She threw her arms round him in a last embrace. "Reggie, dear," she whispered, "this is good-by. I did not mean what I said just now. I did not know what I was saying. That was the best of me that spoke this afternoon when I said you were free. You are quite free. I hope she will love you as much . . . . as much as I have done . . . . as I do. That will be enough. And now go. Leave me by myself. Good-by, dear; good-by."

She went with him on the veranda, where the dusk was falling, and as soon as he was outside, she turned quickly and went back, closing the glass-door after her.

ANIMAL LIFE: STORIES, STUDIES AND SKETCHES

A Remarkable Duel....A Fight with a Boa Constrictor....Pittsburg Dispatch

A Newark engineer, who served on the engineering corps employed in the construction of the Nicaragua canal and is home on a sort of a furlough, recently told the story of a duel with a boa constrictor by a fellow-engineer. Life in the canal country is dreary, and various schemes are resorted to in order to relieve the monotony. One of the party stated one evening that he could kill a boa single-handed. The rest of the crowd tried to convince him he was wrong, but he stuck to the assertion. Finally a handsome bet was made that he could not dispatch a boa alone if the deadly reptile was in its natural condition. The young engineer promptly accepted the terms of the wager.

The next day a gang of natives were sent into the forest to find a boa. They continued their search for some time and finally came upon just the article they were looking for. It was a well-grown specimen of the boa species, fully fifteen feet long. It had eaten heartily a few days before it was discovered and it was therefore torpid. It was captured without difficulty and taken back to camp. It was deposited in a room where it was securely bound and then left until its sleep should be over. The young engineer who was to meet the undulous monster of the forest in a duel to the death repented of his rash bargain many times, but he never let any one know, and it was "dead game," as the saying goes, from first to last. Boas often remain in torpor for three weeks, and it was nearly a fortnight before the pinioned snake showed signs of returning activity. The engineers then appointed a night for the combat, and the young man who was to face the serpent went into active training. It had been stipulated that his only weapon was to be a knife, and the young man relied on his clear brain, iron nerve and supple wrist to carry him through the encounter in safety.

When work was over on the appointed day, those who were in the secret entered the room and proceeded to cut the ropes with which the serpent was bound. It had been coiled up and several bands placed about it. These were all severed but one, and the snake's opponent entered while his companions beat a hasty retreat to safe coigns of vantage from which to watch the strange battle and to give succor in a last extremity. The young engineer was lightly clad and carried in his right hand a long knife, highly ground and sharpened. The monster, half famished as it was, was in a most angry humor, and its horrid head, oscillating to and fro with distended jaws and viciously shining, beady eyes, must have made the young man's flesh creep. He strode straight up to the boa, and with a lightning stroke of his knife cut the remaining band that bound it. He jumped back the instant the stroke had fallen with the celerity of a tiger-cat, but his swiftness was snail-like compared with that of the serpent. Quicker than thought the boa descended upon his enemy. Before the man could move the snake had fallen upon his arm, had wound its way up its entire length and was biting at his shoulder.

The arm around which the snake had wound itself was the young fellow's knife arm. Luckily the hand and wrist were free. He did not wait to transfer the knife to his other hand, but summoned all his power and cut at the coil of the serpent nearest his pinioned hand. It was a splendid stroke, a backward cut, and it was clean through the body. The upper portion of the slimy coil dropped to the floor and the intrepid engineer had won his bet. The entire contest lasted but a few seconds, and so quickly did it pass that the breathless onlookers scarcely realized what had happened. The young man was pretty thoroughly exhausted. His shoulder was quite badly lacerated by the teeth of the snake. The strangest part was that the young man's arm was lame for weeks, and all its length was a spiral black and blue where the snake had encircled it.

Interviewing Simians....Compiling a Monkey Lexicon.....New York Recorder

Prof. Richard L. Garner, the man who asserts that monkeys talk, is inclined to be reticent about his recent experiences in Africa. His silence is truly a golden one. He has sold articles to the leading magazines of England and America at rates varying from 18 to 20 cents per word, on condition that he shall not give away their contents beforehand. Yet, in a general way, the Professor is willing to admit that the net results of his recent trip, mathematically speaking, do not at first blush appear to be very large. He has learned not more than two or three words of the gorilla dialect and about eight of the chimpanzee. "The world at large," says Professor Garner, "always expects too much. People seem to insist upon it as their right that I should go to the gorilla country, spend a few months there and return with a complete dictionary of the gorilla language. Why, if I were sure of learning even three words a year I would forsake friends and family, go to Africa and devote the rest of my life to a study that yielded such rich results in the present, that promised such immense possibilities for the future.

"Scientific men, literary men, are no better than the rest. I remember a conversation I had with William Dean Howells some time ago. He was not satisfied with the progress I was making. He wanted more definite results. I said to him: 'My dear Mr. Howells, I can't go down to the Central Park Zoological Garden and interview a monkey as a newspaper man could interview you or you could interview me. When I ask a question he may not reply for two years.' The basis of a common language is wanting in the case of the monkey and me. There is no hope that the monkey will ever be able to understand me. I must seek to understand him. I have no grammar, no teacher, no guide of any sort. There are none of the analogies between monkey and human language which make the mastering of a foreign human language possible, even without grammar or teacher. I am doing something hitherto unattempted by man. I am going down into the void, the vague, the primordial and trying to translate it into terms of human consciousness. To wrest a furlong out of chaos is a mightier task than to hew a pathway over miles of tangible rock. Did I succeed in getting phonographic reports of the conversations of the gorilla? No, in spite of what has been said in the papers, I was disappointed in my phonographs. They did not arrive in London when I had expected them. I had to go to Africa with-

out them. And when I got to Africa I found an additional difficulty in discovering the gorilla country. I believe now that I am one of the few Americans that ever saw a gorilla or a chimpanzee. You ask, are not both imported to this country? I do not believe that any gorilla has ever been imported here. As to the chimpanzee, I cannot be sure. Of the thousands that have been caught and shipped to foreign parts, the larger majority die as soon as they leave Sierra Leone. That shows it is the winds, not the cold, that kills. Captain Murray, an Englishman, who has shipped fifty-eight gorillas, agrees with me in this theory. Out of his entire number only two arrived safely in England, and one died in the docks, so that really only one can be said to have reached its destination."

Though the professor was unwilling to converse about the philological results of his travels, he was full of interesting reminiscences on all other subjects. He especially likes to talk about his little pet chimpanzee, Moses, for whom he built a cage near to his own in Lake Fernan Vaz, giving him absolute liberty to go and come as he chose. "His table manners were always good when he was hungry, but as soon as he had satisfied his hunger they were apt to deteriorate. He was then full of mischief. He would snatch the tablecloth off the table if you were not looking. But I soon learned to look. It was great fun. He would catch hold of the cloth and pull it a little, then look up, to note if I was watching. If I paid no attention, he would slyly pull it a little more. And when at last he caught my eye, he would look up with an expression that seemed to mean, 'What are you going to do about it?' and with his eye fixed on mine, he would give a final vicious jerk. Another favorite trick was to put his foot on the table. I promptly sent him away if this happened during dinner. So he learned to defer the practice until he had eaten his fill. Then he would cock his leg up with the same impudent expression. He was human in many of his ways. He seemed to appreciate his surroundings, to feel the loneliness of the situation. At ten o'clock in the morning he would go to sleep and sleep until noon. He had no watch, but he would crawl into his bunk with the regularity of a martinet. Then a moment later he would lift up the curtain and peep slyly out to see that I had not left him. This he would repeat several times. I had to watch him out of the corner of my eye. Satisfied at last, he would go to sleep. He woke exactly as a child wakes. He would yawn, stretch himself, throw off his covering, then wake up fully to his surroundings and, making a sudden leap, throw his arms around my neck and cover my face with kisses."

But the fate of Moses was that of the precocious child of human life. He fell sick and died, and Professor Garner, strong and masculine as he is, confesses without shame that he wept in secret for his pet. The professor believes that his theories, if once established, must overturn the whole present science of philology. Especially is this true of the school of which Max Muller is the foremost exponent. Indeed, in a private letter to Professor Muller he put this dilemma: "If speech is invented, it requires thought to invent it; and if a man cannot think without words, how can he invent words without thought?" Professor Muller, it will be remembered, holds that words are an invention of man, and holds also to the further theory that man cannot think without thinking in words. He never replied to Professor Garner. "But from a private source," continued the latter, "I learned that he had the idea that I was a graduate of Yale and a disciple of Whitney, who had probably been prompted by the Yale professor to write to him. Now, although Mr. Whitney agrees in a measure with my theories, and has kindly advised me of the fact, I did not make his acquaintance until some time after I wrote the letter to Max Muller. I never graduated from Yale. Professor Whitney, by the way, gave me one excellent piece of advice: 'Take counsel with all men,' he said, 'and then follow your own.'" It is evident Professor Garner has made up his mind to follow this counsel.

Bloodhounds on the Trail.... Champion Bono's Scent....Philadelphia Times

Some time ago I had the privilege, in company with Dr. Sydney Turner, the well-known authority on hounds and judge for the principal shows in England, and Edwin Brough, the foremost breeder of bloodhounds in the world, to witness an exhibition of trailing in the country-seat of the latter. It was an afternoon in late September. A thick haze lay in the valley, and the breath of air which might have released imprisoned nature from its spell had not come the entire day. The ground, which had not felt the sun for twenty-four hours, was in favorable condition. A runner having been dispatched over an intricate and circuitous route, we three mounted a hillock which commanded a view of the whole field. We watched him threading his way through pastures and swamp and across a stream which demanded a running jump; thence over fences and stone walls and through cover, leaving no device untried for throwing off the trail of his expected pursuer. Half an hour having been granted him, the signal was waved from the hill and the hound released from the kennel. It was Champion Bono, one of the dogs entered at London against Jack the Ripper. He came down the hill in an easy trot, conscious of the task which had been prepared for him and with an air of perfect willingness to undertake it. The attendant, having removed his collar, gave him the word.

The conclusion which the writer had made from accounts of these man-trailers was that their work was slow and laborious. Judge of his surprise, then, to see the dog start as though shot out of a catapult, with as determined a gallop as a thoroughbred and at the pace of a foxhound. This was maintained over the entire course, checked only when the scent gave out at the stream. One or two casts up and down the banks were made, and then, with the assurance of a logician reasoning from the two judgments to the immediate inference of the syllogism, plunged in and found the trail on the opposite side. The hound ranged with great freedom, giving himself, while at top speed, a latitude sometimes of forty yards to leeward of the trail. At fences and walls, however, he was particular to cross directly at the spot taken by the runner, and having caught the scent on the other side gave himself up to the careless curvetings of a skater. A flock of sheep, which had crossed the trail and entirely obliterated it, brought him down to hard work, and for a time he did some very serious thinking and a deal of most commendably interesting experimentation. At last, having picked up the lost thread, he let out a long, wild cry of triumph, which came floating to us through the quiet valley for a mile and a half. Shortly after this the dog

was lost to sight, but in due time pursued and pursuer appeared together. The boy had met a friend on the road who had detained him and was overtaken while in his stride. He was not aware of the hound's approach until he felt his cold nose on his hand. This is as much satisfaction as the St. Hubert bloodhound demands. He never under any circumstances lays hold of his man. Having thus designated him, he feels that his duties are over, and if his services are valuable, others must develop results from this point.

Ants as Bridge Builders.....Foraging Tactics.....The Rocky Mountain News

The following story, told by an eyewitness, is entitled to a place among the instances of intelligence among the lower animals. A cook was much annoyed to find his pastry shelves attacked by ants. By careful watching it was discovered that they came out twice a day in search of food, at about seven in the morning and four in the afternoon. How were the pies to be protected against the invaders? He did not have long to wait, for at 6:50 o'clock he noticed that off in the left-hand corner of the pantry was a line of ants slowly making their way in the direction of the pies. They seemed like a vast army coming forth to attack an enemy. In front was a leader, who was larger than any of the others, and who always kept a little ahead of his troops. They were of the sort known as the medium-sized red ant, which is regarded as the most intelligent of its kind, whose scientific name is formica rubra.

About forty ants out of five hundred stepped out and joined the leader. The general and his aids held a council, and then proceeded to examine the circle of molasses. Certain portions of it seemed to be assigned to the different ants, and each selected unerringly the points in the section under his charge where the stream of molasses was narrowest. Then the leader made his tour of inspection. The order to march was given, and the ants all made their way to a hole in the wall, at which the plastering was loose. Here they broke ranks, and set about carrying pieces of plaster to the place in the molasses which had been agreed upon as the narrowest. To and fro they went from the nail-hole to the molasses, until, at 11:30 o'clock, they had thrown a bridge across. Then they formed themselves in line again, and marched over, and by 11:45 every ant of the foraging expedition was contentedly eating pie.

In Queen Dido's Realm.....A Wasp Retreat.....Grant Allen.....Longman's

We never grew familiar with Dido, our favorite wasp, as we did with Lucy and Eliza, our two pet spiders: her habits were inimical to intimate acquaintance. But while she was engaged in the first operations of building, we saw her frequently at her labors about the door of the nest, carrying in the little balls of tindery wood which she used in the formation of the first layer of cells. After that she paused for a short time in her task, and we knew she was occupied in depositing the eggs whence were to proceed the first generation of her worker daughters. Next, after a brief interval, we could see on sunny mornings the careful mother bringing in supplies of food for the developing grubs—live insects, scraps of meat, bits of fruit, drops of honey, for all was fish that came to Queen Dido's net, from small flies to ripe strawberries. But from the moment the first crop of worker wasps was fully hatched out from the pupal condition, a change came over the constitution of the realm: Dido appeared no more in public. The smaller and slimmer neuters alone now sallied forth on their foraging expeditions in search of food or the raw material of the paper factory; while the queen and foundress herself, immediately distinguishable from them by her august proportions and larger span of wing, devoted her energies henceforth to nothing but her maternal and queenly functions. It is always so in the nest; when once the foundress has firmly established it and brought to maturity the first brood of workers, she never again quits her chosen palace, holding it inconsistent with her royal dignity, like an Eastern monarch, to be seen in public. But she works within, none the less, as hard and ceaselessly as ever. That moral fraud, the Busy Bee, is an idler beside her.

And now the real work of the hive began in earnest. Dido laid eggs as fast as she could hatch them; and the worker-wasps nursed and fed them with appropriate viands. Scouts came in and out with increasing rapidity, and the incursions into the dining-room would have been unpleasantly frequent for anyone but a naturalist. Instead of the single row of cells which the foundress modestly set up as the nucleus of her colony, the city soon consisted of tier above tier of comb, each story supported by little columns of the papery material, and all opening downward, so that the little fat white grubs could lie in their cradles upside down, and be fed from below by their assiduous nurses. By way of outer wall the nest was lined with paper many layers thick, which formed such a system of fortification as became a well-guarded city about as populous and as fully garrisoned as Chatham or Portsmouth. A circular door at the bottom admitted from without all friendly helpers; while the aggressor who dared to enter it with hostile intent would soon be stung to death by unanimous assault of Queen Dido's faithful subjects. Throughout the summer months the nest consists of the queen or foundress and a vast population of neuters or workers. These last form the commonalty of the vespine commonwealth. They are emphatically the People, with a very big P; for them the whole hive exists and is organized. They act as architects, builders, carpenters, and paper-makers. They go abroad into the fields and gardens in search of provisions; with exemplary care for the public welfare, they eat out the sunny side of your peaches, and carry away meat from the lamb-chops in your larder. Man, base man, who robs the Busy Bee of its hard-earned honey, and slays the gentle calf for the production of veal cutlets, usually speaks of the socialist insects as robbers and depredators. But he forgets that the generous and public-spirited wasp does not levy tribute on his apricots for itself alone. It is the commissary of the republic. Each worker carries back to the nest the results of his fruit-hunting or his marauding expeditions, and shares them among his fellow-subjects with that distributive justice which Aristotle preached and which nobody in our human communities practices. He carries out the principles of the Fabian society. Every successful wasp, when he returns to the nest with a piece of prime beef, or a wingless fly, or a cargo of sugar saved for the community from the grocer's barrel, perches on the top of the dome among his assembled fellows, and, disgorging all his spoils, divides them equally among nurses and paper-makers. His two main doctrines are, "If any wasp will not work, neither shall he eat"; and "Every wasp to labor ac-

cording to his capacity, and receive according to his needs, in a free community." Division of labor, I believe, goes a long way in the nest. Some of the workers seem to be specially employed as foragers and soldiers; others appear to be told off as nurses and guardians; while yet others are engaged as paper-makers and masons. It is even said that these last work by definite shifts (I know not on what authority), and that they each have a space of about a square inch allotted to them to fill with cells, on which no neighboring worker is permitted to encroach with impunity. But these are perhaps the fictions of imaginative observers. At any rate, the Eight Hours Act is not yet in operation; wasps work early and late, and this entirely of their own free will.

The nurse wasps feed the little black-faced grubs with food regurgitated (good Virgilian word!) from their own stomachs. As for the grub itself, it hangs, head downward, in its narrow cell, opens its mouth and shuts its eyes, and takes with supreme indifference whatever heaven may send it. Its food consists in about equal proportion of insects, fruit, meat, and honey, all partially digested beforehand by the nurse's organs. When the grubs are ready to enter the pupal or chrysalis condition, they cover the mouths of their cells with a sort of silken fabric, deposited or spun from their own bodies. Only the little black beady eyes can be seen through this thin and gauze-like tissue. There they undergo their transformation into the perfect insect, and emerge at last as winged and sting-bearing creatures. As autumn approaches, however, Queen Dido, warned by some internal monitor of her race that evil times are looming ahead for the vespine world, will make preparation beforehand for the inevitable cataclysm. She will duly lay the eggs from which in course of nature the perfect male and female wasps must be born against the need for next season's colonies. The workers begin by preparing cells to educate the grubs of queens and drones; and it is probable that on the size of the cells alone, and the nature of the food supplied to the larvæ, depends the ultimate fate of the perfect insect—the question whether it shall hatch out as a queen, a drone, or a sexless worker. At any rate, with the approach of autumn, male and female insects begin to emerge from the special combs, and, after they have paired, the nest seems to become aware that the end is upon it. A lethargy comes over the spirit of the hive, the workers go about in a listless, half-hearted, dispirited fashion, cold comes on and numbs them, they straggle and die in very waspish humor, and before very long, out of that populous community, only a few hibernating queens remain, all lurking in retirement among strange nooks and crannies—a scene very different from the bustling activity of a few weeks before.

Wasps are at all times particularly fond of honey. Indeed, they have a very sweet tooth for sugar in any form. Towards the end of summer, therefore, as bee-keepers well know, they will force their way into bee-hives as open robbers, and carry off by main force as much as they can gorge of their winged neighbors' honey. At such times the bees, who are delicate creatures, very sensitive to cold, though capable of outliving the winter, are given to hiding themselves in clusters among the warmer interior quarters of the hive; and the wasps who feel the cold less just at first than their nectar-eating allies, take advantage of their absence and the unguarded state of the doors to rifle the upper combs with comparative impunity. Even in summer, too, they sometimes seize the bees on their way home from work, especially if heavily laden, and cut out the honey-bag regardless of the feelings of its lawful proprietor. Throughout nature, indeed, moral scruples seldom extend beyond the single community. But wasps are also honey-collectors on their own account, in more peaceful fashion—a fact comparatively little known to any save botanists who have watched the special devices for the fertilization of flowers. A considerable number of plants depend entirely for pollination upon the visits of wasps, which alone are adapted for reaching their nectar and at the same time depositing the fertilizing powder on the sensitive surface of the ripening ovary. Flowers which lay themselves out for wasps are most often hood-like in shape, as in the case of the common English Scrophularia; and the size and arrangement of the hood exactly answer to the head and appendages of the wasp that fertilizes them. But the most interesting point of all is the fact that wasp-flowers are seldom pretty, and never sweet-scented, being adapted, as Hermann Müller quaintly remarks, to "a less æsthetically cultivated circle of visitors" than that affected by the bee-attracting species. Indeed, the wasp-flowers recognize and provide for the carnivorous tastes of their insect allies by assuming the dusky red color of dead meat, and often also by producing a faint odor as of rather fresh carrion, which seems peculiarly alluring to the senses of their visitors.

While I am engaged in whitewashing the much-misunderstood wasp, let me add before I leave off that the drones of the race, instead of being idle and luxurious creatures (as with that tedious Aristides of the insect world, the over-lauded Busy Bee of popular hymnology), are sober, industrious, and well-behaved members of the vespine community. They clean the streets of their town with exemplary diligence; they act as public scavengers or sanitary officers; and they carry out the corpses of the dead for burial, or rather, as is the wont of their kind, for Parsee-like exposure before the eye of heaven. And they have their reward; for, unlike the doomed bee-drones, they live their allotted life in peace and quietness, till winter involves both them and their spinster sisters in one common cataclysm of death and destruction. Observe herein the vast moral superiority of the unobtrusive wasp over the boastful bee, whose sting is imbued in its brother's blood. While the one kind has been endowed by its ancestors with a hateful and murderous instinct to kill off all the male members of its family in a St. Bartholomew massacre or Sicilian Vespers as soon as ever they have performed their one function in life—that of fertilizing the queen or common mother of the community—the other kind lives on in brotherly love with the whole circle of its relations till death them do part, and does not believe that sound ethical principles can possibly be consistent with the organized practice of universal fratricide. Oh, no, if it comes to a question of moral superiority, human prejudice apart, give me the pugnacious but communistic wasp, not that sanctimonious humbug, the fratricidal hive-bee. And yet, when I put my hand yesterday on the nest in the bank by accident, I uttered a hasty remark (not necessarily for publication) to the general effect that I certainly considered the wasp an unduly vindictive and inexcusably aggressive animal.

TABLE TALK: CONCERNING EATING AND DRINKING

Chief Cooks of Royalty.....Sovereigns at Dinner.....Pittsburg Leader

The senior of all royal chefs de cuisine, as far as length of service is concerned, is Herr Kienberger, who bears the title of inspector-general of the Emperor of Austria's kitchen. He has held his office for more than forty years, and is a great favorite and trusted servant of both their majesties, with whom he is brought into daily contact, except when they happen to be travelling. Every morning Herr Kienberger submits to the Emperor and Empress, the menu for the following day, on an octavo-sized sheet of paper, written in ink. The Emperor uses a blue pencil very freely, being averse to Gargantuan banquets, and, unlike either the Emperor of Russia, the Prince of Wales, and their majesties of Greece, Sweden, Portugal, Denmark, and Belgium, is a very small eater, and fond of frugal fare. The kitchens extend around the courtyards known as the Schweitzerhof and the Amalienhof, and are divided into two separate establishments, that of the Schweitzerhof, being known as the "big kitchen," and devoted to the use of the Emperor, his household, and any guests who may be staying at the palace, whilst that of the Amalienhof is known as the "little kitchen," and is reserved for the use of the Empress and her household. What is especially remarkable about these kitchens, is the vast space which they occupy. One huge vaulted apartment is assigned to the preparation of entrees, in another equally spacious chamber there are nothing but cold dishes prepared, two others are occupied by the roasting department, yet another constitutes a perfect arsenal of various tin and porcelain shapes and forms. Then there are the sauce room, the soup room, the entremets room, the confectionery room, etc., each with its own staff and organized on the most lavish, yet perfect scale, and everything working like clockwork. Neither Herr Kienberger nor any of his assistants do any of the marketing themselves, but furnish a list of what they require to the Imperial storekeeper, the purchases being invariably made by that functionary for one, or at most two, days in advance. Of Herr Kienberger's immense staff —he has a perfect army under his orders—four out of his six chief assistants have been in the service of the Emperor for more than a quarter of a century, and most of the employees are old servants, and so thoroughly acquainted with their duties that there is never the slightest hitch or difficulty.

The Emperor, it may be added, takes an early breakfast, consisting of coffee and fresh Viennese bread of a certain kind, just before seven in the winter, and between five and six in summer. His dejeuner is served between eleven and twelve, and comprises a soup and one meat, generally a roast. Dinner follows at six in summer and at four o'clock in winter, and consists as a rule of five courses, soup being dispensed with during the hot summer days. At each of these two last-named meals the Emperor drinks a glass of beer, a glass of red wine or old Madeira, and a glass of liquor. As a general rule, the Emperor breakfasts, lunches and dines alone, excepting on Sunday, when, if the Empress or any of his daughters are staying at the palace, he dines with them. He likewise, when in residence at Vienna or Pesth, is accustomed to give dinner parties twice a week, but, otherwise, as stated above, he invariably takes his meals alone. These are brought to him from the Imperial kitchens in peculiar metal dishes, dating from the times of Maria Theresia, and kept warm by burning charcoal. On reaching his majesty's apartments the viands are removed therefrom and placed on silver dishes, the Emperor being served by his chasseur. The Empress takes her breakfast generally about half-past nine, and then nothing else until dinner, which her lady in waiting invariably shares. It generally consists of three courses, the Empress's favorite vegetable being asparagus, while a pint bottle of champagne invariably figures on her table. Everything that leaves the table either of the Emperor or of the Empress, whether viands or wines, becomes the perquisites of the servants, never being returned to the stores or to the kitchens. Of course, when the Emperor and Empress dine alone this does not matter much, and is of but little account; but when large dinners and state banquets are given, the money thus wasted is something incredible and the servants make a regular business of selling at a reduced price to the members of the court the wines and, in some cases, even the viands, which have been set upon the Imperial table and left untouched.

The chef de cuisine, upon whose shoulders rests a greater burden of responsibility than any other cook in the Old World, is certainly Eugene Krantz, who occupies the proud position of Kammerfourrier to the Emperor of Russia, that monarch who is absolute autocrat of a large portion of Europe as well as of the greater part of Asia, and upon whose geniality of disposition depend the welfare and happiness of millions of men, women and children of every race and every clime. Under the circumstances, it is only fitting that the chief cook to his majesty should rank with the captains of the Imperial navy and with the colonels of the army. It is scarcely necessary to say that Eugene Krantz does not wear the ordinary costume of a chef, except when engaged in the preparation of some altogether exquisite gastronomic novelty of his own invention. On state occasions he wears a gold-embroidered coat of the same cut as that worn by the foreign ministers and envoys at Washington. A cocked hat is on his head, a court sword hangs by his side, and his breast is decorated with a long string of Russian and foreign orders, including those of Austria, Greece, Italy, Persia and France. He has held his position for five years. When the Imperial family take their meals alone, the dishes are of the most simple and even bourgeois description, the Czar, although a very heavy eater, being fond of simple fare. But whenever the repast assumes a ceremonious form, the cuisine is of the most elaborate character. This, too, when there are as many as 2,000 or 3,000 guests at supper. Krantz's staff numbers over 1,200 persons, all of whom are absolutely subject to his orders, and they include four assistant Kammerfourriers, twenty-four so-called "officers of the mouth," fifty yeomen of the buffet, one hundred and twenty chefs of first, second and third rank, twenty bakers, twenty confectioners, ten secretaries and heaven only knows how many assistants of one kind and another. Although an Alsatian by birth, Krantz has retained his French nationality, and when one re-

calls to mind the many attempts that have been made to bring about the death of the Czar by poison, and the number of his predecessors who have succumbed thereto, one will be able to realize the vast responsibility that rests upon the Kammerfourrier's shoulders, as well as the great confidence placed in his loyalty.

Queen Victoria's table is distinctly inferior to those of her brother sovereigns of Austria and Russia. Indeed, the meals which are served there, would ruin the reputation of even a second-class Parisian restaurant, a fact all the more surprising when the enormous expenditure in connection with the royal kitchen is taken into consideration. The principal official is not the cook himself, but the functionary who bears the title of clerk of the kitchen. He has a salary of $4,500 a year, and does all the ordering and marketing. The chef is a Frenchman, and receives a salary of $5,000 per annum, and was until a short time ago a man of the name of Pasteur, who had held his post for nearly a quarter of a century. He is assisted by four master cooks, who each receive $2,000 a year, and who enjoy the right of taking apprentices, or marmitons, who pay them a premium of $1,000 each, for the privilege of assisting in the preparation of the dishes for the royal table. Then there are the yeomen of the kitchen, the cook's assistants, the roasting cooks, the scourers, the kitchen maids, a storekeeper, two green-office men, and two steam-apparatus men. The confectionery department of the kitchen has its special officials; there is a first yeoman, who receives $2,000 a year for making crusts for pies and tarts. The second yeoman, who has $500 a year less, superintends puddings, compotes, ices, meringues, etc.; then there are apprentices and male and female assistants to these two yeomen, besides a head and a deputy baker, and three coffee women.

A queer custom which prevails at no other court than that of Great Britain, is the announcement at the beginning of each course, of the name of the cook who has prepared the dishes served. The announcement is made in an audible tone by one of the clerks of the kitchen. The origin of this custom dates back to the reign of King George II., who made a great favorite of one of his marmitons, promoting him to the rank of chief cook over the heads of all his seniors. This, of course, created great jealousy, and every effort was made to oust him from royal favor by rendering him responsible for the failures that appeared upon the king's table. Greatly distressed thereby, and fearing to lose his post, he complained to the king in person, who immediately gave orders that henceforth, whenever a dish was placed before him, the name of the cook responsible for its success or failure should be announced in a loud tone of voice. The Queen generally breakfasts alone when at Windsor, in a room adorned with the portraits of her daughters-in-law, the Princess of Wales and the Duchess of Coburg, tea of a peculiar kind, known as Earl Grey's mixture, forming her majesty's beverage at that meal. Luncheon is taken in the company of Princess Beatrice, or any other member of her family who may happen to be staying with her at the time, game, very high, and a cold sirloin of beef, constituting an invariable feature.

In point of skill, the chef of President Carnot surpasses the cooks of all the other European rulers. He bears the name of Louis Tabernat, and was formerly for ten years chef of the late Duke of Manchester in London. His official title is Chef de Bouche, and it is he who takes charge of all the purchases and of the compositions of the menus, which he submits twenty-four hours in advance to Mme. Carnot. Louis is the author of an extremely valuable cookery book, and is famous as Trompette the celebrated culinary artist.

At the courts of Berlin, Stuttgart, Rome, Bucharest, Lisbon, Stockholm, Munich and Dresden, the table is run on what may be described as the hotel system. That is to say, the principal chef is allowed so much per head per day for all the members of the reigning family and for those of the household who are of gentle birth. Another fixed sum per diem and per head is allowed to the cook for each person of menial station. At several of the German courts the average amount per day ranges from $6 to $10, while the servants are fed at about $1.50 a day. When it is borne in mind that the number of persons fed at these rates often reach as many as 400 and 500 in a single day, it will readily be seen where the profit of the chef comes in, all the more as the price does not include wines, liquors or cigars, but merely the actual food and fruit. It is only within the last three years that this table d'hote method has been inaugurated, and it was first instituted by Emperor William II., with the object of putting a stop to the extraordinary amount of pilfering and waste that went on in the imperial kitchens. It cannot be said, however, to have improved the cuisine. For the cooking at the court of Berlin and at that of Rome is infinitely inferior to that of Windsor, and bears no comparison with that of the court of Vienna, St. Petersburg or the Elysée.

In a Modern Pie Factory.....America's Favorites.....Hartford Post

The largest pie factory in New England, without a doubt, is located in Boston. Not only is this bakery on patriotic soil, but it occupies, in part, an old church building. In this factory the average is 10,000 pies a day, and the varieties are many. That they are made with great rapidity goes without saying. The manufacture consists chiefly of four processes—preparing the filling, making the crust, filling the pies, and baking them. If mince filling is being made, the meat is first selected, and then cooked in a steam-jacketed copper kettle that will hold a barrel. It is then chopped by a machine that knows its business, and then mixed with the apple, beef suet, currants, citron, spices, and brandy. When the expert mixer gets them all mixed, by approved rules for mixing, but never getting mixed himself, this filling goes to the filler, who, though always engaged in filling, never gets full. Meanwhile, another set of men have prepared the crust. A huge trough is partly filled with flour and lard, "shortening" is worked into it by a fellow dressed in white, with hair powdered and arms bare. This flour is next changed to a doughlike consistency by adding water as near freezing as possible to make it flaky, and mixing it with the hands.

When the batch is ready it is taken to the men who roll it out and put it on the tin plates. The deftness and quickness with which this is done throws into the shade the work of a lightning-change artist. Then the pie is filled, and this, too, is no slow operation. A long-handled tin dipper, holding just enough to charge a pie, is seized in one hand by the operator and a pie in the other. With dexterous dip into the barrel of filling, and a twist of the arm to lift and to invert the dipper over the pie, the work is done. Another set of men in

white put on the covers, and then the pie goes to the oven, which is the marvel. Quite likely its like suggested the Ferris wheel at the World's Fair, for that follows its principles of construction quite closely. It is arranged so that a big wheel, at least twelve feet long and sixteen in diameter, is suspended by its axle in a big oven, under which is a glowing fire. Hung from the rims of this wheel at equal distances from each other are eight iron platforms, upon which pies are placed. Such is the manner of suspension that they always remain horizontal. This wheel is revolved by power. One of these platforms is before the opening in the oven, which opening is as large as the wheel itself. The attendants cover this platform with pies, and the wheel is turned until the next comes into view, which is then filled, and so on until the eight have been supplied. The next turn brings into view the first lot put in, and they are ready to take out. They are removed, and the platform filled again. The wheel turns, and another baked lot is presented, and so it goes on day after day, 1,000 an hour taking their course over this pit of fire.

Drinking as a Fine Art.....Harmonies in Glasses.....National Observer

There is no action save upon a balance of considerations, and there can be no right drinking save upon a most scrupulous discrimination in the matter of glasses. For right drinking, being as it were a tourney of palatal sensations, is largely dependent upon its accessories, and the most important of these is the vehicle by whose means the tourney is accomplished. Now, of glasses there be three kinds: the tinted or colored, the plain, and that which is known generally as cut; and there be some wines that will shine with all, there be some that pair well with two, others there be that will mate with one alone. And first there is the bastard Sherry, that "filius nullius," yet boon companion of all. Him, sprung from unknown and unpedigreed parents, yet none the less apt to form a line of his own, you shall drink indifferently from glasses plain and glasses cut. His amber complexion sparkles and dazzles through the myriad facets of the one sort: so let the sport he makes the eye be held to compensate for any trifling deterioration of palate. But for all that he flows the kindliest from a plain clear glass, conical-shaped, lipped over at the rim so that his oleaginous and flavorous qualities may linger a little on the lips ere he leaves his temporary haven for a more blessed embarkation. And this, too, be it said, though the reverted apex is a source of pain and tribulation to housewives and to conscientious butlers.

For Hock, that Fount of the Affinities, no glass of English disposition fits him; and you must seek his true vehicle in those regions which of old-time bounded Gaul and Germania, for neither in color nor in shape shall you easily match them. But let the stems of them be hollow and broad, and let the hue of them be amber as in harmony with the genial creature they inclose, let the amateurs of green asseverate never so wisely, for thus do you impart the right ambrosial tinge. The clients of Ter Borch, Metsu, Hals, even Teniers in his gentler moods, inclined to a long and pointed figure; but it was a concession to pictorial effect, the stumpier vessels lending themselves less readily to the characteristics of a set of drinkers whose conviviality is roysterous in effect and type. The benignant quality of Hock is scarce suited to riotousness—appears expressed, indeed, for the sole delight of a leisurely and cultured palate.

With the Champagne man has become vainglorious; he is clamorous for a sign of the thing's own character, for the frolic vapors of him have extended to his accessories. Now, in the matter of his vehicle, it is hard if you do not find his adventitious vulgarity somewhat accentuated. And most of all the right drinker frets and chafes at the Champagne glasses of Old-World hotels and private houses—the wide-throated, the over-proportioned—wherein the beaded bubbles waste themselves into thin air or ever his time for them is come. In drinking therefrom he may recall (perchance) some catching of the breath, the advance-guard of that arch-enemy, the hiccough. He resents that extreme circumspection which is needed ere he drink; for a man should think only of that which he drinketh, and not whether or no he will be able to swallow without bearing testimony to the indignant ear. Often, too, the stems of this species are hollow; to the end, their vendors tell you, that, being filled, they may sparkle and bubble like an Iceland geyser; and this the right drinker may not behold without suspecting that the dust has gathered there since the last using. Now, it is known that atoms of bread-crumb, and all sorts and conditions of alien matter, cause a spurious effervescence; but he holds that virtue all too dear at the price. On the whole, the thoughtful have ceased to look to have the creature himself in his integrity, or his proper continent, in its perfection, at the hands of your private householder; since he will neither pay for the one nor shed his infernal prejudice regarding the other. No; for this they must turn them to the restaurant (or feeding-shop), or go unsatisfied. And yet the points of a Champagne glass are neither extensive nor peculiar. It should be so thin that it clings to the lips as a membranous transparency—a bubble divided in twain, and floating on the wings of the wind. It should be wider in the middle than at any other point; should taper thereto from the bottom, or therefrom to the top—so that the soul of the wine comes concentrated into the mouth of its high-priest. To be utterly avoided is the narrow hollow stem, which harbors dirt or—what is as bad—inclines to the suspicion of dirt. Absolutely to be shunned is the flat superficies, for that prevents that first long, liberal draught which stamps the dinner a success.

Concerning Port and Claret there is less to be urged. The last has suffered much at the hands of the so-called æsthetic; for it is a crying insult that he should be drunk out of opalescent and of art-green contrivances, unearthly as to their shapes; as it is that he should be degraded to the horrible magenta globosities you find at refreshment rooms and cheap hotels. For he is a color to himself, and should only be savored from pure white glass of wafer thinness, light as the fancy he inspires, large as befits the greatness of his soul, transparent so that his "purple tide" may ebb and flow in full vision. Now these points are for the most part recognized, so that you find him more aptly presented than any of his race. As for Port, so great is his predominancy that he would hardly be gainsaid, though you should take him out of pewter. You may buy his glasses by the pound-weight and you will; but even port responds to warmth and thinness; and for the shape it matters little. Also, his affable genius still lends itself to cut glass and diamond points, wherein you may behold him sparkling and dancing at you in the full strength of his unutterable imperiousness.

THE RABBI'S PRAYER: TRAGI-COMEDY OF CREEDS*

By I. Zangwill

Not much before midnight in a Midland town—a thriving commercial town, whose dingy black streets swarmed with poverty and piety—a man in a soft felt hat and a white tie was hurrying home over a bridge that spanned a dark crowded river. He had missed the car, and did not care to be seen out late, but he could not afford a cab. Suddenly he felt a tug at his long black coal-tail. Vaguely alarmed and definitely annoyed, he turned round quickly. A breathless, roughly-clad, rugged-featured man loosened his hold of the skirt.

"'Scuse me, sir—I've been running," he gasped.

"What is it? What do you want?" said the gentleman, impatiently. "My wife is dying," jerked the man.

"I'm very sorry," murmured the gentleman, incredulously. "I'm not a doctor."

"No, sir, I know. I don't want a doctor. He's there, and only gives her ten minutes to live. Come with me at once, please."

"Come with you? Why, what good can I do?"

"You are a clergyman?"

The wearer of the white tie looked embarrassed. "Ye-es," he stammered. "In a—in a way. But I'm not the sort of clergyman your wife will be wanting. I am a Jewish minister."

"That don't matter," broke in the man, almost before he could finish the sentence, "as long as you're not a Catholic. Oh, don't go away now, sir." His voice broke piteously. "Don't go away after I've been chasing you for five minutes. I saw your rig-out—I beg pardon, your coat and hat—in the distance, just as I came out of the house. Walk back with me, anyhow," he pleaded, seeing the Jew's hesitation.

The man's accent was so poignant, his anxiety was so apparently sincere, that the minister's humanity could scarcely resist the solicitation to walk back at least.

"Why don't you go to your own clergyman?"

"I've got none," said the man, half apologetically. "I don't believe in nothing myself. But you know what women are! Betsy goes some place every Sunday almost; sometimes she's there and back from a service before I'm up, and so long as the breakfast is ready I don't mind. I don't ask her no questions, and in return she don't bother about my soul—leastways, not for these ten years, ever since she's had kids to convert. We get along all right, the missus and me and the kids. Oh, but it's all to come to an end now," he sobbed.

"Yes, but my good fellow," protested the minister, "I told you you were making a mistake. You know nothing about religion; but what your wife wants is some one to talk to her of Jesus, or to give her the sacrament, or the confession, or something, for I confess I'm not very clear about the forms of Christianity."

"Oh, but you believe in something?" persisted the man. "H'm! Yes, I can't deny that," said the minister; "but it's not the same something that your wife believes in." "You believe in a God, don't you?"

The minister felt a bit chagrined at being catechised in the elements of his religion. "Of course," he said fretfully. "I knew it," cried the man in triumph. "None of us do in our shop; but, of course, clergymen are different. But if you believe in a God, that's enough, ain't it? Here is the house."

The minister conquered a last impulse of mistrust, and looked round cautiously to be sure he was unobserved. Charity was not a strong point with his flock. Even if they learned the truth, he was not at all sure they would not consider his praying with a dying Christian akin to blasphemy. On the whole he must be credited with some courage in mounting that black, ill-smelling, interminable staircase. He found himself in a gloomy garret at last, lighted by an oil-lamp. A haggard woman lay with shut eyes on an iron bed, her chilling hands clasping the hands of the "converted" children, a boy of ten and a girl of seven, who stood crying in their little night-gowns. The doctor leaned against the head of the bed. He was a big-brained, large-hearted Irishman, a Roman Catholic.

"You are not too late," replied the doctor.

"Thank God!" said the atheist. "Betsy, old girl, here is a clergyman."

The cloud seemed to pass off the blind face, and a wave of wan sunlight to traverse it; slowly the eyes opened, the hands withdrew themselves from the children's grasp, and the palms met for prayer.

"Christ Jesus," began the lips, mechanically.

The minister was hot with confusion and a-quiver with emotion. He knew not what to say, as automatically he drew out a Hebrew prayer-book from his pocket, and began reading the Death-bed Confession in the English version on the alternate pages.

"I acknowledge unto Thee, O Lord, my God, and the God of my fathers, that both my cure and my death are in Thy hands . . . ." As he read, the dying lips moved, mumbling the words after him. How often had those white lips prayed that the stiff-necked Jews might find grace and be saved from damnation.

The prayer went on, the mournful monotone thrilling through the hot, dim, oil-reeking attic, and awing the weeping children into silence. The atheist stood by reverently, torn by conflicting emotions; glad the poor foolish creature had her wish, and on thorns lest she should live long enough to discover the deception. There was no room in his overcharged heart for personal grievance just then. "Make known to me the path of life; in Thy presence is fullness of joy; at Thy right hand are pleasures for evermore." An ecstatic look overspread the plain, careworn face; she stretched out her arms as if to embrace some unseen vision.

"Yes, I am coming—Jesus," she murmured. Then her hands dropped heavily upon her breast, the face grew rigid, the eyes closed. Involuntarily the minister seized the hand nearest him. He felt it respond faintly to his clasp in unconsciousness of the pagan pollution of his touch. He read on: Into Thy hand I commend my spirit. Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of Truth. Amen and Amen."

And in that last Amen, with a final gleam of blessedness flitting across her sightless face, the poor Christian toiler breathed out her life of pain, holding the Jew's hand. There was solemn silence, the three men becoming as little children in the presence of the eternal mystery.

* From King of the Schnorrers. Macmillan & Co.

AMONG THE PLANTS: IN GARDEN, FIELD AND FOREST

Indian Corn and its Uses ... ..A Valuable Plant.....Washington Star

The demand for paper in the world is growing greater steadily. In order to supply it, many new vegetable materials have been made to serve as stock, rags to-day furnishing only a minor fraction of the raw stuff employed for the purpose. Among these substances wood pulp stands first. A very important contribution is made also by the famous esparto grass of Northern Africa and Southwestern Europe. But the time is approaching when the leaves of Indian corn will be utilized in this way to an enormous extent. In Vienna, the manufacture of paper from maize is already conducted on an extensive scale. The Allgemeine Zeitung, a scientific journal of importance, is printed on sheets of this product, the yellowish tint of which is restful to the eyes. It has a number of other advantages. Very little sizing is required; it bleaches well and it is stronger than rag paper. No machinery is required for tearing up the corn leaves. The latter are merely soaked in hot water for a few days, after which they are easily separated into three parts—the large veins and ribs, the material between the ribs and a coarse paste. The first are utilized for making gunny sacks, cordage and certain kinds of cloth; the second furnishes material for a peculiar sort of bread, described as having an agreeable flavor; the third is employed for paper pulp. All of these uses for maize are new, as is likewise the process of obtaining a valuable oil from corn. For this last purpose the grain is crushed, and the germs, which contain the oil, are separated by winnowing. The germs are then subjected to hydraulic pressure, yielding fifteen per cent. of oil, which is of a pale golden-yellow color, and has a pleasant taste and odor. It is employed in dressing wool and to lubricate machinery. The yield is sixteen pounds for every hundred bushels of maize.

Maize oil is well adapted for illuminating purposes, giving a bright, white flame. It is also good for heating, developing a high temperature in burning. In the West, where the supply of fuel is often precarious, corn cobs are frequently used in stoves, three tons of them being reckoned as equal to one ton of hard coal. Sometimes, when there has been a fuel famine, the whole ear has been employed. In France the cobs, saturated with resin and tar, are utilized as fire lighters, fetching, when thus prepared, from $2.40 to $4 per thousand, according to size. The husks are used for packing oranges and cigars, as well as in stuffing pillows, mattresses and lounges. As stoppers for bottles also the cobs are sometimes employed. Toasted cornmeal is utilized in some parts of this country as a substitute for coffee. The cobs yield a large amount of potash. A mill shelling 500 bushels an hour turns out 7,000 pounds of cobs every sixty minutes, or 70,000 pounds for each working day. The cobs are consumed as fuel in the mills, and the refuse ashes are collected for the extraction of the potash. A factory of the above-mentioned capacity will furnish as a by-product 535 pounds of potash per diem. Science has devoted much attention to finding out where this most valuable of American farm products had its origin. An overwhelming weight of testimony goes to show that the earliest home of maize was the highlands of Central Mexico. All of the plants closely related to Indian corn are indigenous to that part of the world. It is believed that the vegetable originated in a circumscribed locality, above 4,500 feet elevation, north of the isthmus of Tehuantepec and south of the twenty-second degree of north latitude, near the ancient seat of the Maya tribes. There is hardly a doubt that the Mayas were the first to cultivate maize and that they distributed it in every direction. From them the use of the cereal spread north and south.

It is considered probable that the plant was known along the Rio Grande by 700 A. D. Three hundred years later it had reached the coast of Maine. In Peru the Incas used it before the year 700. By the time of Columbus it was found everywhere. It was one of the products of American soil which the great navigator took back with him to Spain and showed to Queen Isabella. From Spain it soon spread over Europe, and in the sixteenth century grains of it were sold in Italian, French, German and English gardens. Before long it was cultivated upon a larger scale in the fields. It became widely known as "Turkish wheat," because the New World was confused in the popular mind with the East Indies, the trade with which was carried on by way of Turkey. The ancient Mexicans, to whom the development of the usefulness of Indian corn is due, were a highly civilized people. They were skillful builders, made utensils of copper and tin, worked gold and silver into ornaments, had an elaborate religious system, preserved a large literature on parchment of the maguey plant, kept a calendar and understood the arts of agriculture, raising beans, pepper, gourds and many other fruits of tillage. Their country was so densely populated that floating gardens were constructed on which all products of the soil known to them, particularly maize and beans, were sown. These gardens were constructed of logs overlaid with earth. They have been described by historians as "fairy islets of flowers overshadowed by trees of considerable size." Even to this day such floating islands are built for purposes of pleasure.

The ruins of great irrigation works testify to the extent and development of the cultivation of maize by the ancient Peruvians. Their tombs commonly contained corn, either in the ear or the grain. The bodies of these people were buried in a squatting position, with the knees drawn up beneath the chin, and were rolled and tied in mats. Heads of corn and copper agricultural implements were included in the rolling. With the corpse were usually placed a water vessel and a pot with grains of maize. All along the coast of Peru for 1,200 miles are scattered thousands of such prehistoric tombs. Darwin unearthed some ears of corn on the seashore, in a stratum which had evidently been raised by geologic action from nearer the sea level, and to them he assigned a great antiquity. In the houses of the ancient cliff-dwellers, in Southwest Colorado and Northern New Mexico, stalks, husks, tassels, cobs and kernels of corn are found. That some of this material is as old as the buildings is proved by the fact that the stalks were used in the construction of the floors, being imbedded in the adobe. The cobs were also utilized to fill up chinks in the walls. They were about three feet long. These habitations have been deserted for 500 years.

During the long winter that followed the landing of the Puritans in 1620 they subsisted in large measure on corn purchased from the aborigines. In the next year an Indian named Squanto taught them how to plant it and to fertilize the soil with fish. Thus they were enabled to grow about twenty acres of it. The Indians had many ways of preparing maize, mixing it with beans, chestnuts and whortleberries. They made a pottage of it by boiling it with fresh or dried meat and dried pumpkins, sometimes sweetening it with maple sugar. They also boiled pounded hickory-nut kernels with the meal, and sometimes they made a bread composed of cornmeal mixed with smoked eels and oysters or clams. Like other vegetables of the garden and field, Indian corn has been much improved and altered by cultivation. The form in which it now appears would soon vanish save for the agency of man. To preserve it he must sow the kernels, for the latter are too large to be carried by winds and the sheathing husks prevent animals from getting at the grain and distributing it. The provision made by nature for the reproduction of maize is even unusually ample, the number of pollen grains furnished by each plant being about 18,000,000. Of course, each kernel must be fertilized by a grain of pollen in order that it may ripen. Allowing two ears of 1,000 kernels to each plant, there are 9,000 pollen grains for every kernel. A kernel of corn is a wonderful thing in its way. It is a box of starch, its outer coat being of a woody material and very hard, for the protection of the germ in the middle. The latter is surrounded by grains of starch most beautifully packed, their arrangement under the microscope having an appearance resembling a crystalline structure. They are the baby food of the future plant, designed to furnish it with nourishment in the earliest stage of its growth. The so-called germ is itself merely an oily and highly nutritious envelope for the actual microscopic germ of life which it contains.

The Hitchin Lavender Fields.....Famous English Meadows.....London Queen

The sun shines brightly and the sky is a cloudless blue as we leave the Hitchin station and begin our walk to the lavender fields for which this country town is famous. Long before we reach them we scent the exquisite perfume of the flowers, heavy upon the still, hot air. And what a picture when at last we reach the fields and turning off the sandy road come suddenly upon them—a sight, once seen, never forgotten! Under the bright sunlight they lie, field after field, one blazing mass of lavender kissed into deepest violet, now gray as the sun hides for a moment behind the cloud. The scent, delicious from afar, is almost overpowering, and for once in our lives we think it almost disagreeable. While we stand looking the color deepens, and softened by the sky and sun the trees look their brightest green in contrast to the mass of purple. The sandy road, stretching away in the distance, is perfect in its harmony with the trees and fields. The men are busy cutting, packing and carting, and soon we watch them and learn the why and wherefore of their work. Lavender stalks are, as we all know, very stiff and hard to break. To cut them, therefore, the men have small sickles. In the right hand these are held, while with the left the stalks are bent for the cutting, and with a strong stroke of the sickle severed from the plant and thrown upon the ground. Meanwhile other men gather the cut lavender into huge bundles and put in sacks, which are carted away to the distilleries and different places, from which it issues as lavender water, lavender soap and many other delicacies. It is also sent into our towns and sold there in the streets at threepence and sixpence for quite small bunches. At Hitchin as much as one can carry may be bought for half a crown. We hear so much of old lavender bushes in country gardens, prized for their antiquity by their owners, that I learned with surprise that for market purposes plants are considered useless after the third year. The first year sees them small and bearing little if any flower, the second they are in their prime and should be a mass of blossoms, and the third year they begin to go off, and cuttings from them are taken for replanting.

Lavender should be thoroughly dried before it is put into bags such as our great-grandmothers loved to stow among the linen. And if the scent is to be preserved for any length of time it should after drying be put in a box and left until the flowers shake off crisp and dry, leaving the stalks separate. Then, if put in bags or made into the many delicate little fancy articles, it will keep its sweetness for many a long day. Lavender stalks, when properly dried, are most agreeable. I always keep mine to burn to scent the rooms in wintertime, when there are no flowers. They burn slowly, and if laid upon a metal tray will smolder on for a long time. A few stalks make quite a sufficient scent for an ordinary room. In sick-rooms they are a boon, for the smell is much cleaner and more natural than the pastils and other things which offend the patient's nose.

On a Coffee Plantation..... .....L. A. H.....St. Paul Pioneer-Press

One of the most complete object lessons in the culture of coffee in Mexico and its preparation for market is afforded by the hacienda of Las Animas, situated in the State of Vera Cruz, between the towns of Orizaba and Cordoba, near the heart of the oldest and most famous coffee district of Mexico. While the soil hereabout is not so rich nor the yield so great as in the States further south, the hacienda has on the other hand the advantage of plenty of water for washing the coffee, is supplied with machinery of the most approved type, and lies near the railway, from whose terminal at Vera Cruz shipment is made direct to New Orleans. A party of Americans, having made an appointment by wire to visit Las Animas, for at this season time on a plantation is a precious item, they were met at the station by a stalwart young Englishman in leggings and sombrero, who briskly announced himself as the administrator of the estate, and quite at our service. Without more ado the young man led the way to what appeared to be an endless grove of banana trees, and in reply to a question on the part of one of the "tenderfoot" visitors whether the plantation went in for bananas as well as coffee, laughed a very merry laugh, indeed, and explained that the banana was cultivated in order to afford shade to the coffee plants, which, he pointed out, were growing beneath. "You see," he added, "the soil hereabouts is rather shallow, and therefore dries out soon, so that it is found necessary to provide shade for the coffee plants. First, we sow corn, which springs up and affords protection from the sun until the banana, which is of slower growth, attains the necessary height. The corn we feed to the stock, of which we have about 1,500 head, and the bananas we sell, or such part of them as

our neighbors don't steal, for unless a planter raises enough coffee and bananas for himself and the robbers he must not expect to harvest a crop. Day and night mounted overseers are constantly watching, while the fruit is on the trees, for these marauders, who calculate to make their living from their neighbors' fields.

"Now here," continued our guide, with an inclusive gesture, "are our full-grown ones, three years of age, exclusive of the two years they spend in the nursery before being transplanted to the open ground. For the next five years these trees will bear a full crop which, under conditions of soil and climate existing here, ranges from one-fourth pound to one-half pound per plant. From that time on the yield of the tree steadily decreases, until at the age of fifteen years it averages a crop once in three years.

"You observe that the plants are placed about two yards apart. During the wet season, which lasts from early June to October, about all there is to do on a coffee plantation is to keep the plants clear of weeds. Now (the last of February) the last picking of the season's crop and the first flowering of next year's crop is going on. You must know," he remarked, lifting a branch upon which lay thick clusters of white blossoms among the slender, shining leaves, "that the coffee plant has three flowerings and three fruitings in a year, the total yield of which is reckoned a crop. The different flowerings produce different grades of coffee. This flowering, the coffee from which will be picked next November, yields the poorest grade of the year, while the coffee now in process of picking is the fruit of the third flowering and the best in quality. We are now picking not only ripe berries but green ones as well, as the flowering is coming on rapidly, and to pick the berry while the fruit is in flower is to injure the chances of the next year's crop by scattering the blossoms. In a few days from now, in a single night, should there be a shower, this coffee forest will look as though it had encountered a snowstorm, for the white blossoms grow thick along the tops of the branches as snow would lie. At the same time the air will be heavy with fragrance for miles, for you know the coffee plant is, after all, none other than the Arabian jessamine.

"Now, here," said our guide, rescuing from its hiding place among the leaves what looked to be a ripe, red cherry, "is a coffee berry that has escaped the pickers. We will dissect it. Within this yellowish pulp and inclosed in this thin parchment-like covering are two green seeds. This constitutes the raw coffee of commerce." About a mile further on peons—men, women and children—were picking the last of the crop into baskets. "We are about two weeks late with the picking this year," explained the manager, "owing to the corn crop being good up the valley. The Indians had enough to eat, so they wouldn't come down. A peon looks upon overwork as next to crime, and hunger is about the only spur that will drive him to work at all. After much trouble we succeeded in persuading about 200 of them to go to picking, which is some fifty less in number than we employed the year before, and these go through a similar process of economic reasoning weekly. This year's yield is below the average, since the planting of five years ago was omitted because of the press of other work. We have now in bearing 800,000 trees, 150,000 of which were put in last year. The large plantings of recent years have enabled the increase to so far exceed the natural decrease that next year's crop can be safely predicted at 4,000 quintals as against 3,600 quintals last year and 2,000 quintals (a trifle over 200,000 pounds) this year. It costs us about $4.50, Mexican money, to raise a quintal of coffee, and the American buyer, for all our coffee goes to New Orleans, pays for it on the hacienda $30 in gold, which at the existing rate of exchange is worth $60 in Mexican silver, giving a clear profit on this year's crop of $111,000, exclusive of the banana crop and the income from the stock. And this is our lightest crop for several years," said the manager with a complacent smile, as he lifted his sombrero and carefully wiped the dewy beads of perspiration from his brow.

"And now, if you like, we will have a glimpse at the peons' quarters. About 150 families live in that straggling village of thatched huts over yonder. There is a store which purports to supply everything from pulque and tequila to serapes and tortillas. Formerly we kept the store ourselves, and then, you see, it was like this: the hacienda paid the peon for his labor, and the peon paid the money into the store for merchandise, and at the end of the year we had it all back again, or would have had were it possible to hire a man to run the store, who wouldn't steal all the profits. After a rather unsuccessful effort of that kind, we rented the store to a Mexican, who probably makes from $4,000 to $5,000 a year out of it, though he doesn't look it. It doesn't matter how well off these people are, and many of them are rich, they are none the cleaner for it. Now, there is a man over there," indicating a personage of most unkempt appearance, "who is probably worth $50,000, buried somewhere beneath his hut, and yet he borrows money from us year after year at two per cent. interest, in order that he may be accounted poor." Here our guide halted before the open blind of one of the huts, which was evidently the home of three or four families. It presented a typical picture of peon life. A woman sat grinding corn between two stones, which a girl patted into tortillas and fried, depositing them as they were done in a small basket which she was preparing to carry to other members of the family, picking in the field. The furnishings of the apartment consisted roughly of some straw sleeping-mats, three babies, five dogs and a goat. The appointments for the preparation of the coffee for the market were next inspected. The coffee is brought into the storehouse by the pickers each night, where it is measured. The next morning it is put through a machine called a pulper, which frees the coffee beans from the berry and also separates them by size into two grades. The coffee is then put into a tank and allowed to ferment over night in water, after which it is thoroughly washed by means of a hoe, or, as is the usual custom, by being trampled upon with the bare feet through several waters. It is then placed on slightly inclined planes, from which moisture will run off, leveled with a hoe and left to dry in the sun for about a week. When thoroughly dry the coffee is passed through a hulling machine, which removes the dry parchment-like covering, and then through a polisher, after which finishing touch it is sacked for the market. Four grades are obtained from the process; two from the pulper, a third from the washing, where the poorer grains float, while the better sink, and the fourth by hand picking, the result is the separation of discolored grains, forming the inferior brand known to the trade as black coffee.

WIT AND WISDOM: SAYINGS OF THE CHILDREN

Old Gentleman.—"My, my! I don't like to see little boys cry. Boys who get hurt should act like men." Boy.—"Boo, hoo! Then I'd get li-licked fer swearin'."—Good News.

The little boy had come in with his clothes torn, his hair full of dust, and his face bearing unmistakable marks of a severe conflict. "Oh, Willie! Willie!" exclaimed his mother, "you have disobeyed me again. How often have I told you not to play with that wicked Stapleford boy?" "Mamma," said Willie, wiping the blood from his nose, "do I look as if I had been *playing* with anybody?"—Vogue.

Teacher (in geography class).—"What is a strait?" Tommy.—"I know, mum; it's next to a flush."—Hallo.

Sunday-school teacher (sadly).—"I'm afraid, Johnny, that I will never meet you in heaven." Johnny.—"Why? What have you been doing now?"—Home Journal.

Mrs. Slimson.—"My little boy has been very wicked to-day. He got into a fight and got a black eye." The Rev. Dr. Drowsie.—"So I perceive. Willie, come into the other room and I will wrestle in prayer for you." Willie.—"You'd better go home and wrestle in prayer for your own little boy. He's got two black eyes."—Life.

Mamma (to little daughter).—"Never forget to thank God for everything, my child." Child.—"If I didn't like it, too?" Mamma.—"Yes, always; everything is for the best." Child (running in an hour later).—"Mamma, thank God, I've broke the new pitcher."—Harper's Young People.

Tommy.—"I think grown folks is a awful nuisance." Jimmy.—"What for?" Tommy.—"'Cause when a feller tries to talk to 'em and entertain 'em, they tell him to run away, but when he is enjoyin' hisself all by hisself, then they always want to come monkeying around and bother him."—Indianapolis Journal.

Little Bobby.—"Ma, will I go to heaven when I die?" Mother.—"If you are a good boy you will." "Will you go, too?" "I hope so, Bobby." "And will pa?" "Yes, we will all be there sometime." Bobby didn't seem satisfied, but after some thought he said: "I don't see then where my fun comes in. I guess I'd rather go to some other place."—Texas Siftings.

Sunday-school teacher.—"Tommy, I was shocked to hear you swearing so dreadfully at that strange boy as he came in." Tommy.—"I couldn't help it, ma'am. He was making fun at our kind of religion."—New Orleans Picayune.

Mrs. Dexter had often told her five-year-old daughter, Julie, that she was never alone, because God was always with her. One day Mrs. Dexter left Julie alone in the room while she went down to the drawing-room to see a visitor. When she came back she said, feelingly, "Why, Julie, have you been all this time alone? I thought nurse was coming in!" Julie—"Oh, I haven't been alone, because you see, Dod was with me; but he's dretful poor company."—Troy Budget.

It happened in Sunday-school. The subject under discussion was Solomon and his wisdom. A little girl was asked to tell the story of Solomon and the women who disputed the possession of a child. She timidly rose up and answered: "Solomon was a very wise man. One day two women went to him, quarrelling about a baby. One woman said, 'This is my child,' and the other woman said, 'No, this is my child.' But Solomon spoke up and said: 'No, no, ladies; do not quarrel. Give me my sword and I will make twins of him, so each can have one!'"—Harper's Monthly.

Auntie had told four-year-old Merle about Elijah going up to Heaven in a chariot of fire. Seeing a hearse leaving the cemetery, he said: "Well, I guess there goes Elijah down for another load."—Literary Digest.

"Now," said the teacher, who was defining the meaning of suicide, "if I should take a large dose of arsenic to-night, what would you call me?" "A chump," cried Johnny, with that eagerness to impart knowledge characteristic of the bright mind.—Chicago Post.

Kind Party.—"Why are you crying like that, my little boy?" Little Boy.—"'Cause it's the only way I know how."—Vogue.

Roger, aged six, had been fishing with his father the day before, and a friend of the family asked him what luck they had had. "Well," he replied, "we didn't have very good luck. The first place we went to the man wasn't home, and the other two places the man said he had only enough for his own family."—Life.

Edward Junior (aged five) is the son of the most devout of ministers. One day the minister's wife was told that her little boy had been overheard swearing. Calling him to her, she told him what she had heard, and asked if it was true. "Who told you?" he demanded. "Oh," she replied, rather surprised, "a little bird told me." "Well," responded the impenitent, "then it was one of those damn sparrows."—New York Tribune.

A boy when asked for the text answered, "Many are cold, but few are frozen."—Newburyport News.

Father to Son.—"Why don't you sit down, Tommy?" "This morning I asked you how many made a million, an' you said 'darned few.' I told teacher that in arithmetic class, an' that's why I can't sit down."—Life.

Mamma.—"Remember, Frankie, what the dentist said about candy ruining your teeth." Frankie.—"Yes; but why don't you let me prove it, like we do in 'rithmetic?"—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The teacher asked her class to put the nouns "boys," "bees," and "bears," into a sentence. The scholars thought intently for a few moments, when one ragged youngster, with a look of victory on his face, raised his hand. "Well, Johnny," said the school-teacher, "what is your sentence?" "Boys bees bare when they go in swimmin'."—Boston Traveler.

Tommy came in one afternoon from an assembly of the children of the neighborhood with his clothes pierced above and below with a great many little holes. "For pity's sake," exclaimed his mother, "what has happened to you?" "Oh," said Tommy, "we've only been playing grocery and everybody was something in it, and I was the Swiss cheese!"—Youth's Companion.

STATISTIC, HISTORIC, LEGENDARY AND GENERAL

Facts about Flags.....*Gustav Kobbe*.....*The Outlook*

There never was a more disastrous retreat than that of Napoleon's army from Moscow. Yet there were but few French "colors" among the spoils gathered by the Russians on the steppes where "General Winter," as one of the Czars grimly called the icy blasts which laid low the French veterans of many campaigns, spared a mere remnant of the great army. For the color-guards were most touchingly faithful to their sacred trusts. When these men, who had faced unflinchingly many a storm of bullets, saw death by cold and hunger staring them in the face, they tore the colors from the staffs, made a fire with the latter, burned the colors, mixed the ashes with the water of melted snow, drank them, and lay down to die. Many a color-guard was found frozen stiff. But where were the colors? Saved from the enemy! The colors are not merely so many yards of silk. They represent to a soldier what is noblest in his country's history and institutions. Their loss, under circumstances short of heroic, is an eternal disgrace to the regiment losing them. Only death can excuse the color-guard from defending them; and when the guard has been shot or cut down, others should be ready to stand by the flag. In the navy a vessel never strikes her colors except to acknowledge a defeat. For this reason, when, in that great sea-duel between Paul Jones's Bonhomme Richard and the English Serapis, which lasted far into the night, the ensign was shot away from the halliards, Lieutenant Stafford plunged into the sea after it, and, braving a double death—he was, in fact, wounded while swimming—saved it and set it again; and it was the Serapis which finally struck. The Cumberland went down in Hampton Roads with colors flying; and when recently the old Kearsage, which sent the Alabama to the bottom, struck on Roncador Reef, in the Caribbean Sea, and her crew was obliged to take to the boats, the ensign was left fluttering in the breeze.

Next to our own flag, that of Great Britain interests us most. It is called the "union" flag because it is three flags in one. The flag of England is a red cross on a white field; that of Scotland, a white St. Andrew's cross on a blue field. These flags were combined when England and Scotland united in 1683; and on the union with Ireland, the Irish flag, a red St. Andrew's cross on a white field, was added. The union of the three countries is thus indicated on the "union." The St. George's cross of England remains as before, and is the central feature of the flag, dividing it into four quarters occupied by the St. Andrew's crosses, the white of Scotland and the red of Ireland, which are placed side by side. Aboard a British war-ship the "union" is hoisted only when the Queen or an admiral is aboard. English ships sail under the British ensign, of which there are three kinds—white, blue, and red, each with the union in a square in the upper part of the hoist—that portion of the flag along the staff. The navy, and, by special permission, the Royal Yacht Club, sail under the white ensign, which has, besides the union, the red cross of St. George over the whole. The blue ensign is a privilege allowed to those merchant ships which are officered by members of the Naval Reserve, and one-third of whose crews belong to the Reserve. It is also flown by a few yacht clubs. The red is the merchantmen's ensign. Until 1864 the British naval fleet was divided into three squadrons, each in command of an admiral, who was known, by the color of his flag, as the "admiral of the blue," the "admiral of the red," and the "admiral of the white." This distinction was abolished because it was found puzzling in action, and was often eliminated. Trafalgar, for instance, was fought under the white ensign. The French and Spanish ships went into action without setting their colors, but were later obliged to hoist them, so that they could be able to strike them.

In 1797 a fleet of British Indiamen escaped from a squadron of French war-ships by a clever ruse. The captain of one of the Indiamen hoisted Admiral Rainier's colors, and the French admiral (Sarcey), thinking he was in danger of attack from a far superior force of British war-ships, put about, and, crowding on all sail, made his escape from the harmless merchant fleet. When Lord Cochrane, with the little brig Speedy, attacked the big Spanish Gamo of thirty guns and three hundred men, the Speedy having but fourteen four-pounders and fifty-four men, the Englishman knew his only chance of success lay in boarding the Spaniard. During the mêlée on the Gamo's deck, Cochrane ordered one of his men to haul down the Spanish flag, and the Spaniards, seeing their colors come down, thought their commander had surrendered, and gave up the fight. The royal standard of Great Britain is personal to the sovereign, and is used only by the sovereign, or for decoration on royal fête days. It is quartered, the first and fourth quarters being red, with three lions, and representing England; the second quarter yellow, with a red lion, for Scotland; and the third quarter blue, with a harp, for Ireland.

The history of the American flag is too familiar to need repetition. The stars, in number equal to that of the States—a star being added whenever a Territory is admitted to Statehood—form the union, the thirteen stripes representing the original States. Both National and regimental colors are used in the United States Army by each regiment (except cavalry, which has only a regimental standard), and by the Engineer Battalion—the National colors in various sizes. The garrison flag, the largest, is used only at important posts. It is twenty feet on the hoist, with a fly of thirty-six feet, the union being one-third the length of the fly, and in depth to the lower edge of the fourth red stripe. The ordinary post flag is smaller, and the storm flag smaller still. The regimental colors of the United States Infantry are of blue silk, and bear in the centre the arms of the United States. Below the eagle is a red scroll, with the number and name of the regiment in white. The United States Artillery has scarlet regimental colors, with two cannon crossed in the centre, with "U. S." in yellow above, and the regimental number below. The cavalry regimental standard is a beautiful seamless yellow silk, with a four-foot fly and three feet on the lance. The arms of the United States are in blue in the centre, and beneath the eagle a red scroll bears the name and number of the regiment in yellow. The

United States Engineers carry scarlet colors, bearing in the centre a castle with "U. S." above and "Engineers" below, castle and lettering being in silver. Battles in which the regiments distinguished themselves were formerly listed on the colors and standards, but are now shown on the staffs. The National and regimental colors and standards are kept at the commanding officer's quarters, and are escorted to the color company or troop amid much ceremony, the escort being headed by the band. The color-guard are selected for their soldierly appearance and qualities—men who would rather die than surrender.

The flags of the United States Navy are made of American bunting thoroughly tested for strength, and soaked in salt water and dried in the sun for colors. There may be some hundred and sixty flags on a United States war-ship—say twenty-five foreign flags (according to the station on which she will cruise), twenty American ensigns, eleven pennants, four union-jacks, twelve rear-admiral's flags (if a flag-ship), twenty international signals, and the remainder signal and miscellaneous flags. Ensigns (stars and stripes, of course) run in eight sizes, from that used on vessels with very long spars, such as the new Brooklyn and Minneapolis will have, and which is nineteen feet on the hoist and thirty-six feet on the fly, to the little 2.37 x 4.50 foot boat-flag, too small to sport more than the original thirteen States in its union. The No. 1 union-jack is the 10.20 x 14.40 foot union of the No. 1 ensign, and the other jacks conform similarly to the unions of the corresponding ensigns. When a captain puts his ship into commission, he hoists, in addition to the ensign, a pennant. This has a fly of seventy feet, the union occupying 17.50, with thirteen stars. The admiral's and vice-admiral's flags of the United States Navy, when these ranks are filled, are blue, with four and three white stars respectively. It will be remembered from the Columbian naval review, when our fleet was divided into three squadrons, each in command of a rear-admiral, that we preserve the old English distinction of the blue, the red, and the white flag. The Secretary of the Navy flies a blue flag with four white stars, an anchor and cable, the Assistant Secretary reversing the colors. The President's flag is blue, with the arms of the United States, the eagle and stars white, the shield preserving the "tinctures." The red and white-crossed flag of Denmark is the oldest existing National color, having been in use since 1219.

Evolution of the Match..Inventions of a French Chemist..Notes and Queries

The lucifer match has attained its present high state of perfection by a long series of inventions of various degrees of merit, the most important of which resulted from the progress of chemical science. Starting from the ingenious tinder-box and lyrstan of our Saxon ancestors, the first attempt, so far as I know, to improve on the old sulphur match was made in 1805 by Chancel, a French chemist, who tipped cedar splints with a paste of chlorate of potash and sugar. On dipping one of these matches into a little bottle containing asbestos wetted with sulphuric acid and withdrawing it, it burst into flame. The contrivance was introduced into England some time after the battle of Waterloo, and was sold at a high price under the name of Prometheans. I remember being struck with amazement when I saw a match thus ignited. Some time after this a man named Heurtner opened a shop on the Strand, opposite the Church of St. Clement Dane. It was named the light-house, and he added this inscription to the mural literature of London: "To save your knuckles, time and trouble, use Heurtner's euperion."

An ornamental open moirée metallique box containing fifty matches and the sulphuric acid asbestos bottle, was sold for one shilling. It had a large sale, and was known in the kitchen as the Hugh Perry. Heurtner also brought out vesuvians, consisting of a cartridge containing chlorate of potash and sugar, and a glass bead full of sulphuric acid. On pressing the end with a pair of nippers, the bead was crushed and the paste burst into flame. This contrivance was afterward more fully and usefully employed for firing the gunpowder in the railway fog signals. We now come to Walker. He was a druggist at Stockton-on-Tees, and in 1827 produced what he called congreves, never making use of the word lucifer, which was not yet applied to matches. His splints were first dipped in sulphur and then tipped with the chlorate of potash paste, in which gum was substituted for sugar, and there was added a small quantity of sulphide of antimony. The match was ignited by being drawn through a fold of sand-paper, with pressure; but it often happened that the tipped part was torn off without igniting, or, if ignited, it sometimes scattered balls of fire about, burning the carpet and even igniting a lady's dress. These matches were held to be so dangerous that they were prohibited by law in France and Germany. The first grand improvement in the manufacture took place in 1833 by the introduction of phosphorus into the paste, and this seems to have suggested the word lucifer, which the match has ever since retained. When phosphorus was first introduced to the match-maker, its price was four guineas a pound, but the demand became so great it had to be manufactured by the ton, and the price fell to half-a-crown a pound.

History of the Dance.....From Minuet to Waltz.....All the Year Round

The minuet is associated in our minds with those living creatures in sacques and powder, whom Lancret and Watteau have handed down to us. Watteau's education as a scene-painter gave him a love of costume and color which he never lost. It plays an important part in all his pictures. He revels in depicting the shimmer of the satin trains, the soft yellow of the costly brocades worn by the fair and frail women who adorned the court of Louis XIV. and Louis XV., and who found in the minuet a means of displaying their charms before the susceptible monarchs. What elegance marked every movement, while each turn of the hand, every glance of the long, seductive eyes had a subtle meaning! The history of courtship was contained in the dance, from the first advance to the final surrender in the low curtesy. From France the minuet travelled to England, where it was received with much favor. The excellent queen of George III. adopted it at her most decorous court, but we may dare swear much of its hidden language and dangerous "œillades" were suppressed. Queen Charlotte, who reveled in large hoops and high heads, made the dancing of minuets an affair of great importance. To a "debutante" it was a crucial test; and she was not suffered to exhibit before the court without previous training. Lessons from Le Picque, the court menuetier, were indispensable if any measure of success was to be attained. At court balls there were usually two minuets

danced, followed by country dances, which were more to the taste of the king, being less formal and hearty, oftentimes degenerating into a romp, and ending with Sir Roger de Coverley.

In 1814 powder went out of fashion, so, too, did sacques and minuets; side curls came in with short waists and sandaled shoes. Our grandmothers lost all their dignity. It is difficult to imagine anything more inelegant than the appearance presented by the beauties of the day as we see them in the fashion prints and in the caricatures of Gillray. The war was now at an end, and the Continent being again open to visitors, an influx of foreigners appeared in London, and, as a consequence, foreign manners and customs were all the fashion. The new quadrille, and, later on, the waltz were introduced at Almack's. In the prints of the time we have a fashionable dancing party dancing the French quadrille; the celebrated Lady Jersey, with Lord Worcester for her partner; while Lady Worcester dances with Clanronald McDonald, who is imprinting a kiss upon her fair hand. They look a singular group, and justify Lady Charlotte Campbell's remark that until ladies and gentlemen had joints in their ankles, which is impossible, it is worse than imprudent to make such exhibitions of themselves. On another occasion the same writer says: "When people dance to be looked at, they surely should dance to perfection." The waltz followed closely upon the new quadrille. Its great popularity gave rise to many disputes as to whence the waltz originally came, whether from the old Provincial "La Sauteuse" or "Volte," or the German national dance, the "Landler." It is most universally ascribed to the last named. The "Landler" was under the ban of the authorities as being dangerous to both health and morals; but in spite of prohibitions, it made its way to Vienna, where it was introduced in the opera, Una Casa rara, by Vincente Martens. The character of the dance was, however, greatly changed and modified, the tempo being much accelerated. From Vienna it quickly passed to France. Waltzing has become now so thoroughly an institution of the country that we of the present day can hardly understand the hubbub to which the first appearance gave rise. Raikes in his journal declares that no event in English society ever produced a greater sensation than did the introduction of the German Waltz. It alarmed mothers and fathers, while it charmed sons and daughters. In Count Gronow's Recollections there is a print of the waltz as danced at Almack's; we have the Princess Esterhazy preparing to start; her short petticoats and shoes with sandals give her an ungraceful air. Her partner is Count St. Antonio, afterwards Duc de Cannizaro; Baron Neumann is leading out the Princess Lieven; in the background Brummel, the famous Beau, is conversing with the Duchess of Rutland; while Sir George Warrender, in a wonderful green coat, holding a crush hat in his hand, is evidently discussing the vexed question with Count St. Aldegonde.

Lady Charlotte Campbell, who objected so strongly to the new quadrille, was not prude enough to see anything offensive in the dance unless that it disordered the stomach and sometimes made people look very ridiculous; but she adds in her caustic way, "Moralists, with the Duchess of Gordon at their head, who never had a moral in her life, exclaim dreadfully against it." Another purist was to be found in Lord Byron, who for some reason ranked himself with the anti-waltzers. His well-known verses are terribly severe against those who surrender to the sin of dancing:

What! the girl I adore by another embraced.
What! the balm of her breath shall another man taste!
What! touched in the whirl by another man's knee!
What! panting, recline on another than me! [blue.
Sir, she's yours; from the grape you have pressed the soft
From the rose you 've shaken its tremendous dew; [adieu!
What you have touched you may take. Pretty waltzer,

These lines were handed about at Brooks and Crockford's, at first anonymously, but the name of the author soon was whispered from one and then another. Copies were given to great ladies, and extreme consternation was felt by the waltzers at this blow. Soon, however, their spirits were raised. The young Duke of Devonshire, the cynosure of the matrimonial world, put himself at the head of the waltzing movement; parties were organized at Devonshire House for practicing. Soon all London returned to school, the mornings which had been dedicated to the park were now absorbed in practicing the figures of the new quadrille, or whirling a chair around a room to learn the step and measure of the German waltz; the anti-waltzers were beaten, the waltz adopted by the rank and fashion of London was not to be put in the shade. Championed by Mme. de Lieven, the Princess Esterhazy, and Lord Palmerston —who was to be seen gravely describing circles with a fair partner—it triumphed over all opposition, and has reigned supreme for seventy years. During the period of its residence amongst us, the waltz has altered its character somewhat. In the 50's it changed from the slow and more dignified rotatory motion affected by our grandmothers, to the quicker step of the "deux temps," and later on it adopted different varieties, the hop, the spring, the Boston.

One great charm possessed by the waltz is the music written for it. It may not be so classical as that composed for the minuet, which is more stately but less pathetic. The cadence of the waltz is full of melancholy, it seems ever travelling away into the past, recalling something forgotten, then joyously seizing on the present, dashing along to some frantic ending, again returning to the old wail of sorrow and lost love and happiness. Such are the charming waltzes given us by such writers as Strauss, Waldteufel and others. There are some of these that haunt the memory for years, for a lifetime. The polka made its appearance in 1840, coming to us from Germany, where it was known as the polka mazurka. The rage for it was wonderful. Cellarius, the French ballet master, had his hands so full that he was obliged to employ his "coryphees" as teachers. It was not nearly so graceful as the waltz, and the dancers often presented a ridiculous appearance. Punch's parody on the Maid of Athens describes it:

By that step so unconfined,
By that neat kick up behind,
Coulon's hop and Michaud's slide,
Backward, forward or aside,
By the alternate heel and toe,
Polka por sas agapo.

The cotillon, with its many pretty devices and innumerable opportunities for flirtation, became deservedly popular from 1844, and still continues in favor, although of late the proud position of leader does not seem so much sought for by our "jeunesse dorée." The attention of society is, in fact, concentrated upon the new

development, skirt dancing, which is one of the special products of this century, and will make history. Skirt dancing has seized upon society—the society of rank, education and refinement. Ladies of birth and position are now good enough to dance before the worthier blood, and for their delectation exhibit their "good points." It is all purely classical Greek art. We must remember, however, that in Athens only the slaves danced. "Autre temps, autres mœurs." Moreover, it is useless contending against the popular taste which has set in a strong current in favor of skirt dancing with its different variations—serpentine, rainbow, etc. How long it will hold the public is impossible to say; but we may safely predict it will never keep its place in popular taste as did the waltz. Already it is showing signs of decay.

Phonograph in the South Sea .....A Colonizing Scheme.....Sydney Mail

When one of the Australian squadron was patrolling the South Seas lately, she came up with a sailing-vessel, and one of her officers boarded the stranger. She proved to be a colonial craft, engaged in recruiting Kanakas for the Queensland plantations. On board, the naval officer noticed a phonograph. He was told that before the vessel left Queensland, the captain visited some of the sugar-plantations where South Sea Islanders are employed. He took a camera and a phonograph; and then he went into the business of photographing groups of natives on the plantations, also taking individual pictures of well-known natives from the New Hebrides, and others from the Solomon Group. Edison's invention was then brought into service, the best known of the natives, especially those who have relatives and friends in the islands, being asked to speak into the phonograph anything they would like to tell their friends. Large numbers of these phonographed letters were procured, giving accounts of what sort of life the Kanakas were having on the plantations and any other news that would interest the "old folks at home" at Mallicollo, Ambrym, San Christoval, Malaita, and other islands. After securing a good supply, the ingenious ship-master sailed for the islands, and, when last seen, was astonishing the natives. Many of the photographs he had transferred to glass for use with the limelight, and with the photographs and the phonograph he was in a position to give such an ocular exhibition of life on a plantation that fairly changed the native doubts into an enthusiastic desire to emigrate. Nor was this all. At the limelight show he would produce a full-sized picture of an absent friend, a native who was well known in the island in which the ship-master happened to be, and to the amazement of his dusky audience, would make him speak words of greeting from his plantation-home in Bundaberg—a thousand miles away. If any misgivings were felt before the phonograph was produced, that bewitched machine dispelled them by making the limelight-figure of their friend address the natives in their own tongue, and in the same voice they knew so well when he dwelt among them. Needless to say, the phonograph has proved a valuable recruiting accessory.

New Testament Manuscripts..Their Sources and Credits..The Bible Manual

No fewer than 1,760 ancient manuscript copies of the New Testament in whole or in part exist, their abundance markedly contrasting with the small number which have come down to our own day of the classical writers. As no miracle has been wrought to preserve copyists from error, the last century added up 30,000 various readings in the New Testament manuscripts; and the present one has increased the number to 150,000. Only the merest fraction of them are of any consequence; and their number, and the fact that they were made originally in different parts of the world and from a variety of manuscripts, enable Biblical students to detect and eliminate the errors and approximate to the original text more closely than if the various "readings" were fewer. This tedious but necessary work has been carried out with untiring energy. The New Testament manuscripts fall into two divisions: "Uncials," written in Greek capitals, with no distinction at all between the different words, and very little even between the different lines; and "Cursives," in small Greek letters, and with divisions of words and lines. Professor Roberts dates the change between the two kinds of Greek writing about the tenth century. Only five manuscripts of the New Testament approaching to completeness are more ancient than this dividing date. The first, numbered by Biblical critics A, is the Alexandrian manuscript. Though brought to this country by Cyril Lucar, patriarch of Constantinople, as a present to Charles I., it is believed that it was written, not in that capital, but in Alexandria; whence its title. It is now dated in the fifth century A.D. The second (known as B) is the Vatican manuscript. It has been in the Vatican library from 1475 or an earlier period, but not till A.D. 1859 was an edition of it published, and that one, by Cardinal Mai, when issued, was uncritical and of little value. But in 1868 a facsimile of it came forth, so that now it is fully accessible to scholars. The Vatican manuscript dates from the middle of the fourth century, if not even from an earlier period. The third (C), or the Ephraem manuscript, was so called because it was written over the writings of Ephraem, a Syrian theological author—a practice very common in the days when writing materials were scarce and dear. It is believed that it belongs to the fifth century, and perhaps a slightly earlier period of it than the manuscript A. The fourth (D), or the manuscript of Beza, was so called because it belonged to the reformer Beza, who found it in the monastery of St. Irenæus at Lyons in A.D. 1562. It is imperfect, and is dated in the sixth century. The fifth (called Alpha) is the Sinaitic manuscript obtained in 1844 by Professor Tischendorf from the monks belonging to the convent of St. Catherine, on Mount Sinai. It contains the whole New Testament. It is believed that it was made in the fourth century, and its value to the Biblical critic is very great. Any other "uncial" manuscripts that exist are only fragmentary. The cursive manuscripts, though numerous, are of too late a date to stand on the same level for critical purposes as the "uncials." It is possible indirectly to gain access in whole or in part to the readings in manuscripts which have perished. There were early versions of the New Testament in different languages, such as the Syriac, etc. In many cases these were made from manuscripts not now existing, but the translation shows what the original must have been. Christians of the early ages, like those now living, were accustomed formally to quote or informally to allude to particular Scripture passages. When there is reason to believe that it was done with precision, it is easy to ascertain from their writings what the original reading of any phrase was in the manuscript of the New Testament which was in their possession.

THE SONNET: A CLUSTER OF BRILLIANTS

Schubert's Unfinished Symphony.... Helen I. Clement....The Argonaut

Unfinished! Once I said and could it be
That some great soul, catching the inspired theme,
Should dare to make complete the heavenly dream
That trembles in that wondrous symphony!
For baffled, to myself I ever ask,
How should it in its full perfection end?
Ah, well and true hast thou fulfilled thy task,
Great Schubert! Now I know thou didst intend
To show how strangely sweet one simple air
Repeated o'er and o'er may grow to be:
That air is love's. Oh, who of us would dare
To say, for man, full ended must it be?
So list the straight that thrills along the strings,
While love unpinioned shakes his snowy wings.

Mors Benefica..... Edmund Clarence Stedman .....Century

Give me to die unwitting of the day,
And stricken in Life's brave heat, with senses clear:
Not swathed and couched until the lines appear
Of Death's wan mask upon this withering clay,
But as that old man eloquent made way
From Earth, a nation's conclave hushed anear;
Or as the chief whose fates, that he may hear
The victory, one glorious moment stay.
Or, if not thus, then with no cry in vain,
No ministrant beside to ward and weep,
Hand upon helm I would my quittance gain
In some wild turmoil of the waters deep,
And sink content into a dreamless sleep
(Spared grave and shroud) below the ancient main.

The Sower... Charles George Douglas Roberts...Later Canadian Poems

A brown sad-colored hillside, where the soil,
Fresh from the frequent harrow, deep and fine,
Lies bare; no break in the remote sky-line,
Save where a flock of pigeons streams aloft
Startled from feed in some low-lying croft,
Or far-off spires with yellow of sunset shine;
And here the Sower, unwittingly divine,
Exerts the silent forethought of his toil.
Alone he treads the glebe, his measured stride
Dumb in the yielding soil; and tho' small joy
Dwell in his heavy face, as spreads the blind
Pale grain from his dispensing palm aside,
This plodding churl grows great in his employ;—
Godlike, he makes provision for mankind.

Sunrise In the Catskills.... ... Jean La Rue Burnett .....Outing

The air is amber; twinkling mist-clouds lie
Outspread like tapestries in gray and gold,
Above the mountain summits, fold on fold;
Soft spirit-winds on dusky wings go by
Laden with myrrh and frankincense; the sky
Seems like a sea of foam where free and bold
The pink star-ships sail on in calm delight,
And drifting in the offing fade from sight;
Deep in the wood—sweet heralder of morn—
A feathered Orpheus winds his liquid horn;
A hush—then, where the black up-reaching ledge
Holds high its moss-hung turrets gaunt and grim,
Like burnished brass the sun's red, smoking rim
Looms of a sudden o'er the orient's edge.

Grace Before Meat.....Annie Matheson.....London Speaker

Not that the life itself is less than meat,
Not that we give more thanks for being fed
Than for the thoughts, the love, of quick and dead,
Or all the gifts of art, do we repeat
The sacred Name of Love before we eat;
But that the Master taught in breaking bread
The grace of common brotherhood is said,
One heart in Love we are, though millions beat;
One body, quickened by one living soul,
Through every changing age and clime and race,
By death regenerate while æons roll,
Till light immortal lights our mortal face;
One vital loaf, love leavening the whole,
If broken, pledged in Love's eternal grace.

Spring and Autumn.....A. Mary F. Robinson.... .Retrospect (Roberts)

God in His heart made Autumn for the young;
That they might learn to accept the approach of age
In golden woods and starry saxifrage
And valleys all with azure mists o'erhung.
For over Death a radiant veil He flung,
That thus the inevitable heritage
Might come revealed in beauty, and assuage
The dread with which the heart of youth is wrung.
And for the consolation of the old
He made the delicate, swift, tumultuous Spring;
That every year they might again behold
The image of their youth in everything
And bless the fruit-trees flowering in the cold
Whose harvest is not for their gathering.

Love.... George Santayana.... Sonnets and Other Poems (Stone & Kimball)

Love not as do the flesh-imprisoned men
Whose dreams are of a bitter bought caress,
Or even of a maiden's tenderness
Whom they love only that she loves again.
For it is but thyself thou lovest then,
Or what thy thoughts would glory to possess;
But love thou nothing thou wouldst love the less
If henceforth ever hidden from thy ken.
Love but the formless and eternal Whole
From whose effulgence one unheeded ray
Breaks on this prism of dissolving clay
Into the flickering colors of thy soul.
These flash and vanish; bid them not to stay,
For wisdom brightens as they fade away.

A Summer Day.....Robert Burns Wilson.....Harper's Magazine

Far-flashing in the bright gulf of the sky
The unavailing clouds float, and the air
Burns quivering in the steady flame-fierce glare,
Down-beating, from the sun's throne, on the dry
Thirst-fevered fields, and on the roads that lie
Choked in the hot dust, while, only here and there,
High in the glistening sycamores, or where
The willows are, a languid breath goes by.
But no touch stirs the river's quiet deeps;
Therefrom the wooded hill looms, green and dense;
Therein its huge inverted image sleeps;
The locust's whizzing music, shrill and tense,
Sounds from the dusky elm, whose shadow creeps
Across that wide and glassy indolence.

THE WORLD OVER: PEN PICTURES OF TRAVEL

Around the Garden of the Gods.....J. J. Peatfield.....The Californian

Many are the beautiful attractions in scenery and the wonders presented by natural objects that are within easy access of Colorado Springs and Manitou. Situated at the base of Pike's Peak, whose majestic summit towers high above the surroundings, the former stands on a level plain 6,000 feet above the sea-level, while Manitou, five or six miles to the west, lies at the very foot of that giant sentinel, nestling in a mountain nook. Scenic displays of many varieties are near at hand. Bright pictures of smiling valleys, gay with flowers of divers colors, and resonant with murmuring brooklets and the hum of waterfalls; gloomy gorges into which the sun's rays rarely penetrate; massive mountain forms and stupendous rocks; and oceans of wave-surfaced plains can be seen within short distances from either Manitou or Colorado Springs.

Principal among these wonders of nature is the Garden of the Gods, which is striking and exceptional in its attractiveness of fantastic shapes in red and white sandstone which it presents, its image rocks, and its stupendous gateway. The huge portal which forms the entrance to this romantic spot is flanked by perpendicular masses of red rock rising several hundred feet above the narrow passage-way, along which winds the road that leads the visitor to the wonderful inclosure. When you enter this mysterious recess, you may well imagine that you are intruding into the abandoned workshop of Titan sculptors. For a couple of miles or more the grass-carpeted floor is strewn with colossal rock-forms of many designs, carved in white and red sandstone. Here a giant artist has roughly fashioned a human face and form, there another has erected cathedral towers and spires hundreds of feet in height, while a third has cut out huge pillars with his invisible chisel. Scattered in endless confusion lie fantastic shapes, the ground around them littered with the chippings and fragments split off by the mighty workmen. You marvel at the uncouth, ponderous forms, and the fancy creeps into your mind that the sculptors of your imagining wanted persistency in their artistic labors, casting aside their half-finished productions one after another and carrying to completion no single piece of work. But the slow corrosive industry of the elements in their operations upon the solid rocks is not directed to the building up of architectural structures and the modelling of symmetrical forms, but is employed in destruction, and as you look down the long vista of future time and mentally revisit this thought-stirring glen, you find no relic of these marvelous objects. Disintegration has completed its work.

One of the most ordinary results of this war between active and passive potencies is Balanced Rock, resting on its narrow base. As you stand beneath its overhanging walls, the possibility that its prodigious mass may topple over at any moment inspires you with a creeping fear and a respectful awe. In harmony with the monster forms and monuments erected in this studio of nature and in keeping with their wild designs, are the mighty walls that inclose them. On either side rise lofty crags with battlements and towers, and bastions of heavy stone-work, ceaselessly assaulted by the visible and invisible agents of destruction. For ages have they been mute guardians of the rare collection of curios which lies at their base, and for centuries to come they will continue to oppose the insidious foe. In vain, however, for they themselves will finally succumb to the truceless warfare waged unremittingly against them. Though the Garden of the Gods is a prominent attraction to the tourist, there are other rival scenes that excite his wonder and admiration. Mountain Pass, with its almost perpendicular rock walls, winding its sinuous course through the mountains to the grassy plains of South Park, is rich in natural grandeur and picturesqueness. This defile is a natural highway over the range, and abounds in glens and grottoes, precipices, canyons, streams and waterfalls. Formerly it was lonely in its desolateness; to-day it is a great thoroughfare for the tourist and for traffic.

Wonderful is that tremendous cleft in the mountain side called Cheyenne Canyon, down which rushes a boiling torrent between perpendicular walls 2,000 feet in height, down cascades and cataracts; grand is the sublimity of the scenery in Williams Canyon, where the visitor can behold a colossal amphitheatre of nature's building, with tier above tier fashioned out of the living rock; and deeply impressive in these scenes of the Rocky Mountains are the effects of light and shade and coloring, and the atmospheric deceptions with which the rarefied air beguiles the innocent. From sunrise to sunset a continuous series of changing views and panoramic pictures are presented to the sightseer. Before the day-ruler rises from his couch beyond the Great Plain, plains that stretch to the eastern horizon, the lofty mountain summits are aglow with his golden rays, and as he drives on his course through the morning heavens, illumining alike ridges and ravines, foot-hills and mountain-tops, distances lose their value and perspective fails of its effect, and the mighty range seems to stand like a vast moral edifice closing in the west. As the sun declines, then light and shade, with their revealing wands, change the great wall into shifting scenes, clothing the mountain slopes and peaks in robes of splendor, and infolding the gorges and canyons in veils of gloom.

Conspicuous among the scenic features of the mountains is the coloring of the rocks. From fiery red to shining white; gray, green, and salmon-colored; cream-tinted and bronze-hued, they supply pictures of inimitable beauty, taxing the artist's skill to represent them with his paint-brush. The harmonious combinations of colored rocks with the bright greens of grasses and trees, and the deep blue of the sky are marvelous, and form scenes of impressive loveliness and grandeur. To mention all the lovely spots and all the imposing displays of majestic forms outlined by the contortions of earth's convulsions in this region; to describe all the boundless views obtained from lofty standpoints, wherefrom in the vast distance land and sky seem to melt and mingle together, with no horizon as a boundary line between them, and to try to express in words the feelings of exhilaration with which the pure air and high elevation intoxicate the spirits, would be impossible. It would be unpardonable to omit making mention of Monument

Park and that object idyl, Glen Eyrie; the Seven Falls and the Seven Lakes, nestling in a deep basin of Cheyenne Mountains.

These extraordinary lakes, 11,500 feet above sea-level, deserve more than a passing notice, on account of the weird and lovely aspect of the great mountain hollow in which they are cradled. A mile higher up than Colorado Springs a vast basin, betrayed by a break in the mountain's front, lies hidden in its bosom, walled in by mighty cliffs. The great expanse of water that once filled this immense rock-locked reservoir ages ago burst through its confining dam, found its way in beautiful rivulets to the plains below, and shrank into a chain of seven lakelets separated by bands of meadow land, bright in the spring and summer with green grasses and brilliant flowers. The largest and highest of these lakes is but about eighty acres in extent, and lies close up to the south wall of the basin; the others are scattered in irregular groups on the floor of the hollow. The loveliness, the Plutonian gloom, and the almost ultra-mundane condition of this wild, secluded spot, particularly by night, are well described by a writer in one of the principal New England magazines:

"The peaks which make the south wall of the basin are all between thirteen and fourteen thousand feet high. Over such a wall as this moons and suns come late and stealthily, as if they had no right in the place. The slow approaches of moonlight on a full-moon night are wonderful to see. Its first radiance begins on the northernmost peak while yet all the lakes and the whole basin are wrapped in darkness; it is not a radiance, but a sort of shining dusk, only one shade less than the darkness. For hours this creeps slow as a mist, inch by inch, from peak to peak, round by way of the west; then above the upper line of the south wall comes a white glow; from this gradually diffuses a silvery sheen over the upper half of the valley. Still no moon; still the larger lakes, at the base of the silver-crested south wall, are black. Not until full midnight or past does the first direct beam fall on the water; then it is but a bar—one narrow, sharp-lined, straight bar of white—beneath which the water seems to quiver, shot through and through with silver sparkles; then, in a second more, the moon, as if the bar of light had been her silver wand, lifted just in advance of her, compelling surrender of the spot. Dawn comes over in the same way. Long after day has begun the lakes lie purple and black and darkest malachite greens, and the shadows of the mountains do not seem to give place. Not until ten o'clock of the forenoon on the day we left did the full sunlight get in. It came with a rush at the last second. As it swept over us, it seemed strange it should be soundless, for it passed swift like a wind."

No sunbeam penetrates this deep wound in the mountain's breast until the day-god is within two hours of his meridian. In truth, the visitor to Colorado Springs can gain a glimpse at Plutonian realms or gaze upon the glories of an Olympus; he can find his way into recesses wherein fairies might love to dance by moonlight and hold their "little rout"—spots such as those to which

> "Peri and Pixy, and quaint Puck the Antic,
> Brought Robin Goodfellow, that merry swain;
> And stealthy Mab, queen of all realms romantic,
> Came too, from distance in her tiny wain,
> Fresh dripping from a cloud-some bloomy rain,
> Then circling the bright moon, had washed her car,
> And still bedewed it with a various stain;
> Lastly came Ariel, shooting from a star,
> Who bears all fairy embassies afar."

He can intrude into dells where the wood-nymphs dwell; he can linger at the foot of falls in whose spray sports the water-sprite, and he can tread on mountain-tops and have the whole world beneath his feet.

The Wonderland of Ceylon....Grandeur and Loneliness...Cornhill Magazine

We were in the absolute wilderness of upland Ceylon, where the virgin beauty and freshness of nature unspoiled by man instills a new sensation into every soul which vibrates to her mysterious voice. The rolling green patenas are cut off sheer and straight from the encircling belts of jungle as though measured off by human hands, a striking feature of these elevated regions which has never been satisfactorily explained. The mountain ranges which inclose the grassy plains are clothed from base to summit with primeval forests, heavily draped with moss, which forms a green fringe, hanging from every bough. An appalling loneliness broods over the scene, no song of birds stirs the silence, and the death-like hush which reigns over the gloomy forest is unbroken even by the rustle of a leaf, for noon is the midnight of the tropics and the black depths of the haunted jungle are wrapped in spellbound sleep. At nightfall the lithe cheetah glides stealthily through the shadows and crouches for his prey among the crowding trees. The branching antlers of the elk rise above the tangled undergrowth and the moose deer browses in the shade of the mossy boughs along which the wild-cat creeps, while the savage boar roots among the fallen leaves.

When the rising moon illuminates the lonely landscape, herds of wild elephants emerge from the dark jungle and roam over the vast expanse of desolate country which still renders the interior of Ceylon almost an unknown land. The elephant grass, which breaks the uniformity of the undulating plain with rustling sheaves of long, green spears, is the forage for which the stragglers of the herd scour the patenas, and many Cingalese superstitions linger round this elevated tableland. The recent spoor of an elephant marks our track and ceases at a deep pool known to be a favorite drinking-place of the wild animals which haunt the jungle. A deaf elephant frequently perambulates the Elk plains. He is supposed to be sacred to Buddha, and, therefore, invulnerable, no sportsman having hitherto succeeded in piercing his hide—a fact which is most probably due to the great age of the animal.

On an Unknown Island.....In Balmy Majorca.....London World

"Avez-vous vu dans Barcelone une Andalouse au sein bruni?" inquires a stentorian baritone voice in the adjoining cabin, about 6 A.M.; and, an answer not being forthcoming, the baritone proceeds to announce, with scant discretion, that the young person in question is "sa lionne, sa maîtresse, La Marquesa d'Amaëgui." But, though we are furious at being thus unceremoniously roused from our slumbers, Musset's smooth verses serve to remind us that, albeit we are more than a hundred miles from Barcelona, Spain—and mediæval Spain—is but a few dozen yards from the last step of the companion-ladder. Last night, while we were all asleep, the skipper was dropping anchor in the smooth dark harbor of an unknown island—an island which, he assures us, has all the fascination of the unexplored.

The hoof-mark of the tripper is unknown; the amateur photographer has yet to record its virgin charms. It is doubtful if a photograph of the place exists. For Palma, white, sunny Palma, with its cool "patios," its early Gothic buildings, its narrow shady streets, and its mole crowded with lateens, is the capital of an unknown island. Majorca lies, bathed in wholly southern sunshine, far off the beaten track, and neighbored only by its sister Balearic islands, midway between Spain and Africa. To be sure, now and then in the course of years, people of imagination have found their way to Palma. A Royal Academician sets up his easel in one of those "patios"; a Frenchman or a Spaniard comes to paint the windmills and the orange-groves, or to look at the Vandyck in the mediæval town hall. You are shown a picturesque mansion where George Sand passed a winter, wrote a novel, and was made love to by Frederick Chopin. But hitherto the place has been left to the poets, the painters, the "music-makers," and sweet, happy thinkers they call the "dreamers of dreams."

So rare are strangers on this smiling isle that the population of Palma makes a fête-day on our arrival. Our progress sightseeing becomes an imposing procession. A home-returning hero, a famous criminal on his way to the scaffold, has hardly a larger, a more enthusiastic crowd pressing at his heels than we have. The tailor drops his needle, the cobbler his last, the shopwoman deserts her counter, and, above all, the children stop their games to accompany us on our way. Nobody today has any business which is not ours. And all the while they smile, they chatter, they pluck us delightedly by the sleeve, gayly inviting their friends and relations at open doors and windows to join the procession. Nay, they even cheer us as we come. Truly, the thing would be objectionable were it not so naïve, so good-natured, and so absurd. And these open Spanish faces at our elbow are attractive enough; the pomegranate lips break into the friendliest smiles, showing gleaming white teeth; the brown eyes twinkle; their criticisms on our appearance are of the most flattering kind. Gratuitous amusement in the shape of live English men and women is not provided every day in the year for the honest burghers of La Palma. We enter the town hall, with its beautiful projecting roof, to find but an empty wilderness below, and that we must toil up many weary flights of steps to see the rooms of state and the famous Saint Sebastian of Vandyck. The town hall, it would seem, is principally devoted to the cause of comic-opera justice; for here are court-rooms taken straight from a third-rate theatre—rooms with bare, mildewed lavender walls, long, gaunt windows, draperies of an excruciating red, and a high, canopied, wholly fantastic chair of state, bedizened with tarnished gold, for the Iberian Justice Shallow. We come upon Shallow himself at a turn of one of the ante-rooms—a white-bearded Don portentously wise of aspect—and after exchanging stately salutations, we glance at the Saint Sebastian, which is painfully like all the three hundred and ninety-nine young gentlemen bestuck with arrows which we have seen of yore up and down Europe, and finally make our way down to where the brilliant sunshine and an ever-increasing crowd await us.

Renewed enthusiasm greets our appearance. The laughing, chattering throng accompanies us "en bloc" to the cathedral—to that fine Germano-Gothic building, the pinkish yellow buttresses of which made such an imposing appearance from the yacht's deck. We wander round searching for an open door, but—strange to say, in an island of good Catholics and pure Celts—the cathedral is locked up. The crowd is desolated. There is much arguing and chattering; small boys are despatched hither and thither, but no janitor is to be found. The inhabitants evidently did not expect our coming, and the doors will not be open until four o'clock. Opinions are divided in this crisis. Part of the population is in favor of our waiting, for within, it seems, is a mummy king of Spain, and silver crosses and other ornaments of rare workmanship worth many thousands of pounds. Others, including ourselves, argue that the day is yet young, and that there are other attractions in the place than dried royalties and ecclesiastical finery. In the general dispute we manage to steal away, and presently, by loitering in the shops and slipping down some of the narrow by-streets of the town, we evade all but a score or so of our Spanish friends. It is the children and the girls who cannot let us out of their sight. With a devotion worthy of a better cause, they stand patiently without while we cheapen the native wares. Prices are phenomenally low on our unknown island. The exquisitely shaped pottery is to be had for less than the proverbial song. For the modest sum of twopence one may become the possessor of a handsome vase of unglazed clay of admirable shape and proportions; the outlay of one halfpenny secures a low, green bowl of high glaze, destined, one day, to be filled with English roses. The Beauty of the yacht, going into a cobbler's in quest of shoe-laces, is gallantly presented with a pair by the admiring and delighted man of the last, whom nothing will induce to accept the usual coin of the realm in exchange.

In truth, it is a friendly, smiling town, with its white, green-shuttered houses and overhanging eaves, its spacious alamanda, shady with green trees, its whisking windmills, and its glistening orange-gardens. Scrupulously clean, too, with its immaculate white roads, down which a lady might trail her skirts; and totally devoid of even the suspicion of a smell. And, after we have duly inspected the stately mansion with its stone stairway rising in a patio green with palms, which was the temporary home of George Sand, the drive along the bay, through a long suburban road lined with low, gayly-colored, flat-roofed houses, is a drive in the Spain of picture-land. There are trellised vines about the doorways, and gardens in which tropical plants grow; there are palms and prickly pears, and scarlet pomegranate flowers, and, more Spanish than all, groups of dark-eyed señors and señoras seated in a semi-circle on stiff-backed chairs, just as one sees them in a picture by Phillip or Fortuny. Some of us would like to jump out of the tramcar as we glide by, and join one of those Spanish genre pictures. How fascinating to sit on one of those stiff chairs among the mantillas, the short lace boleros, and the paper fans, and to learn, once for all, what those good Spaniards talk about eternally on the walls of Burlington House or the Palais de l'Industrie.

But, to be sure, the people opposite us in the tramcar are as typical in their way. Here is the blue-jawed, unctuous, black-frocked priest, with fat hands folded on a swelling stomach. Next to him is a young girl in a shabby, tawny gown, showing the nape of a short neck, with little amber shadows, and abundant uncovered hair, dressed with that coquetry which sits so well on the

peasant women of the South. We like her, on the whole, better than the stout, crisp-haired bourgeoise with the wisp of mantilla and the crackling black silk gown stretched on her ample shoulders. There is a snug, olive-skinned citizen, too, in a glossy silk hat and frock-coat, journeying home to his suburban villa after the leisurely day's business in La Palma is done. One by one the people drop out, and when, finally, our tramcar draws up at a country inn at the end of the long dusty road, there is no one left but our snug citizen, and nothing within sight but the purple hills, a handsome white house a hundred yards off, and an abundance of wild flowers. Obviously, the white villa belongs to our fellow passenger. We follow him leisurely up a by-road, for we are minded to enjoy the gorgeous view which the Spaniard has annexed permanently for his own delectation. And, truly, he has chosen a beautiful dwelling-place. The villa—a square, glistening white one, with ample windows tempered by green shutters and adorned with balconies and flowering plants—is set on the side of a hill. A pretty garden encircles the house, and the view—one way opening on the sweep of blue bay, the other side embracing a green valley shadowed by purple hills and threaded by a shining white road, along which the peasants urge their olive-laden mules from distant Miromar—is superb. There has been the click of a latch-key in the door, and the fat back of our citizen is swallowed up in the semi-obscurity of the interior. The front door closes, and all is quiet again. Not a shred of a petticoat is visible. The sanctity of Spanish home-life is jealously guarded. Your Spaniard treats his women-kind much after the manner of the East. But life, to be sure, must be pleasant under any conditions on our unknown island. The fruits of the earth wax fat in balmy Majorca. Not an inch of ground in those happy valleys but gives of its plenty in spring and harvest time. The orange, the olive, and the vine flourish exceedingly in this sunny clime, tempered by the Mediterranean breeze. Strange, in a Spanish island, not a beggar is to be seen. The countenances of the Catalans are merry, open, and wholly friendly. Yes, life is very leisurely and very fair. The author of Indiana had the inspiration of a lover and a romance-writer when she brought her Polish musician to winter among the stately patios and the orange groves of La Palma. Is it any wonder that, under such conditions, she wrote words that made her name famous throughout the world.

Siam's Strange Customs.....Barbarous Rites.....Pall Mall Budget

Among the curious customs observed in Siam, and that still maintain to the present day, though modified in some cases through recent contact with Western nations, the following may be of interest: Men are often subjected to severe punishment for very trivial offenses, and the many modes adopted, though intensely painful and galling, are borne with apparently complete indifference. It is not an uncommon occurrence for the King to sentence two men to be chained together, who are then compelled to go about, perhaps for years, yoked in this manner, as no one dare release them without the King's permission, and of course he soon forgets the circumstance. An instance of this character occurred not very long ago, when one of the prisoners died, and the other unfortunate wretch was seen dragging the body of his late companion about beside him, unable to escape from his horrible yoke. The European Consuls in the city, shocked by the sight, endeavored to obtain his immediate release; but, during the delay occasioned by the absence of the King, the poor fellow became insane and soon afterward died. When the King goes abroad through the city, or appears at any public function, extreme care is taken by his officers that no person whatsoever is in any way on the same level or above him; for this purpose he is placed on a raised dais when inside a building, and when proceeding through the streets all persons are warned to refrain from looking from balconies or windows while his Majesty is passing.

Executions are of frequent occurrence, and the following instance will serve to show the character of the people and the supreme indifference in which human life and suffering are held by them: In this case the victim was a prince—a title not uncommon amongst the population of Bangkok, the capital city—who, for some breach of the law, was condemned to death. The method of execution is interesting, although revolting in detail. The locality mostly used for this purpose is situated in a valley a short distance outside the city. The morning is the time generally adopted, when crowds of natives may be seen moving towards the spot, arrayed in their gayest colors; and one would imagine that some pleasant and enjoyable fête was about to be held, instead of the most melancholy of all spectacles—the taking of human life. The assembled concourse, sometimes many thousands, arrived at the scene of action, are to be observed laughing and chatting merrily, betting amongst themselves as to whether the executioner will be successful in cutting his man's head off in one blow, or that he may have to strike twice.

The executioner now approaches, dressed in red rags, and armed with a large "dah," or sword. The condemned man is then led up by an escort conducted by a prince, who has charge of the entire affair, and is responsible to the King for the successful carrying out of his orders. The headsman next proceeds to shackle the prisoner's ankles together, bind his hands behind his back, stuff his ears with clay, and bandage his eyes. He then places him in a kneeling position, and draws a mark upon his neck with some colored earth, to indicate the exact spot to strike. Going to a distance of about twenty paces, he now commences to leap and caper about, uttering cries and brandishing his "dah," all the time advancing rapidly towards his victim, until within striking distance, when he raises his sword as if to give the fatal blow, but does not do so. Again he returns to the same place as before, and goes through a similar performance, which he repeats for the third time, when rushing suddenly forward, with one sweep of his weapon he severs the head from the body, amid the applause of the assembled multitude, who during the proceedings are engaged laughing, and apparently greatly enjoying themselves. Sometimes it happens that the executioner, through lack of skill in dealing the final blow, misses aim, and gashes his man in a shocking manner. Should this happen he is instantly seized, and often condemned to death; and another takes his place, who proceeds to go through all the foregoing details, while the unfortunate wretch is meanwhile writhing in agony and bleeding to death. As soon as the condemned is successfully beheaded, the prince in charge proceeds to chop off the heels. He then slips the irons over the feet, and conveys both to the King, as a testimony of having performed the duty intrusted to him.

BRIEF COMMENT: DOINGS OF THE LITERARY WORLD

Swinburne is a fanatic in his tirades against smoking. One day at the Arts Club, after going from room to room in the vain hope of finding a clear atmosphere to write in, the poet fiercely delivered himself of the following: "James the First was a knave, a tyrant, a fool, a liar, a coward. But I love him, I worship him, because he slit the throat of that blackguard Raleigh, who invented this filthy smoking."——Ex-President McCosh, of Princeton, has prepared an autobiography, though it may not be published till after his death.——The restless Robert Buchanan, says the New York Tribune, is about to undertake the dangerous experiment of producing works of his own in a theatre managed by himself.——Austin Granville, of Chicago, has written a book showing the virtuous and happy side of his city under the title If the Devil Came to Chicago; it is written as an antidote to Stead's recent book.——E. P. Dutton & Co. will publish a New Book of the Fairies, by Beatrice Harraden, author of Ships that Pass in the Night.——An effort is about to be made to introduce the works of Maurice Jokai, the great Hungarian writer, to American readers, and what is considered to be one of his most popular novels, In Love with the Czarina, will be put out first upon the American market.——In the model library of 5,000 volumes exhibited at Chicago by the American Library Association were more than 500 books published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. A descriptive catalogue of the books thus highly recommended has just been issued by the Riverside Press.——The Outlook says: "Perhaps the most remarkable among the younger apostles of the Celtic revival is Mr. W. B. Yeats, the poet and author of that clever story, John Sherman, in the Pseudonym Library."——The popularity of novels is probably nowhere so great as in Australia. It is said that 90 per cent. of the female and 75 per cent. of the male frequenters of the public libraries read novels almost exclusively.——Count Cavour's correspondence has been translated by Mr. A. J. Butler, the Dante scholar and critic.

Jean Ingelow spends her winters in the South of France, where she has a cottage overlooking the Mediterranean. Her London house is in Kensington, and stands with its crown of ivy in the midst of a spacious garden, half hidden among trees.——Major-General O. O. Howard has written for Funk & Wagnalls a book about Isabella of Castile, based largely upon studies made during a recent journey in Spain.——Major Joseph Kirkland, author of Zury, The McVeys, The Story of Chicago, and other popular works, died recently.——It appears that "Gabriel Setoun's" real name is Thomas Hepburn. He is a native of West Wemyss, Fifeshire, the village which he has reproduced as Barncraig. Mr. Hepburn is about thirty years old, and has been employed in Edinburgh as a board schoolmaster.——Fra Paolo Sarpi, the Greatest of the Venetians, by Alexander Robertson, is announced by Thomas Whittaker. The author has been a resident of Venice for many years and has studied closely the subject of his monograph.

London Truth says: "The public may be divided into three classes: Those who read and remember; they are few. Those who read and forget; they are many. Those who do not read; they are most. The original writer of to-day belongs to the first, and he writes for the others."——W. E. Henley, the English poet, has retired from the conduct of the National Observer, which he has edited for the last five years and a half.——A writer in Jerome K. Jerome's weekly, To-day, says: "In America, where they prate of culture, there is not a living soul with as much culture as Andrew Lang has in his little finger."——Ella Higginson, the rising writer of the Northwest, whose Story of Pills won the $50 prize offered by Short Stories, has added to her fame and fortune by her story, The Takin' In of Old Mis' Lane, which was awarded the $500 first prize by the McClure's syndicate.——A complete edition of the late Hawley Smart's racing novels is in preparation by the widow. The novel which he left in manuscript is soon to be published.——Renan, the story goes, once calculated that the new monster dictionary of the French language would be completed somewhere about the close of the twenty-second century. "Sweet Monsieur Renan!" replied one of his friends, "he tells us this simply to keep up our spirits!"

Arthur Quiller-Couch says: "I wonder when the present odd taste for boredom in fiction will pass away and leave the bores themselves to the quiet contemplation of their own remains. I wonder when people will return and recognize the old, old truth—that the proper end of literature is to please, and that to please even with a trifle is a higher, more difficult, and more enduring literary feat than to benumb with volumes of laborious writing."——In a recent address to the London School Board, Prof. Huxley, the heterodox, warmly advocated the study of the Bible as the most remarkable collection of books among the people.——Some of the successful of the feminine novelists are trying their pens at plays. John Oliver Hobbes has been writing one in collaboration with George Moore—and a nice, morbid production it promises to be. Mrs. Clifford, the author of Aunt Anne, is also writing a play.——Only two novelists of great note, Charles Reade and R. D. Blackmore, are on the roll at Oxford. Cambridge has six, among whom are Sterne and Thackeray.——Although Thomas Bailey Aldrich is nearly sixty, says the San Francisco Argonaut, he looks younger. His hair is slightly tinged with gray, but his face is ruddy and fresh and his voice genial. A stranger meeting Mr. Aldrich for the first time might take him for a well-groomed Englishman, though there is a Gallic suggestion in the carefully waxed ends of his mustache.——Swinburne, the poet, and Theodore Watts, the painter, live together in an English manor-house. The poet has grown so deaf that he hears an ordinary conversation with great difficulty.

George Egerton, the author of Keynotes, is engaged in the translation of a book by Ola Haussen, one of the most powerful of the new school of Northern writers. It is a series of critical essays, called Talke og Seere—Interpreters of Seers.——In a hitherto unpublished lecture by James Russell Lowell, just presented in the College daily at Harvard, he says: "Mere scholarship is as useless as the collecting of old postage-stamps."——Ibsen dines every day at the Grand Hotel, Christiania.

He sits in solitary grandeur at a little table, seldom speaking to any one except the waiter, but very often taking notes of those around him. Ibsen's wife is alive, but they are never seen together.——The Can-Opener is the title of a new English monthly, devoted to the interests of the canned-goods trade.

Edgar Fawcett has written a new novel, Her Fair Fame, to be ready shortly.——William Morris, the English poet, always dresses in blue serge. He dislikes modern civilization, and spends Sunday evenings in discussing Socialism.——William Dean Howells recently went to see one of Ibsen's plays, and in commenting on it he says: "the noble and pathetic truthfulness of the piece, and all the tragic completeness of its complications affected me in undreampt measure."——A London suburban street, which once bore the name of the great admiral Nelson, has been renamed after Mr. Rudyard Kipling.——The scene of The Heavenly Twins is said to be Norwich, England, where Madame Sarah Grand lived for several years. The incident in the book of the death of the lay clerk is founded on fact. It was not a clerk who committed suicide, but a popular tenor who hanged himself in the clerestory of Norwich Cathedral.——Mr. Pryce, a rising London novelist, is a clerk in the Bank of England.——The Pseudonym Library is to be hereafter issued by Putnams under the title, the Incognito Library. The Shen's Pigtail, by M——, will be the first book in the new series.——S. R. Crockett's Stickit Minister has so delighted R. L. Stevenson that he promised to read every word written by the same author.——The London Academy says: "Whatever anyone may think about Mrs. Lynn Linton's books as novels, as expositions of manners, as criticisms of life, and so forth, he knows, if he is a critic, that in Mrs. Lynn Linton's hands he is always in the hands of a craftswoman, and generally in those of an artist."

The late Prof. Billroth is said to have deposited months before his death the manuscript of his autobiography in the archives of the Medical Society of Vienna.——Mr. Aubrey Beardsley, the artist whose fantastic drawings are just now a "fad" of English bookmakers, is not much over twenty years old.——The New York Evangelist is collecting opinions as the "best hundred Sunday-school books" for children of designated ages.——The National Observer says: "It would be an injustice to Harold Frederic to describe The Copperhead as the work of 'a little tin Bret Harte on wheels,' but if we adapt the simile to the merits of the performance we may, perhaps, not unfairly suggest for Mr. Frederic the honor of being a three-quarter life-size aluminium Bret Harte on a substantial and dignified pedestal."——William Ordway Partridge will publish with Ginn & Co., about June 1, a work on The Technique of Sculpture.——Edmund de Goncourt is about to publish his own note-books and those of his brother made during their Italian trip forty years ago.

The Quarterly Illustrator is about to publish Camera Mosaics, a book of selections from the photographs taken by the members of the American Photographic Society here and abroad.——Dodo reappears in the last pages of E. F. Benson's new novel, The Rubicon, published by the Appletons. —— Robert Buchanan has just finished a novel of Yorkshire working-class life, which he entitles Rachel Dene.——Robert Southey was one of the most conceited of men. He wrote a poem called Medoc, now one of the deadest of dead things. But in a letter of his, recently sold in London, he compares it to Scott's Lay of the Last Minstrel, asserting that "my acorn will continue to grow when his Turkey bean shall have withered."——Jerome K. Jerome, the editor of the Idler, and his staff hold a weekly "at home" in their editorial rooms every Friday from 4 to 6. ——Louise Chandler Moulton's volume of poems In the Garden of Dreams is now in its sixth edition.——Garrett P. Serviss, author of Astronomy with an Opera Glass, is preparing a volume on the use of small telescopes.——The latest issue of the quarterly organ of spiritualists, the Psychical Review, contains the second part of the account of the wonderful séances at Milan.——Mr. Barrie's new novel, about two-thirds of which may be said to be completed, is so far a study of child-life.——Probably no first book ever published in America has received in so short a time the number of columns of review, quotation and comment as that given to John Jacob Astor's book, A Journey in Other Worlds, just published by the Appletons, and no one paper has had the courage to refrain from saying that Mr. Astor is a millionaire.——S. R. Crockett, the author of The Stickit Minister and The Raiders, is described as being a broad-shouldered man, nearly six feet tall, and with reddish-brown hair and beard.

Professor Drummond's new work on evolution, The Lowell Lecture on the Ascent of Man, is on the point of publication.——The Home Journal is guilty of this: "William W. Astor, proprietor of the Pall Mall Magazine, has been so annoyed by the predatory habits of river holiday-makers that he intends to build a wall around Cliveden, his estate near Maidenhead, and thus to become in fact, as well as in name, William 'Walled-off' Astor."——In Mr. Andrew Lang's new book there is applied to ghost stories the same method which enhanced the value of the author's study of myth and folk-lore. The title of this last work is The Cock-Lane Ghost and Common Sense.——Verga, the Italian novelist, whose tale furnished the libretto for Mascagni's Cavalleria Rusticana, has received nearly 250,000 lire in royalties. He was formerly opposed to writing libretti, but now has three on hand.——Concerning the illustrations in Trilby, the Critic asks: Have you ever noticed what an important part eyebrows play in Du Maurier's faces? No matter how small the face, the eyebrow stands out as the most characteristic feature.——Marion Crawford's review of Marcella was credited to Book Notes, it should have been Book Reviews, Macmillan's Monthly.——Daudet, in his new book, Memories of a Peasant, presents a version of a long poem by a provincial writer, Baptiste Bonnet, who was a laborer, and was at twenty years of age unable to read or write, or even to speak French.——Gladstone is finding solace under his sorrow of fading sight in translating into English verse the odes of Horace. He is so familiar with the original that this amusement gives little work to the eye.——Benjamin Woolff, editor of the Boston Gazette, says of Ibsen's Ghosts, "it is a play which a soddened satyr might have written."——Harrison S. Morris's book of verse, Madonna, and Other Poems, is to be published in Philadelphia.——Sarah Grand and George Moore are collaborating in dramatizing The Heavenly Twins.

THE LIBRARY TABLE: GLIMPSES OF NEW BOOKS

Out-of-Door Books :—

A Bird Lover in the West (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). This collection of enthusiastic papers by Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller tells of her wanderings in Colorado, Southern Ohio and Utah, interviewing her feathered friends, visiting their homes and watching their habits and customs. The twenty studies given in the book are not confined to bird-life, but are all appreciative of the beauty of Nature in all her moods and tenses.

By Moorland and Sea (Roberts Bros.). Francis A. Knight, in a series of fifteen essays, gives fresh pictures of rambles and journeys in Scotland and England, all seen through the eyes of a genuine lover of nature, to whom the moors, the dunes, the uplands, the lochs, the seas and the fields all have messages of love and communion. His writings are filled with color and poetry, the memory of lovely scenes filtering through a mind of rare delicacy and refinement.

According to the Seasons (Scribner's). Mrs. William Starr Dana is a delightful guide to the beauties of the woods and fields, and in entertaining gossip mood tells of the flowers in the order of their coming, so we may study them as the wise men tell us to study history—that is synchronologically. She gives much helpful information in simple words, giving all the roses of fact and interest without the thorns of technical words and phrases.

Travels in a Tree-Top (J. B. Lippincott Co.) Dr. Charles Conrad Abbott writes with that freshness and geniality that distinguish the writer who is on good terms of comradeship with Nature, her plants, her birds, her trees, her skies, and her streams. Dr. Abbott's point of view for his observation was the upper branches of a tall oak, where he cultivated a closer acquaintance with the birds and insects. Corn-Stalk Fiddles, Wild Life in Water, A Winter Night's Outing, Up the Creek, Dead Leaves and A Hunt for the Pixies are the titles of some of the chapters.

Wayside Sketches (Roberts). Eben J. Loomis, in these out-of-door papers, prescribes quiet walks in the country and a loving observation of the processes of Nature as a cure for morbid introspection, ennui, dyspepsia and other society ailments. His pleasant little sketches cover watching the advance of the seasons, the coming and going of the birds, searching for the first flowers of spring, and strolling through the woods and along meadow brooks.

Educational Discussion :—

Symbolic Education. This valued treatise for kindergartners is the twenty-sixth volume in Appleton's admirable International Educational Series. It is a commentary by Susan E. Blow on Froebel's Mother Play, paying but little attention to the gifts, songs and occupations of kindergarten work, but aiming at a sympathetic interpretation of the wondrous philosophic insight into child-life underlying it all. Miss Blow wisely warns against the mere mechanical use of the "gifts," which are but a means to an end, nothing in themselves alone.

How to Study and Teach History (Appleton). Prof. B. A. Hinsdale, of the University of Michigan, has written this manual with special reference to the history of the United States. The phases of the subject treated are the educational value of history, the field of history, sources of information, the choice of facts, methods of teaching, the organization of facts, the time relation in history, the place relation, cause and effect in history, physical and human causes that act in history, beside exhaustive chapters on United States history. The work is wonderfully suggestive and valuable.

Seven Thousand Words Often Mispronounced. By William Henry Phyfe (Putnams). This new third edition, the twenty-fourth thousand of a valuable handbook of difficulties in the English pronunciation, has been carefully revised and supplemented by a list of 1,400 additional words. It includes a large number of proper names, and words and phrases from foreign languages. George William Curtis said of it: "It will be found for its purpose a work of reference as useful as it is unique. As it becomes known it will be universally welcomed and approved."

Oxford and Her Colleges (Macmillan). In a delightfully pleasant and refreshing little volume, Dr. Goldwin Smith acts as cicerone to an imaginary party of Americans, and talks eloquently of the beauties and glories of Oxford. He explains the relations of the colleges to each other, gives much historic lore, obtained while the writer was in the service of a Royal Commission of Inquiry to investigate the college archives. Dr. Smith has put his love for his alma mater into this guide.

Fiction of the Month :—

The Rubicon. By E. F. Benson (Appleton). Eva Grampound, a society beauty of the smart, cigarette-smoking school of feminity, finding life dull and tiresome at home, marries Lord Hayes, whose virtues can be summed up in three words—wealth, position, respectability. The tedium of the old days is not removed, it but merely changes its complexion till she meets Reggie Davenport, a beautiful, innocent boy, who falls a victim to her lovelier charms. Eva is Dodo over again, she has Dodo characteristics, Dodo cleverness, Dodo tactics in Dodo situations, but all diluted. The atmosphere is dry and artificial, yet always clever, bright and entertaining. Gertrude Carlton, Reggie's fiancée, is sweet, tender, pure and womanly, a survival of delicious freshness in a morbid society of advanced revolted daughterhood.

Journey to Mars, by Gustavus W. Pope (G. W. Dillingham), is the first of a series of Romances of the Planets. A sailor with his servant, wrecked on a great ice-barrier at the South Pole, meet some strange men, whose gratitude the earthly couple win for service rendered. The strange people turn out to be inhabitants of Mars who are "doing" the earth in a brief jaunt for pleasure and profit. The earthites go to Mars with their friends and see wondrous sights. Mr. Pope travels on streams of electric force, while Mr. Astor, in his Journey to Jupiter, utilizes "apergy," or what Frank R. Stockton calls negative gravity. The book shows a clever use of astronomic theories handled in Vernesque style.

The Queen of Love, in S. Baring-Gould's story (Lippincott Co.), is the name given to a pretty little circus-rider in the salt-producing country of Cheshire. The salt deposits have gradually been drawn away until there is frequent subsidence of the soil above them and often orchards, hedges, roads and houses suddenly dis-

appear. A collapse of the circus on this plan kills the father of the Queen of Love and makes her dependent for guardianship on her uncle, a pious Pecksniff, who fraudulently appropriates her property. There is excellent character-work. His local color is true to life, as Mr. Baring-Gould writes with knowledge of his subject.

In Varying Moods. By Beatrice Harraden (Putnam's Sons). The directness, simplicity and sincerity which gave such charm to Ships that Pass in the Night are all present in this pleasing and thoughtful budget of stories. The longest of the stories, the opening one, is At the Green Dragon, a fresh, pastoral love story, pervaded by a sweetness and individual purity of atmosphere that is a refreshing refuge after breathing the close, stifling air of our recent "smart" fiction. The stories which follow all have a sonnet-like flavor, as if they were but the full, complete developing and amplifying of a single idea clearly grasped and formulated.

Katherine Lauderdale, by Marion Crawford (Macmillan), is a volume of family history, the first of a series of novels of New York life, studying heredity as it is manifest in the doings of the Lauderdale plutocracy. The action takes but five days and the motive is the secret marriage of Katherine Lauderdale, niece of Robert Lauderdale, the millionaire, to John Ralston. Katherine is beautiful, independent, intense, free-hearted and always interesting. Ralston is a society man-of-the-town, a good-fellow with a high sense of honor. The second volume is the more interesting of the two.

In the King's Country, by Amanda M. Douglas (Lee & Shepard), is the healthful story of the kindly co-operation of Pearl Disbrow and Sabrina Eastwood, an heiress, in their scheme to help people. They establish a house which they call In the King's Country, and in which they find opportunity to practically carry out the gospel of good work in Christian Endeavor. The book is pervaded by a deep religious sentiment; the heart being touched, and a desire for better things awakened.

The Man in Black. By Stanley J. Weyman (Cassell Pub. Co.). In this seventeenth-century story of life in France, Mr. Weyman shows all the simple graphicness, the matter-of-fact directness of a straightforward narrator who merely tells well what he has himself seen, qualities which give fascination and vigor to historic fiction. The man in Black is Solomon Notredame de Paris, one of the clever charlatans who traded on the superstition and credulity of the time. He lives in a strange old house near the river, dresses entirely in black, and poses as the evil one incarnate before Jehan de Bault, a waif he has bought from a travelling showman. The scenes are dramatic and filled with life and color.

The Bedouin Girl (J. Selwin Tait & Co.), is a picturesque story by Mrs. S. J. Higginson, of oriental life and incident centering in Feydeh, the Bedouin girl, who escapes from her tribe to be free from Motlog, who wishes to marry her. She finds shelter in the household of Jusenf, who is secret of Prince Hamed. Feydeh is a marvelous girl, beautiful, sincere, passionate, with a wondrous genius for learning and doing.

Mr. Bailey-Martin (Lovell, Coryell & Co.) is the clever autobiography of a snob who has descended from a line of respectable grocers and tradespeople to fall to the abyss of vulgar, cowardly fawning on the rich and successful. It is a biographic study of the parasite, an interesting animal in social entomology. The Bailey-Martins (hypenated) are an upstart family whose social aspirations flower in the person of their son, who finds the suburban home too restricted for his powers and basks in the shadow of Lord Righton. He is successful in his chase for power, and as he had no manliness at the beginning one cannot say he sacrificed anything to attain his ends. Percy White, editor of the English Public Opinion, wrote this really bright character-study.

In Exile and other Stories (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). Mary Hallock Foote has here written six fresh and delightfully interesting stories of Western life: In Exile, a tale of a Californian mining camp; The Watchman, a story of the great irrigating ditch; A Cloud on the Mountain, a woman's love and sacrifice; The Rapture of Hetty, a romance of the cattle range; Friend Barton's Concern, a sweet Quaker's love story, and The Story of the Alcazar, with its flavor of the old slave days. It is such work in story-telling as these that have made the American short story the power it is.

Literary Criticism :—

Overheard in Arcady (Scribner's). Robert Bridges, known to readers of Life as "Droch," has put literary criticism in a new and bright form in a series of clever dialogues, in which the creations of the novelists of the day discuss their creators. The motto which justifies the book is, "And a man's foes shall be they of his own household." Howells, Stockton, Crawford, Stevenson, Barrie, Meredith, Aldrich, Davis and Kipling are all represented and their individual peculiarities noted in keen bits of critical badinage.

The Builders of American Literature (Lee & Shepard). From Jonathan Edwards to Richard Henry Stoddard, is the range covered in Francis H. Underwood's clear, direct and concise history of the men who have made our literature. This first volume is limited to those born prior to 1826, to be completed in a second book. The biographic matter gives, in a condensed form, valuable data with critical comment.

Travel and Adventure :—

Beyond the Rockies. By Dr. Charles A. Stoddard (Scribner's). Every intelligent traveller is a miniature Columbus discovering new worlds to reveal to the stay-at-homes. This spring journey in California, while passing through many of the regulation traveller's spots, has much new to say of the old places, perhaps the most novel and interesting of all is the exploration of the Hetch-Hetchy valley. The Yosemite trip is given graphically as another reading of a wonderland whose marvels never grow old.

Headwaters of the Mississippi (Rand, McNally & Co.). In this volume Capt. Williard Glazier adds new evidence to his claim to the discovery and location of the true source of the Mississippi, as being at Lake Glazier, beyond Itasca. It was in 1881, accompanied by two other persons, he discovered the lake, and in 1891 he made this second trip, accompanied by fourteen others, to strengthen his claim, and to silence all dispute by overwhelming testimony. The book is illustrated from pictures taken by a member of the party.

Tales of a Nomad: or Sport versus Strife (Longmans) is the title of Charles Montague's account of deer, elephant and buffalo hunts, military expeditions against Zulu tribes, narrow escapes and daring adventures, all in South Africa, which he terms "the pleasantest country on the face of the earth." The old story of extermination of the larger animals that follows the reckless hunter the world over we are beginning to find true in Africa.

MEETING OF THE "APOSTLES": IN A PRIG SOCIETY

By Herbert Vivian

A reading from The Green Bay Tree (J. Selwin Tait & Co.). This delightfully clever novel was written in collaboration by Herbert Vivian and W. H. Wilkins, the author of each chapter being designated. The hero, Spencer Coryton, now at Cambridge University, is a cool, calculating, ambitious individual, a man of defined aims, one whose god is himself, and who smilingly sacrifices every one he knows on the altar of his own advancement. He gathers up every thread of possible influence, plays on the weakness of humanity, and trades on his knowledge of men's motives. He is clever, refined, a cheerful liar, and without even a conscience the size of a microbe. All the good characters in this story of to-day come to grief and all the wicked ones flourish like the green bay tree of Scripture. The story is one of the brightest and smartest of recent fiction. In this chapter Coryton finds it to his advantage to attend the meetings of the "apostles," men whom he despises, but feels he may be able to use.

The undergraduate with literary aspirations is about as precocious and insufferable a prig as may be found in the whole republic of letters. His ideas are suburban rather than of Grub street; his idols are underdone poets and incomprehensible essayists; his principles are the give and take of inept admiration; the goal of his ambition is to take a high degree, go to London and be elected a member of the Savile Club.

The most pretentious coterie for such young men at Cambridge is a highly exclusive society known as the Chit-Chat. It meets once a week in the rooms of all the members in turn, when the host reads a dogmatic paper on a subject of frivolous solemnity, and the other members discuss it. Punch is brewed, dried fruits are consumed and the club snuff-box is handed round. Every member is bound by honor and tradition to consider all the other members "*frightfully* clever" and to speak to outsiders with bated breath of his membership as the greatest honor which the University had to bestow.

Stay, there is a greater honor yet, but it is too supreme even to be whispered in the ears of the profane. The Chit-Chat has an inner circle, consisting only of the twelve most *frightfully* clever men in the University. They modestly style themselves "The Apostles," and are theoretically only known to each other in that capacity, though they usually take precious good care that the secret shall be only a secret of Polichinelle.

"I want you to reserve me Sunday evening, dear boy," said Coryton to Gaverigan as they walked home from a card party at Williams' and Wilmot's rooms.

"By all means. What is it? Poker in your rooms or a prayer-meeting in Victor Sexton's, O thou man of many wiles?"

"No, an infinitely funnier study in human nature."

"Human nature! That means vice or something equally humdrum, doesn't it? To my mind 'human nature' is a contradiction in terms. Anything nakedly natural disgusts me. What is there so repulsive as a human being, who seeks to be natural and consequently only succeeds in being foolish?"

"For my part," returned Coryton smiling, "I prefer natural people. One knows just what they will do under given circumstances, and one can plan accordingly. But then I am a student of fools, a morologist."

"You are quite right to study fools, if what you labor for is success. For my part I don't believe that anything is worth while. There is no heaven save pleasure, and no hell save satiety."

"But all pleasures are of nature; from women to 'wittles.' Success is my greatest pleasure, and that is why I pursue it."

"Philistine! Success is the triumph of art over nature. There is no pleasure in anything where nature has not been completely overshrouded by art. Natural food means bananas or raw potatoes washed down by rain-water. It is to art that we owe our tornedos, Rossini and Mouton Rothschild 1874. But you haven't told me what you propose for next Sunday."

"I want you to come to a meeting of the Chit-Chat."

"Why, what on earth is taking you there?"

"I am a member."

Gaverigan looked at Coryton with a curious smile and whistled softly to himself.

"Whew! You are a marvel! Is there a single pie in the whole 'Varsity, where you haven't got your thumb? But why bother your head about such small fry? They can be of little enough use here and none hereafter."

"Everyone has his uses—down to the President of the Catt's Debating Society. But will you come? They want to elect you a member, but you needn't accept unless you like."

"And I am to come for inspection, as Mauresk did last week. All right, but I won't promise to be on my good behavior."

"No one would ever expect that of you. Mauresk made a very good story out of his inspection. The show isn't quite so funny as all that. Still it may amuse you, and I know you only live to be amused."

When Sunday came, Gaverigan had forgotten all about the Chit-Chat and was lying comfortably at full length before his fire, enjoying his greatest pleasure of doing nothing, when Coryton burst in on him like an avalanche.

"You are a nice chap!" he exclaimed. "The Chit-Chat has been waiting for you half an hour—a thing utterly unheard of. You are really too provoking."

"My good chap," returned Gaverigan, scarcely turning at his entrance, "I wish you wouldn't burst in like the North wind. You have chilled me to the marrow. I vow I won't stir until you pledge me in a bumper of this port. It's really not bad—for Cambridge."

"All right, but for Heaven's sake, hurry up!"

"Well, where are we to go?" said Gaverigan gloomily.

"It's in the rooms of a man named MacRonald, in the Old Court. He's really rather a clever chap. Older than most undergrads. Come up from Glasgow University or some such place. Wears a truculent yellow mustache. Never came nearer civilization than Newcastle before his matriculation here and yet has passable manners—outrageously artificial, of course."

"He's '*frightfully* clever,' I suppose, like all the rest?"

The rooms were very large, like all those in the Old Court at Trinity. Oak panelling gave them a certain air of solid wealth, which was not borne out by the sparse and rather gimcrack furniture, evidently intended for an aspiration after new-fangled art by one who did not quite understand it. A long table in the centre of the room was covered with coffee cups of all sorts and conditions of patterns, which conveyed the impression that "alas, master, they were borrowed."

MacRonald came up smiling, with one hand grasping an end of his Randolphian mustachio. He had cultivated very carefully the appearance of being entirely at his ease on all occasions and had succeeded in acquiring it to the satisfaction of superficial observers. Coryton used to say that his manners were those of a man who is always in expectation of being kicked downstairs, but then Coryton was a keener observer than most people.

"It is a great pleasure and honor to see you under my poor roof," MacRonald said to Gaverigan with what he fancied was old-fashioned politeness; "we had half begun to fear we were forgotten."

"Forgotten! 'Twere impossible to forget the high honor of this invitation. I fear me I am not so punctual as is my wont," returned Gaverigan imitating MacRonald. But the humor was lost upon the Scotsman.

The procedure at a meeting of the Chit-Chat is to devote the first hour to conversation, or "chit-chatting," then to proceed to the election of new members, and to wind up with a paper read by the host.

MacRonald's idea of entertaining had the merit of simplicity. Directly a man came in, he would take him to somebody, introduce them and plant them on a sofa or two chairs close together. Before ten minutes were up, he would pounce upon the man again, whisper in his ear "I want to introduce you to So and So," and carry him off to a tête-à-tête with somebody else. There was a game of General Post going on all the time and MacRonald certainly showed skill in never leaving anybody by himself, or with a man who evidently bored him.

MacRonald first introduced Gaverigan to an effeminate young man named Freeman. His father was a partner in a well-known firm of wholesale haberdashers, and had thought to turn his son into a gentleman by sending him to a public school and university. The result had been a curious hybrid, in which the shopwalker strain struggled with the veneer of gentility. Freeman had no notion how to talk or where to place his hands and feet, but he had a gushing, almost girlish disposition and was liked by people when they got to know him. He was good-looking, almost aristocratic-looking, with a Roman nose and slight, well-curled mustache, and so long as he did not open his mouth, he made an impression on a stranger. He had what members of his father's firm would have called a "good address," which was only rendered tolerable by his intuitive preference for the eloquence of silence. He was eaten up with fads, from socialism and esoteric Buddhism to long hair and vegetable foods.

Gaverigan took to him at once. The great quality to him in an acquaintance was that he should be a good audience and that was Freeman's strong point. Finding that he had a faddist to deal with, Gaverigan poured into his willing ears archaic individualism and epicurean theories, and he was just completing the process of captivating the impressionable youth by avowing a belief in astrology, when MacRonald came up and whispered he was anxious to introduce him to Thomas Llewelyn Morgan. This was whispered with pomposity.

"I have known him ever since I was a boy," said Gaverigan, following his host, though he hated Morgan, "his father was up here with mine once upon a time."

Gaverigan at once rose several feet in MacRonald's estimation, for Thomas Llewelyn Morgan was a shining light in this coterie and was even whispered to be of the mysterious inner circle,—the Apostles!

They found him seated on a window-seat, discoursing atheism to a select circle of admirers. "The Bible," he was saying, "is not only a mass of inconsistencies and absurdities, but such hopelessly dull reading, such dismally bad literature."

"There I don't agree with you," said a man named Emery, who was a Positivist by creed and an editor of the Cambridge Review by profession, and therefore of course an authority both on religion and literature. "The Bible isn't half a bad book if one can once get rid of his prejudice against it. People who have had it crammed down their throats during childhood can't be expected to approach it impartially. I have had it bound in yellow calf and really, when I come to peruse it like that, I find it far better reading than either the Talmud or Omar Kayam."

"What title did you put on the cover?" asked Morgan contemptuously. "Perhaps if you spelt Bible with a little b, it might serve."

"I haven't put a title on yet. I want a good one, if anybody has ideas."

"Of course we all have ideas," said a man called Belgium indignantly, and he scratched a red shock head, without however eliciting any.

"Poems and Fables of the Semites," suggested Gaverigan in a still, small voice.

A delighted shiver passed through the little audience, and MacRonald rubbed his long bony hands with glee, as he trotted off to further introductions. Morgan looked sulky at being eclipsed on his own territory.

Coryton had been very much bored meanwhile, talking to one of the most precious of the Apostles, a colorless young man named W. P. Jones, known to the intellectual circles of Cambridge as "W. P." and whose "*frightful* cleverness" consisted merely in a knack of passing examinations in Latin and Greek. He had a thin, husky voice, which he used in the most supercilious way, as if it were amazing condescension to consent to speak at all. He was insignificant-looking, with a pug nose and mutton-chop whiskers.

Coryton had been flattering him more unblushingly even than his wont and was beginning to wonder whether there was anything he would not swallow. He had told him with what engrossing interest he had read his article on Pindar in the Cambridge Review; he had alluded to him to his face as the cleverest man in the 'Varsity; he had even hinted at unparalleled personal beauty, and suggested the Chit-Chat paying a first-class artist to paint his portrait—but the man had accepted it all as gospel, without turning a hair.

Coryton was beginning to admit that his powers of blarney must at last have reached their limit, when a welcome relief was afforded by MacRonald taking him away for introduction to Mr. Scott, whom Coryton had heard much about, but somehow had not yet met.

Mr. Scott gave what turned out to be somebody else's lectures in English literature in the hall of Trinity College some half a dozen times a term, to a select audience of Cambridge Apostles and Newnham disciples. The Chit-Chat swore by him and probably contributed to his vogue. In London, despite persistent log-rolling in the Lickworm Gazette, he was only known as the writer of washy sonnets of doubtful scansion and as the editor of certain English classics, which required no editing. At Cambridge he was Sir Oracle to a great number of crude young men. He was a podgy little person with

glutinous hands, one which he placed in Coryton's without the least attempt at pressure.

"I am very pleased indeed to make your acquaintance," he said in an oily voice. "I think I have seen you sometimes at my lectures."

Coryton took the cue and began to express his enjoyment of them, though in reality he had never been there. "I was especially interested in what you said about Milton," he said, "though I confess I do not entirely share your admiration of him."

Mr. Scott's face gathered into a frown. Then he smiled pityingly and said, "Let me hear what you have to say," in the tone of a master asking a lower boy to show cause why he shall not be flogged.

"I take Voltaire's view," said Coryton boldly, for he was getting tired of heaping Pelion on Ossa in flattery of tenth-rate prigs; "he accused Milton of obscurity, unnecessary length and entire absence of interest, and said that he was despised by his contemporaries."

Mr. Scott gasped at what seemed to him sheer blasphemy and was about to administer a reproof, when a movement in the room gave warning that the proceedings were going to begin, and everyone settled himself to careful attention.

"Our first business," said Thomas Llewelyn Morgan, the secretary, with more than the solemnity of a cabinet minister, "is to proceed to the election of new members. I hope it is understood by strangers present," and here he looked biliously at Gaverigan, "that our proceedings are strictly private. If any stranger does not consider himself bound in honor to treat them as such, I have to request that he will withdraw."

He made a long, awkward pause to enable Gaverigan to do so, but as the latter made no move, he proceeded to read out the names of the candidates.

MacRonald took advantage of the pause to whisper in Gaverigan's ear, "That warning is on account of Mauresk. He behaved in a most ungentlemanly way. Came as our guest. Accepted our hospitality. And then went about everywhere, telling the most extravagant tales about what we did."

"Ha! ha! ha! Mauresk is not a respecter of persons," laughed Gaverigan.

"No, but one imagined he was a gentleman," returned the Scotsman severely.

"Mr. Mauresk, of King's College," Morgan was reading, "proposed by Mr. W. P. Jones, of Trinity College, and seconded by Mr. Drake, of King's, has been withdrawn."

The announcement was greeted with ironical cheers, in which Gaverigan and Coryton, who knew that Mauresk would never have accepted election at the hands of this society, joined heartily.

"Mr. Bertram Paine, of Trinity College, is proposed by Mr. MacRonald, of Trinity, and seconded by Mr. Edward Freeman, of the same college," pursued the inexorable secretary.

There was a pause, while the Chit-Chats pondered among themselves who should cast the first stone.

"Is he *frightfully* clever?" asked a man named Crust, presently, sniffing the air.

"I don't think he scintillates particularly," said an overgrown King's man named Drake, his thick lips quivering as he tried to think of a joke and failed.

"He wrote some *frightfully* clever articles in my paper, the May-Bug," said MacRonald with some humility, "and really he did coruscate the night he came on approval."

"Heavens!" whispered Gaverigan to Coryton. "I trust I am not here 'on approval.' Are they all watching to see whether I 'scintillate' or 'coruscate'?"

"No, be quiet. You are watching them to see what funny things they do."

"And he isn't going in for the classical tripos," growled The MacSnorter, "I don't believe anyone can be *frightfully* clever who doesn't. Paine is a history-man I think."

"Yes," assented Chortle, "a man, whose intellect is nourished on history only, is like a boy brought up to eat nothing but buns. Both necessarily lack stamina."

After a long discussion in a similar strain, it was decided to defer the election to next term, and MacRonald proceeded to read his paper. It was not devoid of cleverness, though weighed down by Scottish conceptions of humor. It was entitled The Piddle of Life and consisted of emasculated Rabelaisian language, with a few aphorisms modelled on Voltaire peeping out now and then like truffles in pâté de foie gras.

The aphorisms, which were evidently meant to be the strong point of the paper, were of the kind which prompts men to exclaim "How true!" rather than "How strange!"

"*When a woman weeps, she is about to deceive; when she smiles she has betrayed.*"

"*Reputations,—like men,—are born of women, and women are not hard to deceive.*"

"*When you say 'Good-bye, Colonel,' in America, every man within hearing distance takes off his hat; if you exclaimed 'Pretty scamp!' in a London drawing-room, every woman would courtesy.*"

"*An amorous man is amorous to his friend's wife.*"

"*Love is the distemper of humans.*"

"*A philosopher is one who asks other people questions to the end that he may answer them himself.*"

Signals for applause were never neglected. "Wonderful!" Drake would gasp to The MacSnorter; "*Frightfully* clever!" Quid, the Johnian History Lecturer, would telegraph with his eyes to Charles of King's; "Ripping!" was the comment of Belgium, who had not yet got the Chit-Chat jargon.

Coryton's face was that of a Sphinx all the time, neither enthusiastic nor bored, but when the essay came to an end in a splutter of scarcely intelligible fireworks, he was the first to rush up and congratulate the author with dulcet emphasis.

A desultory discussion followed, and then the assembly of prigs gradually melted away across the Great Court in twos and threes, still keeping up their priggish conversation.

As Coryton and Gaverigan walked across the court together, the latter asked: "What are they all going to get out of this, do you suppose?"

"Mutual admiration here," replied the other with a shrug, "and universal contempt hereafter."

"But they are all coming men, aren't they?" said Gaverigan laughing.

"Coming men who never come. Or if they come at all, it will be as third-rate ushers in fourth-rate schools, quill-driving clerks, or literate 'ghosts' for illiterate hacks, doomed to spend their lives flitting on the top of a bus between the suburbs and the British Museum."

The which in point of fact they did.

MAGAZINE REFERENCE FOR MAY, 1894.

Art and Architecture

Artists and their Work.....Munsey's Magazine.
Dagnan-Bouveret: William A. Coffin.....Century.
Early Italian Art: Claude Phillips.....Magazine of Art.
Egotism in Contemporary Art: Royal Cortissoz..Atlantic.
Emile Wauters: A. J. Wauters.....Magazine of Art.
Landseer and his Animals: J. G. Waring.Munsey's Mag.
Little Roubillac: Austin Dobson.....Magazine of Art.
Malcolm Drawings at the Brit. Museum..Magazine of Art.
Old Dutch Masters; Albert Cuyp: Tim. Cole...Century.
Crow Indians: "Man-Afraid-of-His-Name".....Outing.

Biographic and Reminiscent

A Methodist Evolutionist: James W. Lee..Southern Mag.
F. Hopkinson Smith: Gilson Willets.....Munsey's.
Fitz-James O'Brien and his Time: Champion Bissell..Lip.
Flammarion the Astronomer: R. H. Sherard..McClure's.
Francis Parkman: I., J. Winsor; II., J. Fiske...Atlantic.
Genius at Home: Anne Hollingsworth Wharton.....Lip.
Gen. Grant's Greatest Year: T. C. Crawford..McClure's.
Grant as his Son saw Him: A. E. Watrous....McClure's.
Henry Arthur Jones: J. Angus Hamilton..Munsey's Mag.
Henry Vaughan the Silurist: Louise I. Guiney...Atlantic.
Kossuth's Predictions: Felix L. Oswald....No. Am. Rev.
Lord Rosebery: John Chartres.....Munsey's Magazine.
Mary Anderson de Navarro: B. H. Ridgely.Southern Mag.
My First Visit to New Eng.: W. D. Howells....Harper's.
Oliver Cromwell: Clifton S. Smith...Munsey's Magazine.
Personal Traits of Grant: Gen. Horace Porter.McClure's.
President Eliot's 25 Years of Service: C. F. Twing.Forum.
Sketch of Sir Joseph Henry Gilbert.....Pop. Sci. Mo.
Reminiscences of Grant: O. O. Howard.....McClure's.
William E. Gladstone: J. Castell Hopkins.Chautauquan.
Zmai Iovan Iovanovich: Nikola Tesla..... Century.

Educational Discussion

Cause and Effect in Education: C. H. Henderson.P. S. M.
Child-Study; Teacher's Record: M. E. Laing....Forum.
Contemp. German Educ. Thought: W. Rein..Educ. Rev.
Cost of Undergraduate Instruc.: J. M. Coulter..Educ. Rev.
Department Teaching in Grammar Schools....Educ. Rev.
Ethical Problem of Schools: W. F. Slocum, Jr...Atlantic.
Universities and Training of Profs.: G. S. Hall...Forum.
Woman's Educ. in the South: M.V.Woodward.Educ. Rev.

Dramatic and Musical

A Year's Amusements: Fred'k A. Schwab.Cosmopolitan.
American Composers: Rupert Hughes....Munsey's Mag.
Spanish Theatres and Actors: Dulcinea del Toboso.N.A.R.

Historic and National

Capture of the Slave-ship Cora: Wilburn Hall..Century.
Charleston, S. C. (1861): Anna C. Brackett....Harper's.
England's Latest Conquest in Africa.Claire A. Orr...Cos.
The Struggle for Freedom in Kans.: Thos. Ewing...Cos.
Sursum Corda, or Italy's Future: R. Bonghi.Chautauquan.
The British Peerage: R. H. Titherington..Munsey's Mag.

Literary Criticism

Bookbinding of the Past; Notes: B. Matthews..Century.
Fragments: James Russell Lowell.....Century Magazine.
Religion of Lowell's Poems: Minot J. Savage.....Arena.
Ethical Value of the Novel: D. H. Hill, Jr.Southern Mag.
The Value of Dialect: A. Wauchope.....No. Am. Rev.

Natural History Sketches

Climbing for White Goats: George B. Grinnell.Scribner's.
Relations of Plant and Animal Life: B. D. Halstead.Chaut.
Economic Uses of Non-Edible Fish: R. F.Walsh.P. S. M.
Guests of the Mayflower: C. M. Weed.....Pop. Sci. Mo.
Sleep of Mollusks: Charles T. Simpson....Pop. Sci. Mo.
The Collie in Mendocino: Lulu McNab...Overland Mag.
Wild Beasts and Their Keepers: C. Moffett....McClure's.

Political Science

Bargains in Parliament: Edward Porritt....No. Am. Rev.
Dangerous Absurdity of State Aid: D. McG. Means.Forum.
Ethics of Democracy; Liberty: F. J. Stimson.Scribner's.
Eng. in the Mediterranean: Admiral Colomb.No. Am. Rev
Hopes of Free Silver: Hon. R. P. Bland....No. Am. Rev.
House of Lords and Democracy: J. C. Hopkins...Forum.
Rosebery's Administration: C. W. Dilke....No. Am. Rev.
Nat. Bank Examiners Criticised: J. M. Graybill..N. A. R.
Nat. Health Bureau: Sur.-Gen. Sternberg..No. Am. Rev.
State Aid to Unemployed: Stanton Coit.....Forum.
Panics and Their Causes: J. F. Bullitt, Jr..South'n Mag.
Talk in the Senate: Louis Windmuller.....Forum.
Year of Dem. Administration: Wm. E. Russell....Forum.
Year of Dem. Administration: S. N. Cullom.....Forum.

Religious and Philosophic

Hostility to Roman Catholics: G. P. Lathrop..N. Am. Rev.
Is Faith in Future Life Declining? E. S. P. Ward...Forum.
Portable Electricity: John Trowbridge.....Chautauquan.
Relig. Need of Tax. Church Prop.: M. C. Peters..Forum.
The Encyclicals of Pope Leo XIII.....Atlantic.
Unknown Life of Christ: Ed. Everett Hale..No. Am. Rev.
Ancient Chemistry: M. P. E. Berthelot.....P. S. M.
Ascent of Life: Stinson Jarvis.....Arena.
Frost-Forms on Roan Mountain: Mrs. H. R. Edson.P. S. M.
Ice Age and Its Work, III.: A. R. Wallace..Pop. Sci. Mo.
Imitative Functions and their Place: Josiah Royce.Century.
Peculiar Sound Effects: A. A. Knudson.....Pop. Sci. Mo.
Power of the Mind in Disease: James R. Cocke...Arena.
Theol. and Sci. Evolution: A. D. White....Pop. Sci. Mo.
Up the Chimney: Frank Bolles.....Pop. Sci. Mo.
Waste Products, Cotton-Seed Oil: F. G. Mather..P. S. M.

Sociologic Questions

A Revolutionary Railway Company: Albert Griffin.Arena.
Anarchy and the Napoleonic Revival: K. Blind..N. A. R.
Effects on Italy of her Foreign Policy: F. M. Warren.Chaut.
Emergency Meas. for Self-Resp. Man.: B. O. Flower.Arena.
First Steps in the Land Question: Louis F. Post...Arena.
Helping Others to Help Themselves: N. Straus.N. A. Rev.
Heredity: Helen H. Gardener.....Arena.
Home-Life, English and American: Price Collier..Forum.
How I gained an Income: A Bread-Winner..Lippincott's.
How to Deal with the Saloon Evil: A Symposium.Arena.
Liquor Traffic in N. Y. and Pa.: Richard Wheatley.Chaut.
Our Whiskey Rebellion: Gov. Tillman....No. Am. Rev.
Pecuniary Independence: J. H. Browne....Harper's Mag.
Philosophy of Mutualism: Frank Parsons.....Arena.
Plutocratic Housekeeping: W. D. Howells..Cosmopolitan.
Religious Belief as a Basis of Morality: E. P. Evans.P. S. M.
Successful Public-House Reform: Bishop of Chester.N.A.R.
The Advent of Spring: Mark W. Harrington...Harper's.
The Man of the Moment: Sarah Grand....No. Am. Rev.
The New Woman: Ouida.....No. Am. Rev.
The Provincials: Octave Thanet.....Scribner's Magazine.
Meaning of Farm Mortgage Statistics: E. Atkinson.Forum.
What is Mental Philosophy? Geo. T. Ladd.Chautauquan.
Womanliness as a Fine Art: Aline Gorren.....Scribner's.
Working-Girls' Clubs: Clara Sidney Davidge..Scribner's.

Sport and Recreation

A Parisian Fishing Ground: R. F. Hemenway....Outing.
A Plea for Association Football: S. J. W.....Outing.
Across Asia, Bicycle: T.G.Allen, Jr., W.L.Sachtleben.Cent.
Afoot in the Hartz: William H. Hotchkiss.....Outing.
Combination Row'g and Sail'g Boats: A. J. Kenealy.Outing.
Lenz's World Tour Awheel.....Outing.
Episodes of Mountaineering: Edwin L. Weeks..Scribner's.
Running and Hurdling: Ralph D. Paine....Godey's Mag.
Spring Snipe Shooting: Ed. W. Sandys.....Outing.
Limit of Athletics for Brain Workers: M. Thompson.Chaut.

Travel and Adventure

A Little Journey in Java: Frederic M. Burr.....Harper's.
American Congo: John G. Bourke..Scribner's Magazine.
Americans Abroad: Francis B. Loomis.....Lippincott's.
Bermuda's Sunny Isles: Mary E. Child.Godey's Magazine.
Capri: J. Howe Adams.....Godey's Magazine.
Contrasts of Eng. and Am. Scenery: E. S. Nadal..Cent.
Egypt of To-Day: Jeremiah Lynch....Overland Monthly.
From the Valley of the Quenemo: James Barnes....Cos.
Hunting an Abandoned Farm: Wm. H. Bishop.Century.
In the Down Country: Graham R. Tomson..Mag. of Art.
King Solomon's Mines: Raunssvelle Wildman..Overland.
Seward's West Indian Cruise: F. W. Seward.Godey's Mag.
Siam and the Siamese: Henry H. Barroll..Cosmopolitan.
Touring in Europe on Next to Nothing.J. P. Worden.Out.
Village Life in Russia; Victor Yarros.....Chautauquan.

BOOK LIST—WHAT TO READ; WHERE TO FIND IT

Art and Architecture.

Art for America: William Ordway Partridge: Roberts Bros.: cloth $1 00
Crumbling Idols: Hamlin Garland: Twelve Essays on Art: Stone and Kimball, 16mo 1 25
Elementary Metal Work: A Practical Manual for Amateurs: Charles Godfrey Leland: Macmillan..... 1 50
Portrait and Figure Painting: Frank Fowler: Cassell Publishing Co., quarto, with colored plates..... 2 00

Biographic and Reminiscent

A History of My Time—Chancellor Pasquier: By the Duc d'Andiffret-Pasquier: Chas. Scribner's, vol. II. 2 50
Diary of Samuel Pepys: By Henry Wheatley: Macmillan & Co., vol. 4, cloth, illustrated 1 50
Dictionary of National Biography: Sidney Lee: Vol. 38: Milman—More: Macmillan, 8vo, cloth, gilt top 3 75
Journal of Martha Pintard Bayard, London, 1794–1797: By S. Bayard Dod: Dodd, Mead & Co..... 1 50
Letters of Franz Liszt: La Mara: Translated by Constance Bache: portrait: Scribner, 2 vols., crown 8vo 6 00
Recollections of a Virginian: Gen. Dabney H. Maury: Charles Scribner's Sons, cloth 1 50

Educational Matters

A System of Lucid Shorthand: William George Spencer: Appleton & Co., 12mo, cloth..... 50
Ethics and the New Education: William M. Bryant, M.A.: S. C. Griggs & Co. 25
First Lessons in Our Country's History: William Swinton: American Book Co., revised edition..... 48
Inductive Studies in English Grammar: William R. Harper: American Book Co., cloth..... 40
Laboratory Studies in Elementary Chemistry: Leroy C. Cooley: American Book Co., cloth..... 50
Principles of English Composition through Analysis and Synthesis: P. Goyen: Macmillan, 16mo, cloth.. 60
Principles and Practice of Teaching and Class Management: Joseph Landon: Macmillan, 8vo, cloth.... 1 60
Report on Governmental Maps for Use in Schools: Prepared by a Committee: Henry Holt & Co., cloth. 30
Seven Thousand Words Often Mispronounced: William H. P. Phyfe: 3d ed.: G. P. Putnam's Sons..... 1 00

Fiction of the Month

A Journey in Other Worlds: John Jacob Astor: D. Appleton & Co., illustrated, cloth..... 1 50
A Man of To-Day: A Novel: Helen Mathers: J. B. Lippincott Co., cloth..... 1 00
A Marriage Above Zero: By Nevada: G. W. Dillingham, paper..... 50
A Modern Buccaneer: Rolf Bolderwood, author of Robbery Under Arms: Macmillan, 12mo..... 1 25
A Modern Wizard: Rodrigues Ottolengui: G. P. Putnam's Sons, cloth..... 1 00
A New England Woman: Robert Fennimore: The Socrates Publishing Co., paper..... 50
Broken Links: A love story: Mrs. Alexander: Cassell Publishing Co., cloth..... 1 00
For Love of Gold: Marie Walsh: The Mascot Publishing Co., paper..... 50
Found Guilty: A Novel: Frank Barrett: Lovell, Coryell & Co., cloth..... 1 00
How Like A Woman: Florence Marryat: Lovell, Coryell & Co., cloth..... 1 00
Hypnotic Tales: James L. Ford: George H. Richmond & Co., new edition, paper, illustrated..... 50
In Varying Moods: Beatrice Harraden: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 16mo, cloth..... 1 25
Love Affairs of a Worldly Man: Maibelle Justice: F. T. Neely, paper..... 50
Margaret Salisbury: Mary Holland Lee: Arena Publishing Co., paper, 50c.; cloth..... 1 00
My Two Wives: By One of Their Husbands: Cassell's Unknown Library..... 50
One Day: A Tale of the Prairies: Elbert Hubbard: Side Pocket Series: Arena Pub. Co., cloth..... 75
Out of Bohemia: A Story of Paris Student-Life: Gertrude Christian Fosdick: G. H. Richmond & Co., cloth 1 00
The Anarchist: A Story of To-day: Richard Henry Savage: F. T. Neely, paper, 50c.; cloth..... 1 00
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The Doomswoman: Gertrude Atherton: J. Selwin Tait & Sons, new edition, paper..... 25
The Flower of Forgiveness and other Stories: Flora Annie Steel: Macmillan, 12mo..... 1 00
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The Mystery of the Patrician Club: Albert D. Vandam: J. B. Lippincott Co., cloth..... 1 00
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The Trespasser: Gilbert Parker: D. Appleton & Co., paper..... 50
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The White Crown, and other stories: Herbert D. Ward: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., cloth..... 1 25

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Town Life in the Fifteenth Century: Mrs. J. R. Green: Macmillan, 2 vols., in box, 8vo..... 5 00

Literary Criticism

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Public Libraries in America: W. I. Fletcher: Roberts Bros.: The Columbian Knowledge Series, cloth... 1 00
Sir Francis Bacon's Cipher Story: Orville W. Owen, M.D.: Howard Pub. Co., Vol. 2, paper 50
Steps into Journalism: Edwin Llewellyn Shuman: Corres. School of Journalism, Evanston, Ill., cloth.... 1 25
Tennyson's Idylls of the King, an Arthurian story: M. W. Maccalum: Macmillan, 8vo, cloth. 2 50
The Binding of Books: History of gold-tooled bindings: Herbert P. Horne: Scribner's Sons, buckram... 2 50
The Experimental Novel, and other essays: Emile Zola: Cassell Publishing Co., cloth. 2 00

Poetry of the Month

A Poet's Portfolio: Later Readings: William Wetmore Story: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., cloth 1 00
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In Sunny France: Present Day Life in the French Republic: Henry Tuckley: Hunt & Eaton 90
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London Signs and Inscriptions: Philip Norman: Illustrated by the Author: Macmillan, 8vo, cloth. 2 00
Nicaragua; Studies on the Mosquito Shore in 1892: Courtenay de Kalb: Courtenay de Kalb, publisher, paper. 50
Pictures in Prose of Nature, Wild Sport, and Humble Life: Aubyn Trevor Battye: Longmans, illus., clo. 1 50

OPEN QUESTIONS: TALKS WITH CORRESPONDENTS

27. *The Sacrilegious Gamblers:* Viola, Canton, Ohio, writes: Can you tell me the source of a poem on the subject of three young men gambling in a church. The story is told by a traveller riding past the church at night, and seeing a light, calls two companions to aid him, and placing a ladder against the window, views the terrible sacrilege?

See the Sacrilegious Gamesters, by Eliza Cook, in any edition of her poems. It does not appear in any of the cheap books of readings and recitations.

28. *Out of the Darkness:* C. W. K., Montpelier, Ind., writes: Who is the author of the following lines, and where are they found?

Out of the darkness
These two shall meet
And read life's purpose
In each other's eyes—
* * *
Failing—drift apart
To meet no more.

29. *Love's Meinie:* Ruskinite, Brooklyn, N. Y., writes: Can you tell me the meaning of "Love's Meinie," the title of Ruskin's lectures on birds' wings?

Meinie (written also meiny) is an old English word here revived by Ruskin. It comes from the old French "maignee," now written "menage," meaning "household," "family." "Love's meinie" thus means simply "Love's Family," and is quite appropriately used to designate robins, sparrows, swallows, the kinds of birds of whom Ruskin treats in these lectures.

30. *Lantern of Demosthenes:* Classical, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.: What is the lantern of Demosthenes, mentioned as located in Athens?

It was a shrine built by Lysicrates, the Choragos or superintendent of a chorus, over the tripod he won as a musical prize. It stood in the Street of Tripods.

31. *Lord Fanny:* Roberta M. Gray, Manayunk, Pa., writes: Who is Lord Fanny? I find the name in a work of history of the time of George III.

This was a sobriquet conferred upon Lord Hervey, a foppish and effeminate English nobleman of the eighteenth century. He is said to have been in the habit of painting his face to conceal its ghastly paleness. Byron wrote:

Rake from each ancient dunghill every pearl,
Consult Lord Fanny and confide in Curll.

Pope satirized Lord Hervey under the name of Sporus.

32. *Nothing to Wear:* F. Q. P., Chicago, Ill., writes: Where can I find Nothing to Wear, William Allen Butler's poem, which created such a sensation thirty years ago?

The poem first appeared in 1857, and may be found on page 207 in Famous Single and Fugitive Poems, collected by Rossiter Johnson (Henry Holt & Co., 1880).

33. *Art and Letters:* F. E. F., Iowa Falls, Iowa, writes: Will you kindly answer the following inquiries in Open Questions and oblige: (1) Is there an American periodical that covers the field that the Magazine of Art does in England? (2.) What has become of Arthur Jule Goodman, the artist, formerly on The Illustrated American? (3.) What is the price per copy of Yellow Leaves, the new British Quarterly, and can I procure the same of any company in this country?

(1.) No; none covering the same field. (2.) He is at present in Europe, and occasional bits of his work appearing in the English periodicals. (3.) The publishers' price is five shillings, making it, with duties added, $2.00 in America. Copies can be procured through Brentano's or Chas. Scribner's Sons, New York.

34. *Professor Piper:* Paul Hunt, Tucson, Ariz., writes: In which of Dickens's novels does Professor Piper appear?

He is mentioned in Martin Chuzzlewit, chap. 34, as one of the deputation chosen to wait upon the Honorable Elijah Pogram to invite him to a levee at the National hotel.

35. *Timbuctoo:* Inquirer, of Toronto, Ontario, writes: Will you kindly inform me what was Sydney Smith's rhyme on the word "timbuctoo"?

The lines were spoken by Sydney Smith in answer to a challenge to make rhymes for the words "cassowary" and "timbuctoo." He responded: When I was in Africa, I heard a native chanting these words to a hymn-tune:

"If I were a cassowary
On the plains of Timbuctoo,
I'd eat up a missionary,
Hat, and bands, and hymn-book, too."

36. *The Three Horsemen:* The Moon Ghost, Warren, Va., writes: Can you inform me of the title and author of a tale of a haunted house in Virginia, which begins with an account of three horsemen, who called at a house inquiring for a gentleman, and as they rode off in anger, disappeared, their horses looking blue? I read it in either a collection of tales or a magazine, but I think the former. (T. Nelson Page is not the author.) Am staying near that house and am anxious to find the book, but have hitherto failed.

Frank R. Stockton's House: Frank R. Stockton, Convent Station, N. J., writes: Kindly permit me to make a correction from page 314 of your magazine. The name of my house is incorrectly spelt. It is not "The Halt," but "The Holt," an old English word meaning a "wooded hill." If you would conveniently insert this correction it would oblige me, as I have seen the incorrect item in other papers, and if it is thought the public take any interest in the name of the place, they might as well know the right one. I congratulate you for producing such a handsome and interesting magazine as Current Literature.

Forty Living American Immortals: P. H. F., Cahuenga Pass, California, submits the following list as a suggestion for America's Immortals: 1. John Fiske. 2. Richard Harding Davis. 3. Julian Ralph. 4. Henry James. 5. Brander Matthews. 6. Bret Harte. 7. W. D. Howells. 8. Marion Crawford. 9. Charles Dudley Warner. 10. Laurence Hutton. 11. Robert Grant. 12. The Rev. Richard Storrs. 13. F. Hopkinson Smith. 14. Charles Egbert Craddock. 15. Mary E. Wilkins. 16. The Rev. Lyman Abbott. 17. Prof. Wm. R. Ware. 18. George W. Smalley. 19. T. B. Aldrich. 20. Charles A. Dana. 21. Dr. E. E. Hale. 22. T. W. Higginson. 23. George Cable. 24. E. C. Stedman. 25. Bishop Coxe, of New York. 26. Harold Frederic. 27. Howard Pyle. 28. C. E. Norton. 29. Thomas Nelson Page. 30. Joel Chandler Harris. 31. Wm. Wetmore Story. 32. Will Carleton. 33. Mrs. Burnett. 34. Prof. T. Lonsberry, of Yale. 35. H. H. Boyesen. 36. Mark Twain. 37. William McLennan. 38. Thomas A. Janvier. 39. Edward Eggleston. 40. Mrs. H. B. Stowe.

In this Number { Glimpses of the Future: Flying Machines
The Fight with Flails.

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Scarcely had the words of this appeal proceeded from the lips of young Coffin, when an elderly woman quietly arose in the balcony of the court room and gave utterance to these words: "Timothy, Timothy, how many times have I chastised thee for lying?"

Timothy recognized the sound of that voice only too well. It was that of his mother. This being Timothy's first public case, the old lady had secretly come up to New Bedford to see how well her son would do. Her presence was, of course, totally unknown to him. The further developments need not be recorded here. Suffice it to say that Timothy Coffin in after years made sure that his excuses would not be thrown back at him by any member of his own family.—Boston Herald.

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To those collecting a library, there can be no better guide; here are complete, characteristic extracts from all classes of writers. It is like a garden filled with every variety of fruit: they can choose from all, and enjoy what is most delightful to their tastes.

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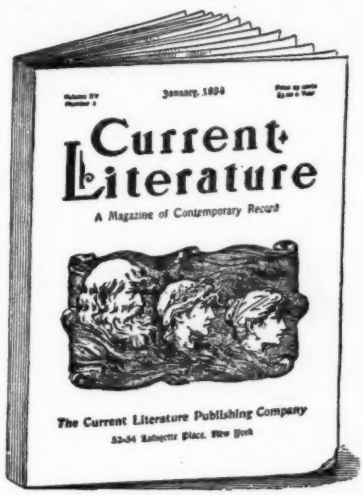
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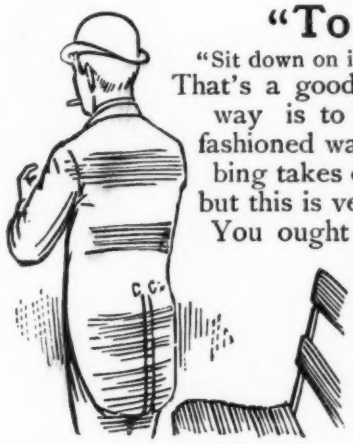
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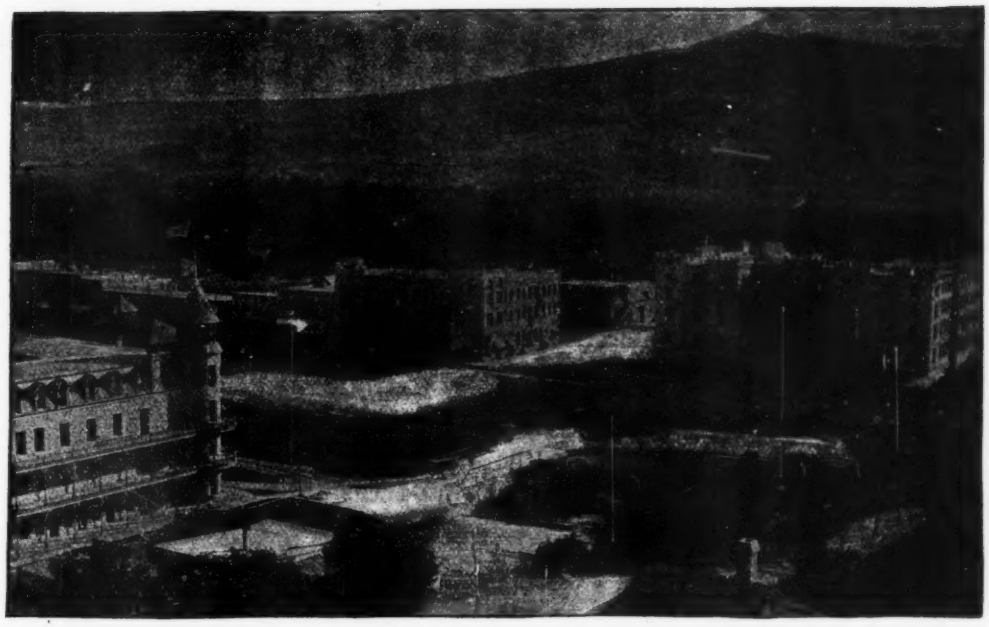
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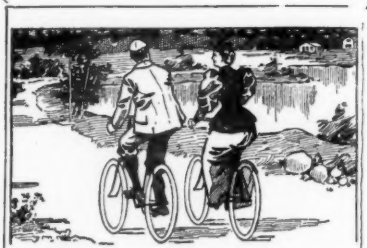
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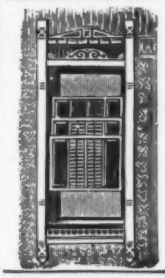


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